AUSTRALIAN
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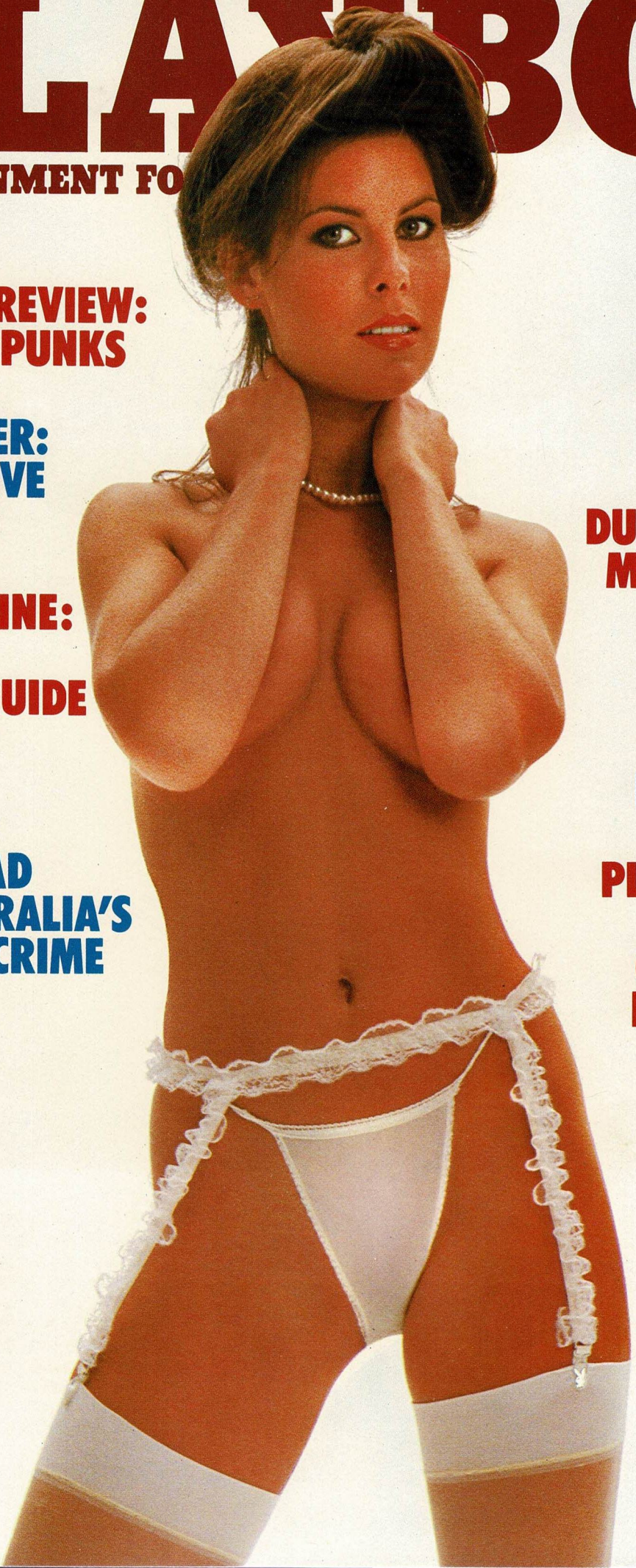
PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FO



PLAYMATE REVIEW:
A YEAR OF SPUNKS

MICK JAGGER:
AN EXCLUSIVE
INTERVIEW

SUMMER WINE:
A THIRSTY
WEATHER GUIDE
TO WHITES

THE EAGLE:
ON THE ROAD
WITH AUSTRALIA'S
TOUGHEST CRIME
REPORTER

SPECIAL
BIRTHDAY
ISSUE

DUDLEY MOORE:
MY INCREDIBLE
SEX LIFE

ERICA JONG
DEFINES THE
PERFECT MAN

PLAYBOY PICKS
THE BEST
(AND WORST)
DRESSED MEN

Sheer genius...Sony C9 Betamax.

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BETAMAX SL-C9 operates with T.V. receivers having a UHF tuner.
SONY BETAMAX SL-C9 will not receive channels 3, 4, 5, 5A.

Sony C9 looks, performs and operates like no other video recorder anywhere.

It is a dramatic demonstration of Sony's leadership in video technology, and the superiority of the Beta format.

At just 10.5cms high, the C9 fits elegantly into your hi-fi or video rack. It's a front loading machine with advanced professional features like Sony's innovative swing search which lets you view your video tapes in forward or reverse, at normal speed, twice, one fifth, one tenth normal speed and frame by frame.

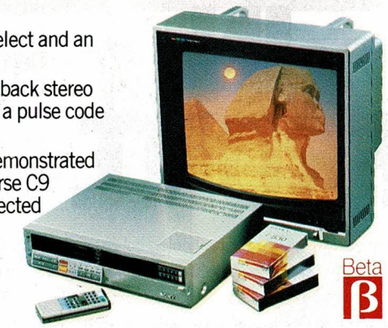
This in addition to the famous Sony picture search at 11 times normal speed forward or reverse in colour. The C9's pause and freeze frame functions are rock steady and crystal clear, and the feather touch controls have been simplified for maximum ease of operation.

Naturally you can watch one programme and *record another, or your C9 will automatically record up to nine programmes on any channel over a 14-day period.

Other features include a linear tape counter, infra-red remote control, auto reverse, a push button express 29-channel tuning, a new electronic programme search which will locate up to nine index points which you select and an audio dubbing facility.

The C9 will also record and play back stereo sound and is ready to interface with a pulse code modulator digital audio processor.

Sony's confidence in the C9 is demonstrated by its three year warranty, and of course C9 uses the acclaimed Beta System, selected by the Federation of Australian Commercial Television Stations as a supplement for the exchange of pre-view material. See it, use it, fall in love with it, at your Sony dealer.



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Which is why you and your Volvo will always stay in front.

Volvo, the trucks that defy comparison.

VOLVO
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SILVER VT645

PLAYBILL

AND NOW WE are four. Australian PLAYBOY's birthday is a time for us to celebrate, but you get the presents — an issue chock-a-block with entertaining articles and luscious ladies.

Our interview double bill is as good a place as any to start. How about this: *Arthur, 10,* and one half of the disgustingly funny Derek and Clive. For a near midget with a clubfoot and a dirty mind, Moore has crammed a lot into his 47 years. The world's most unlikely sex symbol tells it all to interviewer **Nancy Collins.** And, in a specially extended 20 Questions interview (we could barely contain him at 40) Mick Jagger explains to **Duncan Fallowell** why, if it's only rock and roll, he still likes it after all these years.

PLAYBOY's Adelaide correspondent, **Paul Mann,** was telling us how he's always the life of the party down there in the City of Churches, how he's always cracking everyone up with his amusing patter. Listen Mann, we said, if you're so bloody funny let's see you get up in front of an audience and make people laugh. So he did. Mann's story, with photos by **Philip Quirk,** is a saga of human endurance you won't want to miss.

Another normally funny fellow, **Michael Colman,** turns his attention to something a little more serious this month, with the fiction offering, Big Ernie. **Miles Parnell** did the illustration.

One of the most widely-acclaimed books to come out of the women's revolution of the 1970s was **Erica Jong's** *Fear Of Flying.* This richly talented writer agreed to flap her wings in pursuit of The Perfect Man.

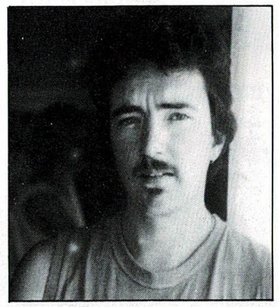
With the recession continuing to draw long shadows over an otherwise pleasant summer, we gave writer and broadcaster **P.D. Jack** a train ticket and a knapsack and told him to go out and find the roots of the new depression. He found some of them in the sleepy timber town of Tumut. Logger Rhythms looks at the dying lifestyle of the men who can't cut the wood because we can't afford to build houses any more. **Yvonne Sutherland** did the illustration.

Elsewhere this month, **Frank Donaldson** examines passport falsification and concludes that getting in and out of this country is as easy as cutting and pasting (artwork is by **Neil Vavoi**); Brisbane-based **Frank Robson** profiles Australia's toughest crime reporter — Brian "The Eagle" Bolton — who has been called a liar in court, a drunkard in the parliament, and a warm human being by those who know him; **Clyde Strange** takes us down the river for a Playboy Weekend; and fashion expert **Vitek** pinpoints the difference between a good and a lousy dresser.

You may remember Reds (not the movie but our guide to winter wines last August) by wine expert **Robert Mayne.** In fact if you heeded Mayne's cellaring tips you'll be looking good for winters to come. Well, Mayne is back this month with his summer selections: Whites. A no-nonsense guide to good quaffing at the right price.

Sound advice on loud speakers is offered by our hi-fi man, **Richard Timmins.** If you didn't know that speakers could be passive and active, you'd better read this. **Jerry Self** shot the accompanying photo. Writer **Rob Klima** went down in Vanuatu recently, to have a gander at the Calvin Coolidge, the world's most accessible shipwreck. His report details a fascinating diving trip, just a couple of hours from home. And, while everyone else was having a good time, Motoring Editor **Rob Luck** was stuck behind the wheel of a slick Porsche 944, compiling his detailed report.

Since our third birthday we think we've done pretty well in the way of beautiful ladies to grace our pages, but you be the judge of that. Our last 12 Playmates are back for an encore in Playmate Review. We think you'll agree, they're worth a second look. And a third. And a. . .Also this month we give you **Denise Robinson,** our first ever Tasmanian Playmate, a country lass right from the core of the Apple Isle. **Rico Mettbach** captured her wide-eyed innocence. Elsewhere, **Arny Freytag's** pictorial on Canadian Lonny Chin may give "protruding Chin" a new connotation, while **Jeff Dunas** shares with us a few moments from a life of globe-trottin' and girl-snappin'.



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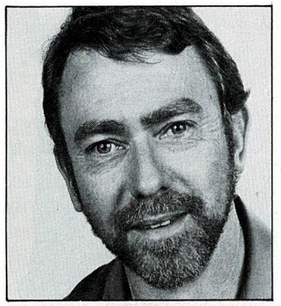

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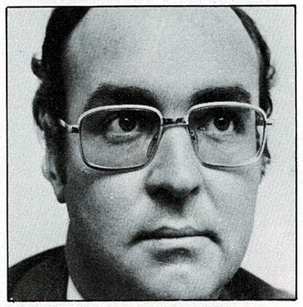

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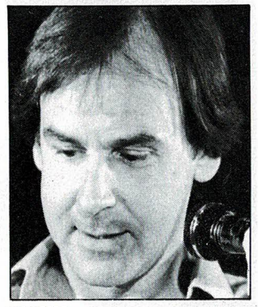

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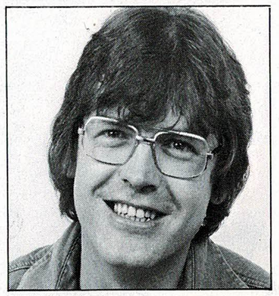

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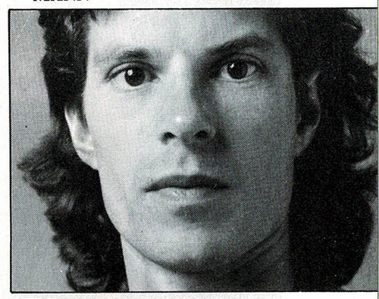

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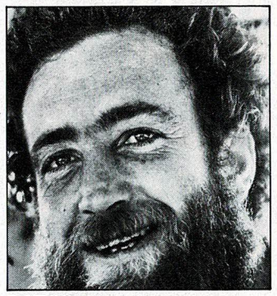
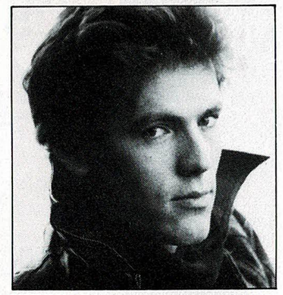


ROBSON



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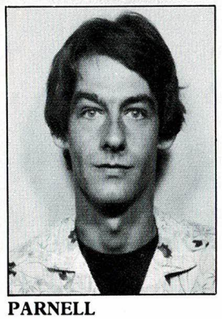

PARNELL

Let it reign. Let it pour.

King George IV. The Royal Standard in Scotch whisky.

AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

FEBRUARY 1983

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Photo: Rico Mettbach

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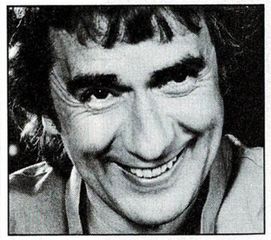

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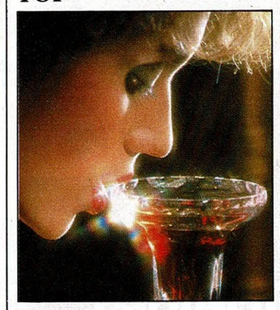

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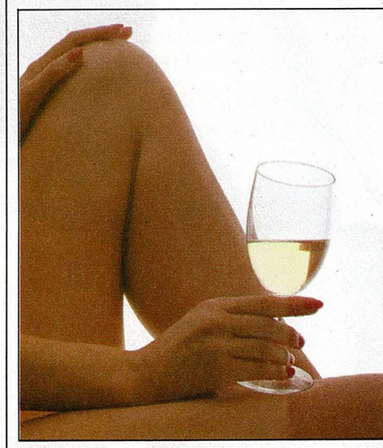

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CREDITS
Speakers (Pages 112-113) provided by Audio 2000, Allambie, NSW.

DEAR PLAYBOY

address your letters to dear playboy, po box 746, darlinghurst 2010

A DIFFERENT LEAGUE

In your interview with the VFL's Allen Aylett (September), he states that he couldn't understand why the English League did not have a Top Four Play-Off.

To help him understand why they do not, let me explain that the English league season is over 10 months long and involves playing 42 competition matches. Added to that, they have the FA Cup, the Football League Cup and the prestigious Charity Shield. Five of their top clubs are also involved in three separate European competitions throughout the season.

The team that finishes on top of the league table at the completion of the 42 matches is the true champion. It may be a traditional idea to Allen Aylett but, in my opinion, it's preferable to padding out the season with a phoney play-off idea.

B.C. Carlton,
Carlton, NSW.

SMILE PLEASE

I find it hard to agree with Big Bob who wrote to Dear Playboy in November complaining that your models don't smile enough. I've been looking through my back issues and I've noticed that lots of the girls are grinning and having a really great time.

Just take a look, Big Bob, at Kym Malin in July PLAYBOY. She's smiling in a lot of the shots and the opening spread of her leaning over the water is sensational.

Philip Allen,
Cornwall, Tas.

FUN IN THE SUN

Your 12 Golden Greats spread on summer girls (November) was wonderful stuff. The opening shot was the best, even though the girl appears to be a bit sunburnt. Envy the lucky guy who got to rub her down with after-sun moisturiser!

Jeff Miles,
South Melbourne, Vic.

NOT JUST A PRETTY FACE

I really liked the November issue of PLAYBOY — especially the appealing cover, special summer features and delectable Kimberly McArthur in your World of Playboy.

I had hoped that your cover model would also be shown inside. She looks like a real doll. How about showing us a bit more of her next time?

I'm sure the rest of her is just as pretty as her face.

L. Dolan,
Burwood, NSW.

VOLUPTUOUS CATHY

I had to write and express my admiration for Cathy St George, who appears in your October issue. She's stunning, sensational, sexy. . .wow, I could go on for hours.

In your write-up you say that she may not be Bardot but she has nothing to worry about. Boy, I don't think Bardot ever looked *that* good!

If Cathy ever decided to try a career as an actress rather than a make-up artist, there would be plenty of young starlets who'd have to worry about this sensational-looking lady! She leaves all those Charlie's Angels types for dead.

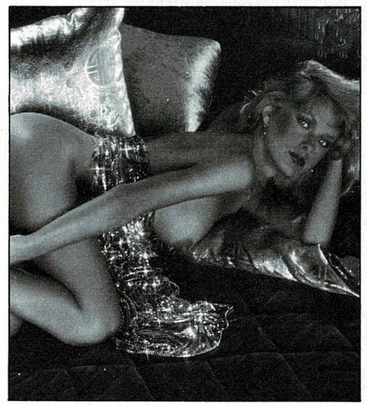
J.J. Priest,
Belconnen, ACT.

I have just sailed with a mate from Frankston (Vic) to Southport (Qld). Before we left, I insisted that we got together a heap of PLAYBOY magazines as your articles and Playmates are always excellent.

In the October issue we came across the beautiful Cathy St George and ever since we spotted her, it has been true love. She is the most voluptuous woman we have ever seen. Please let us have another look at her!

S. Lambert,
Southport, Qld.

For our two intrepid sailors, and many others who'd like to kidnap Cathy, here's the stunning Miss St George — Ed.



WHAT A DOLE!

Well, what a delight that we have gorgeous Amanda Dole gracing your pages again. What a lovely girl. All I can say, Amanda, is good luck for your future ambitions.

I sincerely hope your acting career skyrockets you to bigger and better starring roles in the future. You're a credit to Australia.

Carl Brady,
Springwood, NSW.

Amanda Dole (October PLAYBOY) is the most beautiful girl to ever be photographed by your magazine (or the opposition). She is spectacular.

Beautiful, sexy, young and, so you tell us, talented. Where were girls like her when I was younger — and free?

T.K.,
St. Kilda, Vic.

EYE-OPENER

Your story of the early life of Alexander Haig (October PLAYBOY) was a real eye-opener. I'd always thought of him as a bit of a joke, but how right you were to call the story Campaign of Cunning! He makes Doctor Strangelove look like a pussy cat.

It is quite frightening to think that this man could eventually become the President of the United States. Heaven help the world if he does.

J.A. O'Brien,
North Sydney, NSW.

LOTS OF VARIETY

I was really impressed by the variety and standard of reading and visual pleasures in your October issue of Australian PLAYBOY.

Right through from the titillating cover of Amanda Dole to the final couple of Pipeline pages, I found hours and hours of good reading and viewing.

Only one little complaint! Cathy St George deserved to be the Playmate of the Month as she's a knockout, both in terms of her figure and facial beauty.

Playboy Fan,
Vista, SA.

SALUTES TO SANDI

Thanks! from a hardened reader for delivering your Miss September Playmate, Sandi Shepherd. I hope to see the bright, wide-eyed and well-educated Miss Shepherd again soon in future issues.

All us guys here in the workshop agree there will always be a position vacant with us for Sandi if she'd like to come and play around under the bonnets.

PS: We saw her at the Sydney Motor Show — loved the bunny suit.

G.W.,
Chester Hill, NSW.

I really enjoyed your feature and centrefold of the beautiful Miss September, Sandi Shepherd.

I know that many PLAYBOY readers apart from myself would love to see her in your magazine again.

K.R.,
Dundas, NSW.

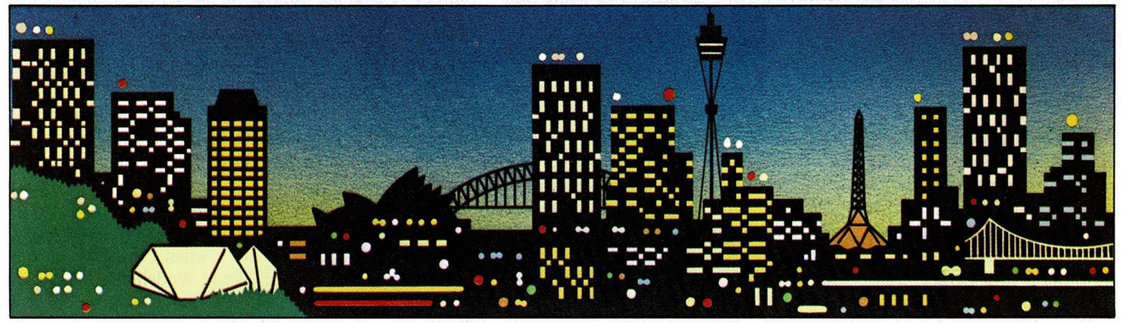
Turn to our Playmate Review for another glimpse of the lovely Sandi — Ed.

"Let's stow away for a night or two."

"What a Sterling idea."

CC1009/82 BH1290L/PL mojo

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



NOT COVERED

Planning a holiday? Considering taking out travel insurance? If so, be sure to check out the exclusion clause in your contract.

We took a squiz through Comprehensive Holiday Insurance's standard policy and found that claims were not valid for matters arising from "self-inflicted illnesses, eg drug abuse or venereal disease." As if hairy palms and blindness weren't enough!

LICKING LOVE BITES

Bumps, bruises, strains, contusions. . . you name it, and Hirudoid and Movelat are guaranteed to ease the pain. Both products work by increasing blood flow in the area of application, thus reducing inflammation, pain and swelling and promoting rapid healing. Unlike most other rubbing creams, these two don't smell like last week's Y-fronts and the manufacturers claim that Hirudoid is very effective for removing any signs of illicit love bites. If you need the economy sizes, keep around $6 aside and check out your local chemist.

MULTIPLE EXPOSURE

A director of the Family Renewal Centre in Minneapolis has announced that the average exhibitionist has to expose himself 180 times before he is arrested. According to Dr Patrick Carnes, this multiple exposure is due to the fact that society generally permits such behavior because the exhibitionist frequently is dismissed merely as a nuisance or a figure of fun.

We can only presume that Dr Carnes spends a good deal of his time wandering through city parks late at night with a pocket calculator primed. We have yet to check out sales of plastic raincoats at Minneapolis' major department stores.

WORLD'S BEST AIRPORT

It's official. Amsterdam's Schipol Airport has been named Best Airport in the World following a survey among members of the International Airline Passengers' Association.

Other airports which rated well as places to be stranded in included Frankfurt, Zurich, Singapore's Changi, Charles de Gaulle and London Heathrow.

More than 10 million people fly via Schipol each year and the London/Amsterdam route is Europe's second busiest air link after London/Paris. The airport also boasts one of the world's most extensive and reasonably-priced duty-free shopping areas. . .another factor to ease the pain of airport lounging.

SUPER-POPE

And now folks, from the comic-book company that brought you The Incredible Hulk and The Amazing Spider-Man, comes the latest larger-than-life hero — Pope John Paul II.

Marvel Comics has published the life story of the Pope in comic-book form. "He's not our usual type of character," admit the publishers, "but at least he does wear a cape."

HIGHS AND LOWS

We've heard that divers do it deeper but now it appears that Aussie abalone divers father almost twice as many girls as they do boys. The 58 men surveyed spent an average of 20 hours a week in depths of 35 to 80 feet. Other studies indicate that military pilots of high-performance aircraft also sire more daughters than sons.

CONDOM PROBE

Choice magazine recently conducted a probe, so to speak, into condoms. Sad to say, some samples were found to be faulty when tested (under laboratory conditions, of course) for leakage and bursting.

According to *Choice*, "There was a high failure rate for one color — dull green — in a batch of Durex Fiesta. This has a rainbow of six condoms per packet, ranging from dull green through bright green, blue, red and orange to sombre black, to suit the mood of the moment."

Condoms on sale in Australia are either locally manufactured or imported from Germany, UK, US or Japan. There are plenty of options to tickle your fancy. As the probe revealed, "The British seem to go for lightness and fun (Gossamer, Fetherlite, Fiesta), the Americans for the exotic and erotic (Rough Rider, Stimula, Tahiti) and the Australians for dull, if practical, safety (Chekmate, Double Check)." Meanwhile, the Japanese seem to have had a bit of trouble with English equivalents: one must assume that the brand name Wrinkle refers to ribbing rather than any physical effect. The Japanese condoms were also found to be shorter and smaller (draw your own conclusions on that one).

SMILING STIFFS

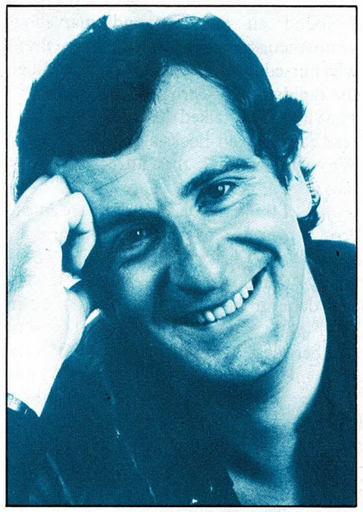
A jury in Sacramento, California, has awarded huge damages to the mother of a man whose corpse allegedly was sexually molested by a 23-year-old female apprentice mortician.

Court testimony indicated that the woman might have had sexual contact with as many as 40 bodies while working at a local funeral home.

We say it's enough to wake the dead!

CHECKING IN

Douglas Adams would never cut it as a stand-up comic, but as long as he has a typewriter, he won't have to worry about that. The author of The Hitch-hiker's Guide to the Galaxy *has been riding high ever since his*



BBC radio series was translated into an album and a book in the autumn of 1979. The smash hit success of the book, which has sold 800,000 copies in his home country of England alone, was followed by a sequel (The Restaurant at the End of the Universe), *another radio*

series, a TV series and a third book, Life, the Universe and Everything, *which moved 500,000 copies after its first two months on sale in England. The latter made the best-seller lists in both the US and Australia, and the six episodes of the TV show will be aired here late this month.*

All of which, in addition to several stage versions of Hitch-hiker *and a US movie deal in the works, proves once again that the best comedy writers don't necessarily have to be the funniest in-person types. Adams certainly takes all his written zaniness very seriously, as* PLAYBOY *discovered on his recent visit to Australia to help market the third book in the series. The 30-year-old Cambridge University grduate, former member of* Footlights *and script editor of* Doctor Who *has read more Chaucer and Shakespeare than science fiction, and his ideas about comedy reflect that background. But comedy is a subject of which he has intimate knowledge. Here, among other topics, are his thoughts on humor:*

PLAYBOY: You got the idea of *Hitch-hiker* while watching the stars on a hitch-hiking trip around Europe. How did you get the opportunity to turn that idea into a radio program?

ADAMS: Well, I've been trying for a long time to interest people in the idea of doing comedy science fiction. . .but comedy science fiction is two different genres as far as the corporate mind is concerned; so you'd take it to the comedy department and they'd say, yes, yes, this is interesting, now what in the hell is the spaceship in this? We don't do spaceships, that's drama, that's down the corridor, they make all the models. And so you take it along to drama and they take a look at it and say, yes, yes, spaceships, robots, we can do this, now what's this, it's a joke, isn't it? We don't do jokes. Eventually I found an excellent and marvellous sympathetic producer called Simon Brett, who nursed the thing into existence through the rapids of BBC program selection.

PLAYBOY: I've talked to people who have read each of your books a number of times. Why do you think they attract such avid fans?

ADAMS: I think the reason people are able to read it over and over again is because it's very thickly packed. Because the way I write, I think most of the real creative work gets done in the editing. You strip it down until you've got one idea hard against another idea. A lot of stuff you find in the popular media is really pretty thinly written. . .and I think when something comes along and it's like a fruitcake. . .

PLAYBOY: It seems surprising that you can keep all these bizarre vignettes and histories of planets straight .

ADAMS: Who says they are?

PLAYBOY: It reminds me of a Russian novel. . .

ADAMS: Nevertheless, they're all actually thin books because they get so stripped down.

PLAYBOY: So you actually write much more than gets printed?

ADAMS: Oh, yeah. In this book, the first twenty pages I re-wrote twenty times, I've got the different drafts, and it ended up as the first two lines.

PLAYBOY: What's the status of the film version now?

ADAMS: We've completed the negotiations of the contract. The production company is Ivan Wrightman, who produced *Animal House* and *Stripes*, and stuff. He has a very good standing deal with Columbia. It will be made in the States but there is complete agreement that the English nature of it has to be preserved. I'll be starting work on the screenplay of the film version this month. But I'm going to be very fully involved with the film.

PLAYBOY: With so many adaptations of the story, are you worried now about being typecast as a writer?

ADAMS: Yes. I'm now doing one or two other things on the side as well. I've just been working on a book. . .in conjunction with a friend of mine called John Lloyd who is the creator and co-producer of a show you may have heard of called *Not the Nine O'Clock News*. He's a very old friend of mine and we've just been working on a book which is a kind of a dictionary but it's a comedy book. It's called *The Meaning of Liff* — that's a town somewhere up in the north of England.

You'd take it to the comedy department and they'd say, yes, this is interesting, now what in the hell is the spaceship in this?

I'm also doing one or two other bits of journalism and stuff. . .I'm writing an article for US PLAYBOY, about Paul McCartney, I'm writing a profile. . .so these are sort of taking me gradually out of the world of robots and spaceships and jokes about them.

PLAYBOY: Are you anticipating any more sequels to *Hitch-hiker?*

ADAMS: I swore after the second one I wouldn't do a third one and this is it, and I swore after this one that I wouldn't do a fourth one, but I haven't started work on it yet.

PLAYBOY: Which humorists do you most admire?

ADAMS: Dickens, Austen, Evelyn Waugh, Kurt Vonnegut, and top of the list by a long way, P.G. Wodehouse. Woody Allen; not Woody Allen recently.

PLAYBOY: That's a wide range of humorists, from the subtle to the blatant, Austen to Wodehouse.

ADAMS: Yeah. But P.G. Wodehouse was one of the very greatest users ever of the English language. What he didn't know about putting one word next to another was not worth knowing. His style is utterly unlike that of anybody else. . .The writing is without parallel anywhere in the English language.

PLAYBOY: But, whereas Wodehouse didn't deal with serious topics at all, Dickens and Waugh juxtaposed the serious with the comic.

ADAMS: That's something I find particularly to my taste, I suppose. That's why I couldn't believe it when I found that I was reacting the way to Wodehouse that I did.

PLAYBOY: There is underlying seriousness in your work, don't you agree?

ADAMS: Sure. I think that humor is as much an intelligent perception of the world as any other form of writing. . .There's no doubt in my mind that comedy or humor is not a little sister in the arts.

PLAYBOY: One of the ideas that intrigued me in *Life, the Universe and Everything* was that the Ultimate Answer is 42 — all you need to do is find the Ultimate Question. How did you arrive at this "theory"?

ADAMS: I was trying to remember how to solve quadratic equations. What quadratic equations express is that the solution to a problem is the simplest and most perfect expression of the problem. If you can define precisely what the problem is, absolutely precisely, then that actually becomes the answer. And quadratic equations are actually an example of that. And so I was trying to find something comic out of that — and suddenly out of that popped the answer to the Ultimate Question about life, the universe and everything is. . .is. . . is. . .well, it's 42.

PLAYBOY: Is your humor best stimulated by mathematics and other functions of logic?

ADAMS: By all sorts of things. I think there are more things in heaven and earth that are funny than people having their trousers falling off. Though it can be funny if the right person's trousers fall off at the right moment for the right reasons and it affects other people in a particular way — but just that his trousers fall off is not necessarily funny in itself, and somebody should explain that to Benny Hill.

PLAYBOY: *Restaurant* especially deals with the subject of apocalypse. What are your own ideas on the future of the world?

ADAMS: Well, I get very very nervous and anxious and worried about this sheer lunacy in which we are indulging ourselves, with the nuclear weapons race, because every way you probe that question you come up with ludicrous pieces of illogic. . .If I could find the joke that goes for the solar plexus there — I wish I could, but the trouble is the things which are really major issues are the things that you can't make funny. But I'm determined there is a joke which is bigger than that situation, and I'd love to be able to find it.

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History

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In ancient times distilling wine was the domain of a very restricted group of people, and the production of alcohol a closely guarded secret.

Between the 11th and 14th centuries the art of distilling alcohol from wine progressed slowly. The final product — spirit with a low alcohol content — was used as an expensive and infallible medicine for all types of ailments, and by the 15th century was being more widely used simply as a beverage.

It was at this time that the purely Polish word "vodka", diminutive of water (woda) originates.

The beverage grew in popularity more rapidly after the 16th century, when a method was devised to derive it from grain, chiefly rye. Rye vodka, the most widely produced brand in those times, was known as "okowita" (aqua vitae).

In 1546, under a statute decreed by King Jan Olbracht, every inhabitant of Poland was free to produce and sell liquors. Then, under a law enacted in 1572 the Polish gentry secured the so-called "propinatory privilege" implying three exclusive rights: to produce liquors, to sell them, and to force the peasantry to drink in the squire's inn. The trade in vodka then became one of the major sources of revenue for the squirearchy and the Crown.

In addition to tariffs, there was a special "tap tax", passed by the Parliament in the 17th century as a 10% tax on production and sale of vodka, beer and mead.

Rapid growth of an industry

How widespread the distilling of vodka became is indicated by notes in contemporary diaries. In 1595, the Reverend Hieronim Prowodowski wrote severely, "Breweries and distilleries have sprung everywhere, and have decocted not only grain but also whole villages and towns."

Because primitive apparatus made derivation of neat spirit impossible, the vodka very strongly smacked of the raw material from which it was obtained. Hence, to improve its taste, and suppress the unpleasant taste of crude alcohol, distillers added aromatic oils, spices and herbs, and honey as a sweetener.

And because the distilling of vodka was very remunerative, the distilleries expanded despite wars and destruction of the period.

Liquors produced in Poland were frequently the subject of comment by visitors to the country. In 1568, Fulvius Ruggieri, described in letters to Rome the details of production of excellent vodka.

Galeario Marescotti, describing the life and manners of the Polish Royal Court in the late 17th century, noted "they drink a great deal of beer, mead and vodka".

Obviously Polish vodka made an impression on international tourists and diplomats. Part of the reason may be ascribed to proverbial Polish hospitality, which made it a point of honour for a host to entertain his guests with as much cordial welcome, food and drink as possible. Home-made vodka would undoubtedly have occupied a place of honour on the table.

Such traditional hospitality contributed to competition among distillers, and resulted in a great diversification of vodka brands. All of them were — and indeed, are — famous for their fine quality, and are praised by gourmets throughout the world.

The industry expanded most quickly in the 19th century, when more vodka and liqueur companies were founded. Technical improvements followed, with improved apparatus, the application of steam in the rectification processes, and steam engines in the distilleries. New raw materials were also used, including potatoes and beet treacle. This in turn brought new and more efficient technological processes.

Present Day

The present-day spirits industry has thus been built on age-old traditions and experiences. The supreme quality of Polish vodka is thus based on continuing experiment and knowledge.

Following the first World War, the State Spirits Monopoly was established, supervising production based on perfecting those traditional technological methods in production of spirits and vodka.

After the conclusion of World War II, the State Spirits Monopoly was re-established and the industry reconstructed after the damages of war. Production was modernised and concentrated, yielding highest quality products.

The quality is recognised not only by the numerous medals won in international exhibitions, but also by the much-quoted saying of Pablo Picasso: "the three most astonishing things in the past half-century were the blues, cubism and Polish vodka".

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Ingredients
45ml Wyborowa Vodka
30ml Baileys Irish Cream
Dash of Creme De Menthe
Method
1. *Shake over ice and strain.*

YELLOW ROCK ROAD

Ingredients
30ml Wyborowa Vodka
20ml Creme De Cacao (White)
15ml Pineapple Juice
60ml Pineapple Juice
Method
1. *Pour all ingredients over ice.*
2. *Top with pineapple juice.*

PARISIANNE SCREWDRIVER

Ingredients
30ml Wyborowa Vodka
30ml Cointreu
15ml Lime Juice
Top with Orange Juice
Method
1. *Shake with ice.*
2. *Strain in glass and top with orange juice.*
3. *Garnish small lime wedge and orange spiral and lime spiral.*

Cocktails created by Cocktail Bar Tenders Hilton International, Sydney Airport, Arncliffe N.S.W.

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SEX

australia's leading sexologist answers your questions

bettina arndt tells how to get a space-age erection

Recently, I read in one of your old publications an article about prosthetic devices that can be inserted into the penis to overcome impotency. They are activated by a fluid-filled bulb which is inserted into the scrotum. Before reading your very interesting article I was totally unaware that such devices even existed.

I unfortunately suffer from a severe nervous disorder, which has slowly built up over the years, and now I find it extremely difficult to obtain an erection. My family doctor has assured me that my condition cannot improve. To cut a long story short, my marriage is in jeopardy because of my state, which has affected my sex life for quite a long time now. I'm hoping that the aforementioned device can either help in some way or even solve my problem for me.

Can the device be obtained in Queensland and would the operation be very expensive? I would really appreciate any advice that you may be able to give on this subject — and believe me, I need it.

— J.M., Qld.

Yes, it does sound the answer to every impotent man's dream. A space-aged erection controlled by an hydraulic pump. One squeeze of the balls and hey presto, up she goes. Action over, squeeze again for instant deflation. Did I say every *impotent* man's dream? Who *wouldn't* like their penis so well under control?

Well, it's not quite as straightforward as it sounds. The prosthesis you mention certainly is one of the wonders of modern science. It consists of a pair of inflatable rubber cylinders which are surgically inserted into the spongy tissue (*corpus cavernosum*) on either side of the penis. These are attached to a pump (about the size of a 10 cent piece) which is inserted into the scrotum, the bag which contains the testicles (balls). Fluid for the system is stored in a reservoir implanted under the abdominal muscles and the whole lot is connected by small flexible tubes.

When the pump in the scrotum is squeezed, fluid flows from the reservoir into the cylinders, causing them to swell outwards like little sausage-shaped balloons. The skin of the penis then stretches, causing an erection similar to the natural blood-filled version. When you have had enough, another squeeze of the pump and liquid flows back into the reservoir until next time.

The device really works very well. . .for the right person. There's the crunch. No one would consider performing an operation to insert a prosthesis without very careful assessment of a whole range of factors. For a start there has to be a *physical* cause for the impotence — it sounds as if you would qualify on this point. You apparently have a medically-caused nervous disorder which is permanent and is affecting your ability to gain an erection. Other possible physical causes of impotence include vascular disorders, diabetes, some forms of pituitary disease, arteriosclerosis and thyroid disease. The problem comes when it's not clear whether the impotence has some physical cause or is purely psychological. This type of surgery is usually used only as a last resort, when all the obvious therapy and other physical or drug treatments have been tried.

The surgeon will also want to be sure that your reasons for wanting an implant are sensible and realistic. The implant may be a magical device, but you can't expect the results to be the same as the real thing. For a start, the erection may look similar but it won't *feel* the same. You won't have the same sensations of arousal, there's no guarantee it will enable you to reach orgasm and ejaculate. On this point, many impotent men don't realise it *is* possible to reach orgasm without an erection — the trigger to orgasm is in the mind rather than the penis. So if a prosthesis helps create the state of arousal you need for orgasm, you may climax as normal (provided your "nervous disorder" doesn't interfere with this process), but there are no guarantees.

Any surgery does of course involve some risk and the surgical insertion of this type of prosthesis has about a 30 percent complication rate. You face the possibility of post-surgical complications such as infection, bleeding etc, as well as the chance of mechanical breakdown — pump malfunction, leak in the reservoir etc. The costs are high. The equipment alone is over $2000 and there are additional costs for hospitalisation, surgery, anaesthesia. Some of these costs may be covered by medical benefits, depending on your level of cover. You also need to find a surgeon willing to perform the operation, and this isn't always so easy. The operation is still very rare in this country and there are only a few Australian surgeons experienced in the procedure. There are one or two urologists in Queensland with the desired experience. You will be able to contact these specialists through the Secretary, Queensland Urological Society, 201 Wickham Terrace, Brisbane, 4000.

The idea of oral sex always appealed to me when I was a kid, but I have to admit I didn't realise it was a two-way street. To put it bluntly, as far as I'm concerned, receiving is so much nicer than giving. Try as I may — and I have — cunnilingus just doesn't appeal. I'll go down if I have to but I suspect the ladies are well aware that my heart is not in the job. Is there a way around this problem short of resigning myself to a life without blow jobs?

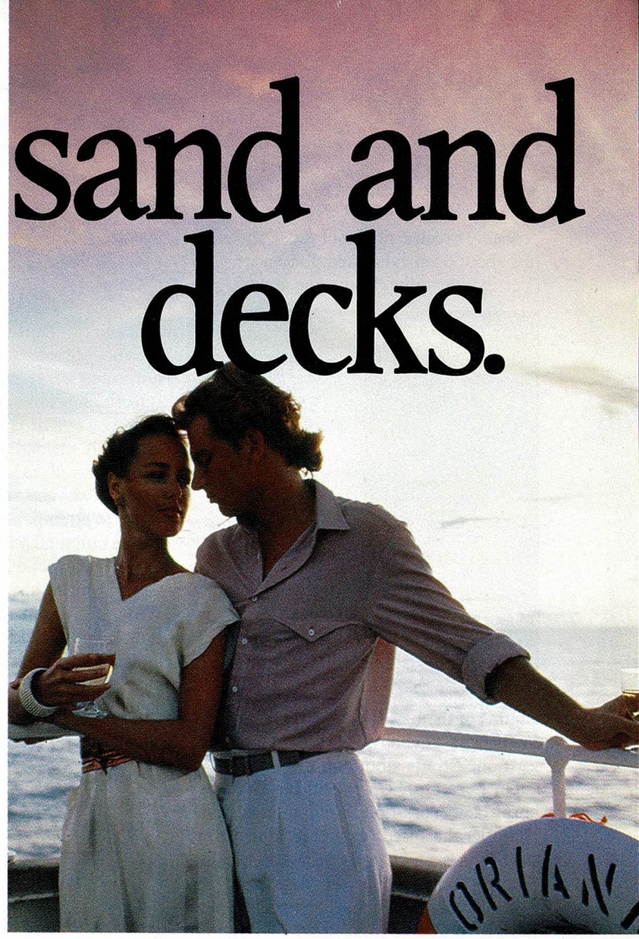
— F.D., Vic.

Let's face it, what you're saying isn't exactly news and it works both ways. I don't know if you imagine women actually revel in the joys of having a penis half way down their throat and pubic hair stuck between their teeth. Realistically, it's not the greatest, but when it's coupled with the thrill of giving pleasure to someone you love and using all your skill to make the earth move for him. . . well, the package deal has a lot going for it. It's all about the pleasure of giving, and luckily for men, many women have been brought up to think that's pretty important.

I'm sure the great male lovers take a similar view. However they may feel about the mechanics of oral sex, watching their woman writhe in ecstasy makes them forget their aching jaw, sore tongue or breathing difficulties. It may be a job for you, but for some men it's an act of devotion and caring. From the way you talk I doubt if you'll ever understand what this sort of lovemaking is all about.

Still, you're fairly safe. Many women have never learnt to expect or accept this type of pleasuring and are a lot happier to give than to receive. They will give you what you want and won't expect much in return — but a blow *job* is all it will be.

Sun, sea, sand and decks.



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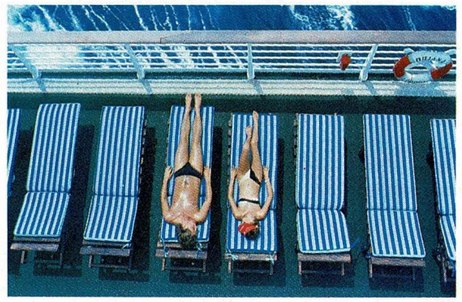

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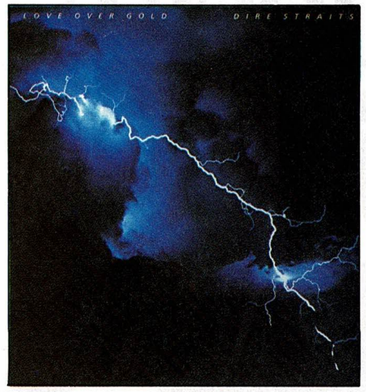
MUSIC

If critics are becoming a bit blase about the achievements of Dire Straits, it's probably because the list of superlatives has just about been exhausted. *Love Over Gold* (Vertigo) is quite likely one of the best



albums of the past year; a statement bound to surprise anybody who doesn't have at least one Straits album on their shelf.

On *Love Over Gold*, brilliant Glasgow-born, New York-domiciled guitarist Mark Knopfler, has used the thematic platforms established on *Communique*, and more recently, *Making Movies*, to expand his statement. It's been said before he draws from the majestic importance of Dylan to give his music a compelling quality achieved by few others. Here Knopfler has burrowed deeper into the lode, enriching the yield with his acidic guitar and understated vocal style.

●

Elaborate recording productions are the norm for those talented New York Jewish girls. Witness how an army of musicians, technicians and production hands are in tow every time the Streisands or Bayer Sagers set foot in a studio. A similar size force was recruited to support Manhattan Transfer's Janis Siegel on *Experiment In White* (Atlantic).

It's the usual formula: expert musicianship, flawless production, a selection from the works of eminent writers and no margin for error. It's predictable, soporific and, these days, has that all-been-done-before feel which might win a Grammy nomination by virtue of its blandness.

●

If That's What It Takes (Warner Bros) sees Michael McDonald holidaying from the Doobie Brothers on a set designed to showcase the man's appealing vocal style. There's no doubt it has been McDonald's evocative vocals that have extended the life of one of America's longest-running rock acts and this album is recognition of his stature.

The work was produced by Ted Templeman and Lenny Waronker, and if you've appreciated everything the Doobies have done since *Minute by Minute*, you'll love this album.

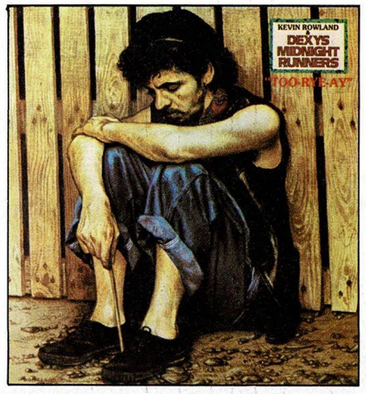
●

On *Too-Rye-Ay* (Mercury) Dexys Midnight Runners have gone closer than anyone to identifying the major components of contemporary British-Irish music and freeze-packing them into a single statement. This is no mad-woman's-breakfast of a dozen different recipes but a brilliantly melded work incorporating ska, soul, rock and traditional Gaelic form. Less imaginative acts would never have the nerve to attempt anything like this but the Dexys pull it off with flourish and panache.

Kevin Rowland has one of the better lead voices fronting any band — a trace of Stevie Winwood, a hint of Jagger and dashes of Bowie and Freddie Mercury, but more immediate than all four. Backed by the Dexys' horns and sax section, it bounds along with the imagination of Madness and lyrical content worthy of an Ian Dury.

Nobody, except Van Morrison, has so successfully bridged the chasm between traditional Gaelic form and North American soul. The final clue is their

dire straits' latest runs with the runners



righteous attempt at Van Morrison's Jackie Wilson Said (I'm In Heaven When You Smile). These Celtic soulbrothers make it work so well that even Van himself would approve. — NEIL JAMESON

●

Yazoo had a very dramatic debut in 1982 with the single, Only You. Comprising only two people, vocalist Alison Moyet and keyboardist Vince Clarke, they have an unusual sound that is a neat combination of their respective backgrounds. Alison Moyet has been singing the blues in minor bands around London for nearly five years; Clarke reached prominence last year with UK synthesiser band Depeche Mode, for whom he composed their solitary hit, Just Can't Get Enough. The concept of playing rhythm and blues solely on synthesisers is very novel and it is a wonder that no one thought of it before. But Yazoo have the break and it will be difficult for anybody else to top them. Both halves of this group complement each other well: Alison's blue tones, infused with the right measure of resigned anguish, give substance to Clarke's deceptively simple melodies. Many of the English synthesiser bands over the last couple of years have seemed pompous and overblown. Yazoo on their debut album, *Upstairs At Eric's* (Mute), bring it all back to earth.

●

When The Pointer Sisters burst on the music scene in 1974, garbed in 40s op shop dresses, their most striking attribute was a

musical eclecticism which corresponded with their hand-me-down look. They sang everything: rhythm and blues, funk, rock, scat jazz, even country.

Their first few albums were exciting affairs. The amazing diversity of their material was carried off with an exuberance that easily traversed any stylistic schisms. In 1977 the four sisters disbanded, only to see three of them re-form the next year. In the four years since, they have enjoyed unparalleled chart success.

Unfortunately, The Pointer Sisters have paid a heavy toll for such international stature. The uniqueness of their early career has long gone. On their new album, *So Excited* (Planet Records), they are interchangeable with any number of black American female artists. That they use the same crop of LA session musos as everyone else, doesn't help.

The critical problem with *So Excited*! is the overall blandness of the material. For every fair funky track — I'm So Excited, All Of You, or the very Stevie Wonderish If You Wanna Get Back Your Lady — there is a song which typifies formula writing at its worst. — KENT GODDARD

●

Philly Joe Jones and Max Roach are not

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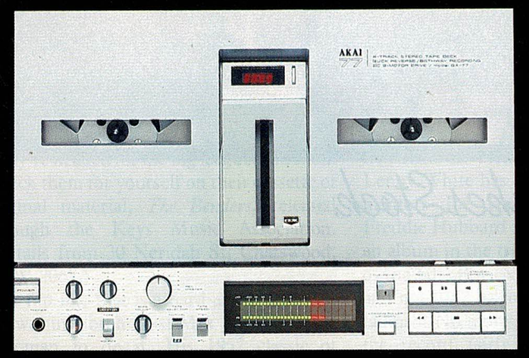

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quite household names, but they're probably closest a black drummer can get to it. But you've also got guys like Al Foster and Andrew Gander, names you'll have to search liner credits to find, younger drummers with a lot of talent and a lot of time to prove it. Both Foster and Gander feature on important recent releases.

Foster is sole survivor from man with the horn Miles Davis' 70s bands, the ones the critics love to hate. Davis' second release since his sidelining with suspected cancer is *We Want Miles,* a live double (what else) recorded in America and Japan on the comeback tour. The sound is still electric and rhythm-based, but it's the best live Miles since the 60s classics like *Live In Europe.*

Foster's splashing, shifting, liquid drumming makes the sparse, piano-less funk based riff-jazz work. He shines on *Back Seat Betty* and *Kix,* filling and driving with a purpose that elaborates and insists at the same time. Bassist Marcus Miller is superb too, working in tandem with Foster to concoct a potent, boiling broth of devastating killer funk.

Basically still into the 20-minute-plus jam syndrome, Miles is playing with a lot more fire and aggression than we've heard from him in a decade or more. After 30 years, his trumpet is still the most distinctive and unique sound in jazz, and it's an education to hear the way he controls his sidemen with just the merest muted breath on his horn. Quite rightly, he still commands the respect of those around him; he's a true giant of 20th Century music.

Andrew Gander, on the other hand, is a name only the hardest core aficionados will know. But he's just one of four prodigious talents that make up The Benders, positively Sydney's most exciting jazz group today.

Up front, saxophonist Dale Barlow, in his early twenties and already touted as Sydney's leading tenor man, heads the great Benders' rhythm kitchen. The explosive Gander is on drums, anchor-man Lloyd Swanton on bass (hear another facet of his talents on the fine Jenny Sheard album *Satin Doll*), and the fantastic Chris Abrahams on piano.

Theirs is the insistence that Charlie Parker brought to jazz, was Coltrane's in the 60s, but went missing in the 70s. It's not fair to make comparisons, but names like Mingus and McCoy Tyner spring so easily to mind when talking about this band. They're headed for the big league, and soon. Check them for yourself on their cassette of original material, *The Benders,* released through the Keys Music Association. (Details from 30 Neridah St, Chatswood, NSW 2067.)

A rap like that is a hard act to follow, I know, but vibraharpist Milt Jackson is just the man to do it. His 1957 classic of swinging blues *Plenty Plenty Soul,* has just been reissued in Australia by WEA, and very welcome it is too. They don't come any better than this. Horn arrangements by a young Quincy Jones are superb, and Jackson's vibes sizzle and sparkle in company with names like Cannonball Adderley, Horace Silver and Art Blakey. Great value because it's timeless music.

WEA has certainly been on the ball lately. Its Elektra Musician label is going great guns, with releases like the new Hubbard/Corea/Henderson *Griffith Park Collection,* and first releases of previously unavailable goodies like Bud Powell with Roy Haynes and Charlie Mingus. And WEA has the Atlantic Jazz Lore label.

Atlantic was one of the great labels of the 60s, boasting stars like Coltrane and Mingus. WEA is gradually making selected albums available to us again; this time round we've got Milt Jackson, some early Keith Jarrett, a dose of easy-listening Hubert Laws, and a subversive slice of Ornette Coleman.

The Jarrett number, *Somewhere Before,* captures the virtuoso in live performance in 1968, accompanied by old friends Charlie Haden and Paul Motian, and if nothing else, it tells us why he went solo. He never really settles into a groove here, always playing out front of his rhythm section and never with the empathy that a Bud Powell or even the underrated Dudley Moore brought to the art of trio playing.

Disappointing too is the flute of Hubert Laws on *The Laws of Jazz* (1964). Annoyingly lightweight, (especially after listening to the big tenor sound of Dale Barlow), he sunk to oblivion in the 70s in a morass of soft-core funk and soundtrack music. A pity, because his *Afro-Classic* and other classical/jazz experiments of the 60s were interesting diversions that promised much more than was finally delivered.

But Ornette Coleman's *Twins* is another box of fish altogether. Still shaping the sound of modern music 20 years later (see James Blood Ulmer, Pigbag, or any number of English and Australian avant-rock bands), this 1960 outing from the man who invented free jazz is, ironically, eminently listenable. The seeds of what became the most revolutionary and divisive sound in jazz, (critic Leonard Feather called it *antijazz*) since Charlie Parker made *I Got Rhythm* sound like nothing on earth, make fascinating listening.

Finally, if you want an unpretentious, hugely enjoyable, swinging, melodic, lyrical album of just great jazz, (and who doesn't?), you can't go past *The Griffith Park Collection* on Elektra Musician. Drummer Lenny White has brought together his old mentors Joe Henderson, Chick Corea, Freddie Hubbard and Stanley Clarke to cut an album in the tradition of that great label of the 60s, Blue Note, where jazz was jazz and not funk or rock or anything remotely faddish. No more than two takes per song, the record fairly jumps with infectious exuberance.

— MATT DICKSON

Start with a twist of Tanqueray,
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Tanqueray
SPECIAL DRY
Distilled English Gin
for the finest Gin & Tonic.
To a tumbler of ice cubes add:
1 measure Tanqueray English Gin.
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CAMEL

CALENDAR

From mid-January, the entertainment scene hots up with visiting artists Laurie Anderson and Cabaret Voltaire, the World Series Cricket is full on and there are festivals in Sydney, Perth and Tamworth. In this calendar of events, you'll also find out about hot-shot waterskiing, how to live the good life, the latest *Pink Panther* movie, how to celebrate a new year and where the latest model cars are on show.

Sydney Festival: The St Vitus Dance of the Southern Hemisphere, the Sydney Festival, bounds through its inevitable

gyrations throughout January. Radio 2MMM is holding a huge outdoor rock concert in the Domain on Sunday, January 23, at 7.30pm, and it's free. A program called "Four Decades of Rock and Roll 1950 — 1980" will be on Thursday nights (January 20 and 27) from 6.30 to 9.30pm. That's free as well.

Tamworth Country Music Festival: Off-road vehicles by the thousands, stacked heels, bow legs and fringe hayseeds are just the thing for this annual country music bash, which has put Tamworth, NSW, on the map. The non-stop activities begin on January 22 and continue for one week with concerts, rodeos, music workshops and the Country Music Awards. Expect to see a few of the big name C & W stars from the US as well.

Live on stage: Remember *O Superman?* US electric violinist, Laurie Anderson, presents this and other original numbers in her one-woman tour, commencing in late-January. The English band, Cabaret Voltaire, is bringing its zany "noise" act to small-scale venues in capital cities in February. Kate Fitzpatrick heads an exciting cast in The Nimrod's exotic comedy, *Beyond Mozambique,* from January 19 to February 27 in Sydney.

Moomba Festival: Melbourne goes manic at Moomba time with parades, a Mardi Gras, fireworks, free entertainment in the parks, plays, concerts and more. It's on from February 27 to March 14. Don't miss the Food and Wine festival on February 27 and the main parade with the King and Queen of Moomba on March 14.

Schutzenfest, Lobsterfest and Birdman Rally: Weird and wonderful things are happening in South Australia. The Annual Schutzenfest, literally "Shooting Festival", is a German extravaganza, with dancing, food and target shooting on January 15. It all takes place at Hahndorf; don't wear anything with circles on it. Another Fest, the Lobsterfest, takes place on January 31 at Kingston, with the opening of the fishing season, and of course, a fest of lobsters.

Also on the 31st at Glenelg, those ridiculous people who think they can fly will jump off the jetty and attempt to stay aloft long enough to win a prize and stay dry for at least a few seconds.

World Series Cup: Australia meets England meets New Zealand in one-day, limited-over competition matches from January 15 through to late-February at major cricket grounds in capital cities.

Festival of Perth: One of Australia's largest and oldest arts festivals is the Festival of Perth on from February 11 to March 5. Highlights include The Chamber Orchestra of Europe, with 40 musicians under the age of 25, folk concerts with Eric Bogle and John Munro, jazz concerts at the Hyde Park Hotel, British folk rock group Pentangle, performances by Jeannie Lewis, Peter Nero, Phyllis Diller, and the English group The Flying Pickets, who re-live the aching teen dreams of the 1950s and 1960s in their bizarre rock-and-roll creations. The Peking Opera also will begin its Australian tour at the festival. From the US comes the Actors Theatre of Louisville, with new plays and Prunella Scales of *Fawlty Towers* fame will bring Queen Victoria to life.

Motoring: Amaroo Park in Sydney is the venue for a fascinating Historic Race Meeting on January 30; the Victorian Hot Rod Show will be staged at the Royal Exhibition Buildings in Melbourne from January 28 to 31. Formula One and Touring Car Championships at Melbourne's Calder Motor Raceway on February 6, plus Sports Car and Touring Car Championships at Sandown on February 20. Adelaide International Raceway is the scene for Formula One and Sports Car Championships on February 13. Brisbane International Motor Show gets underway at Brisbane Showground on

February 11 through to February 19. Street Machine and Van Extravaganza will happen on Australia Day Long Weekend at Gold Coast's Southport.

●All events and dates correct at time of printing.

WORTH NOTING

The Good Life: *Healthy living is the theme at this giant Expo at Sydney Showground from January 16 to 20. Weight-lifting, wrestling, mini-basketball, Battle of the Bands, pop concert, triathlon. . . the works.*

Computers: *The latest in personal computers will be on display at Sydney's Centrepoint from March 10 to 12.*

Baseball Tour: *Japan's Sumitomo Steel Baseball Team will tour in February to play selected teams.*

Milk Carton Regatta: *Last year, more than 690 persons built floating boats, rafts or whatever to take part in this ridiculous contest. It's on again on February 27 at Patawalonga Lake, Glenelg, just outside Adelaide.*

Movies: *Film group Electric Shadows has arranged a Summer Film Festival (Herzog, Malle and the like) at the Canberra Theatre Centre from January 17. On a more commercial note, look out for* ***Trail of the Pink Panther*** *(a crazy collection of clips from all* ***Pink Panther*** *films) showing in major cities throughout January.*

Tournament Water-skiing: *The River Edward at Deniliquin, NSW, is the setting for slalom, trick and jump events. All-out assaults on world records by Australia's top skiers over the Australia Day long weekend.*

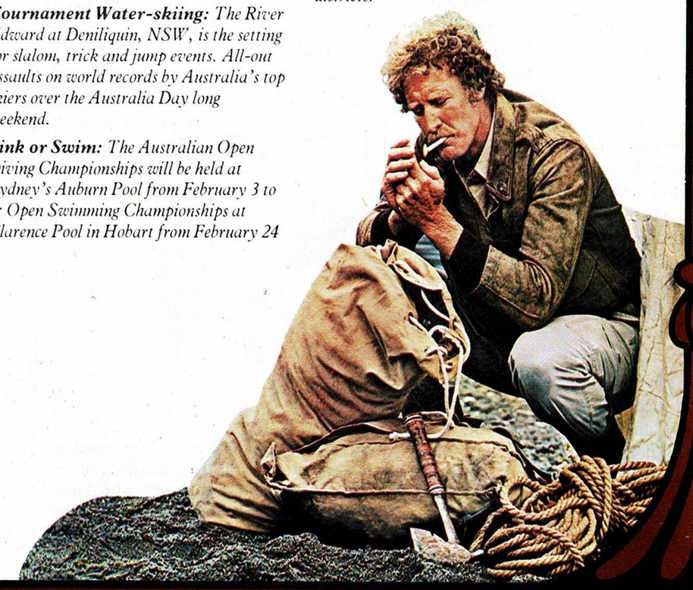
Sink or Swim: *The Australian Open Diving Championships will be held at Sydney's Auburn Pool from February 3 to 6; Open Swimming Championships at Clarence Pool in Hobart from February 24 to 27. Also in Hobart, the Australian Surf Life Saving Championships, on March 6 at Clifton Beach.*

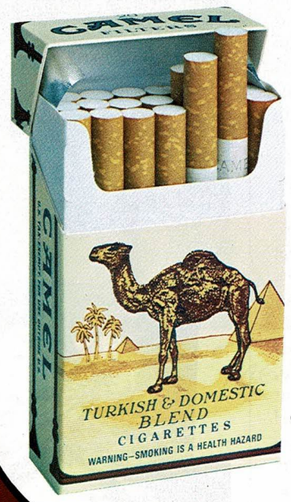
Ocean Racing: *Super-yachtsmen Alan Bond and Rolly Tasker will compete in ocean races in W.A from Fremantle to Albany on January 21 and return on*

January 28. The second leg is from Fremantle to Bunbury on January 28, return on January 30, and the third leg is Fremantle to Bunbury on February 12.

Australia Day Bonanza: *Pencil in January 29 to 31 if you plan to be in Perth. The city's Hyde Park is the place for a festival of ethnic foods, shows and singalongs.*

Chinese New Year: *February 12 is the night to usher in the Year of the Boar. Special celebrations in all Chinatown districts.*





Where a man belongs.

CC1043·82 In S.A. and W.A. Camel Virginia 25's is available in place of Camel Filter 20's.

BOOKS

An isolated perusal of the plot reveals little of the real substance of Ian Moffitt's first major novel, *The Retreat of Radiance* (Collins). In truth, the plot is little more than an abstract trail along which the author prods his central character, Quinn, ostensibly on a quest for revenge but quixotically tilting at more abstract windmills.

Quinn's quest trails from Australia, through Hong Kong and China and finally finds some sort of solution in Taiwan. That brief outline is about as graphic as Moffitt allowed the story-line to be, for fear drama would conceal the more subtle motives behind Quinn's odyssey. The most dramatic actions are deliberately devoid of graphic detail, the climaxes are more mounds than mountains and the images are impressions rather than vivid reproductions. The device leaves the author free to drape the milestones of the saga with the true elements of Quinn's character and the purpose of his mission.

It is a process of self-discovery, dogged by the failures and frustrations of an unfulfilled past and the unrequited hero-worship of a long-dead Hong Kong accomplice. For Quinn, the mission to exorcise the demons of his catastrophic family life, subsequent loneliness and self-doubt, is wrapped in the guise of a noble crusade to expose Khe, a typically brutal and corrupt Nationalist Chinese general. The success or failure of that mission becomes almost incidental as Quinn revisits the decaying hulks of an older Hong Kong and the well-tilled orderliness of a new China. His activity rattles a few skeletons but not in the way he might have imagined.

For Moffitt, the task was exceedingly complex and fraught with the risk of becoming enmeshed in the almost bewildering threads of the central character's psyche. Instead, it is a fabric the author has woven with considerable skill, to the extent that in stages the novel becomes compelling reading while retaining much of the merit of an imposing literary achievement.

The author, a seasoned Australian journalist, is obviously one member of that craft whose creative skills have not been blunted by the demands and excesses of his trade.

— NEIL JAMESON

●

"How, then, do we deal with the Aboriginal dead? White Australians frequently say 'all that' should be forgotten. But it will not be. It cannot be. Black memories are too deeply, too recently scarred. And forgetfulness is a strange prescription coming from a community which has revered the fallen warrior and emblazoned the phrase 'Lest We Forget' on monuments throughout the land."

Tough stuff? If it is, it's not ambitious

moffitt's eastern odyssey and an aussie jinx ship

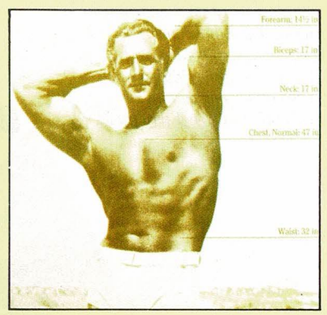
beyond its means. The quote comes from the conclusion of Henry Reynolds' *The Other Side Of The Frontier* (Penguin). The subtitle, *Aboriginal Resistance to the European Invasion of Australia*, neatly describes its contents: it's not "poor-bugger-blackfellah" stuff but a well-researched appraisal based on historical documents, newspapers, archives and Aboriginal spoken history.

Reynolds, who is an "Aspro" (Associate Professor) of history at James Cook University, Townsville, manages never to say "noble savage" but he does recognise dignity, generosity and heroism as he chronicles the growth of Aboriginal disillusion and the variety of their response.

Such response is more complex than that of a stone-age culture overwhelmed by a highly technological one. The current land rights struggle is the front line of a battle that has been flaring since the blacks first realised that the whites were not the returning spirits of Aboriginal dead; nor mere pale pilgrims, passing through on their own "dreaming" and, more particularly, were not people prepared to share or reciprocate along the lines of traditional communal living. There were few attempts at any sort of negotiation.

This is a timely book, simply presented and approachable, plain but authoritative and well-referenced for follow-up enquiries. It puts to rest many of the myths that white Australians entertain about Aboriginals and goes a long way to encourage an understanding of the history of the conflict that yet denies peace on the Australian frontier.

— PETER CULAINN



FOR EVERY KID who ever read a comic and instantly identified with that "97-pound weakling" who continually ate the bully's sand, Angus and Robertson offer *The Life and Times of Charles Atlas*, a small words and big pix account of the Italian Stallion's mail order rise to fame and fortune.

When HMAS *Melbourne* first arrived in Australia in 1956 — 10 years after she was bought for the RAN — thousands of people turned out to welcome her.

It was a proud and important moment in Australian naval history as *Melbourne* replaced *Sydney* as Australia's flagship. For *Melbourne* was a very modern carrier, able to move more than 800km in 24 hours and capable of handling the latest types of jet and turbo-jet aircraft, even in bad visibility and night operations. Her first few years with the RAN found *Melbourne* placidly engaged in exercises and flag-waving courtesy calls with no indication of the scandal that would soon surround and complicate her life.

Timothy Hall's book *HMAS Melbourne* (George Allen and Unwin, Sydney) tells the interesting and informative story of Melbourne's amazing career. Although she was the Australian flagship for 26 years, she never went to war, never fired a shot in anger and never threatened the peace of any nation. Yet she sank two destroyers, lost an arsenal of aeroplanes and helicopters and was involved in countless mishaps, most of which were not her fault.

In 1964, *Melbourne* collided with the Australian destroyer, *Voyager*, with the loss of 82 lives, and five years later she cut the American destroyer *Frank E. Evans*, in half with the loss of 74 men. In both cases, the *Melbourne* and her crew were eventually cleared of all blame, but the two captains involved were pilloried out of the navy.

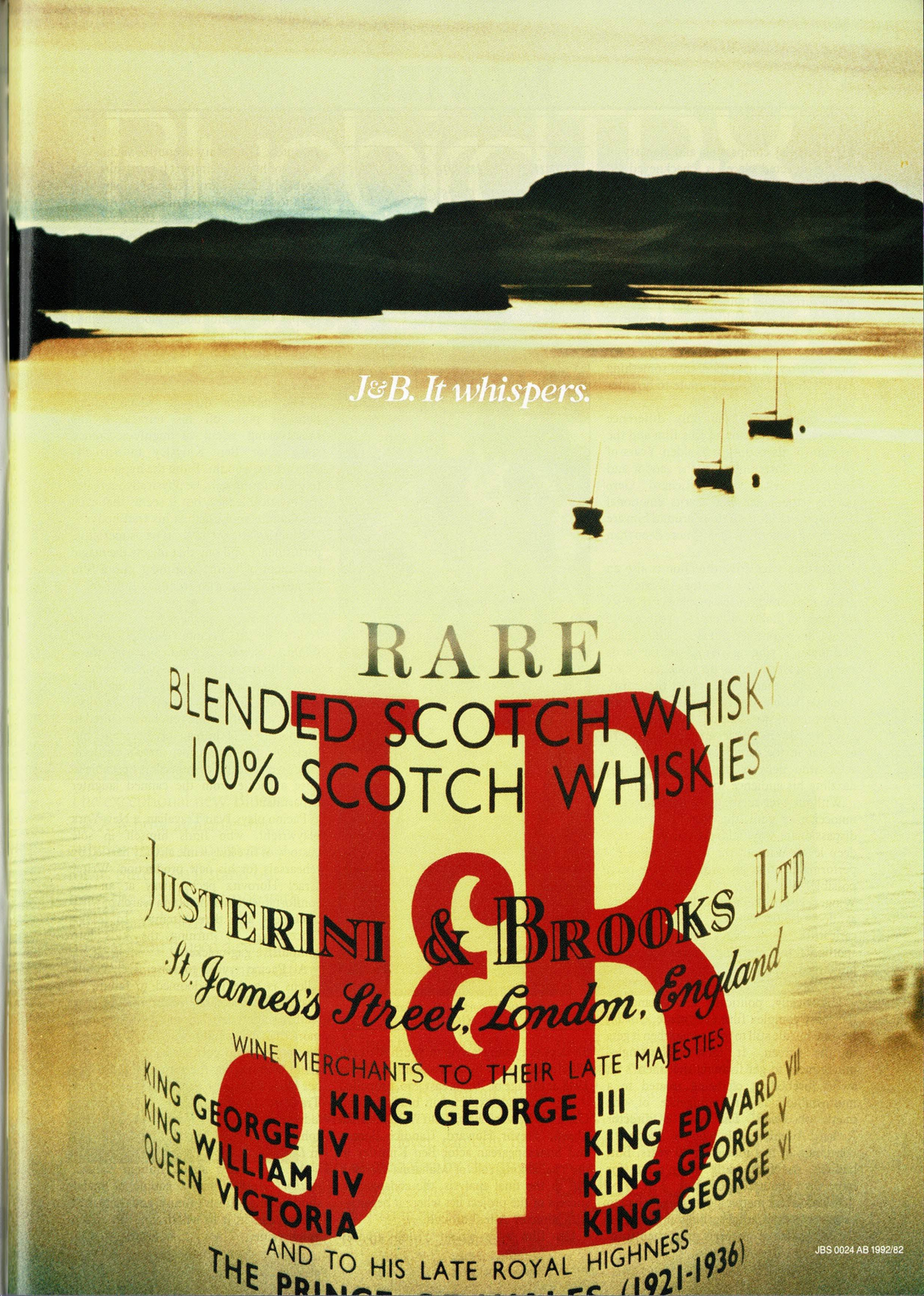
These, and her many other misadventures, made her name a household word, but it is one of the great injustices of Australian history that *Melbourne*, in her dilapidated dotage, should have become — almost always through no fault of her own — first a jinx ship and then, even more humiliatingly, one of Australia's most lasting jokes.

In the process, people forgot that inside the rusting old hull about 1300 people lived and worked — for the most part, in appalling conditions. Yet somehow, the crew managed to retain pride and loyalty for their much-maligned ship.

In her latter years, *Melbourne's* crew spent most of their time simply keeping the ship afloat and her engines running, coping with worn and outdated equipment and lack of spare parts. Considering that she was built nearly 40 years ago as a wartime "disposable" ship, it is a credit to the ingenuity of her crew that she lasted so long.

For 26 years, *Melbourne* was Australia's most tangible and visible symbol of military might. Her story — bizarre as it so often has been — was long overdue for the telling.

— LEWIS WALTER



Existential compassion and honesty in unexpected places is a hackneyed old highway to heart-warming romance. But somehow, Taylor Hackford's *An Officer And A Gentleman* avoids the pot-holes and even stirs an emotion or two that hasn't been de-sensitised by the schmaltz.

This time, the unexpected place is a military aviation academy. . .a factory which turns cadet trainees into Navy pilots. But the tactical assault course is outside in the local community where the cadets seek sexual recreation, while the girls from the local mill try to trap them into something more lasting as an escape route to brighter lights.

In many ways, the only difference between the attraction of this film and the ho-hum of its countless Golden Years of Hollywood forerunners, is the candor and credibility with which Richard Gere portrays the loner who learns emotional development while all those around him are practising something that is more deep than meaningful.

Hackford's sensitive direction is also an effective winch when the story threatens to get bogged down in the maple syrup of its own sentimentality. Where his predecessors would have gone for diffused lighting and Mantovani's singing strings in the bedroom, Hackford serves up some truly base pillow talk that really pops the misty romance bubble. It is this surprisingly frank confrontation to delicate situations that gives the film its impact and confirms Gere as a star in the rare James Dean style; an actor who delivers up-front rather than dazzling his audience with fancy method.

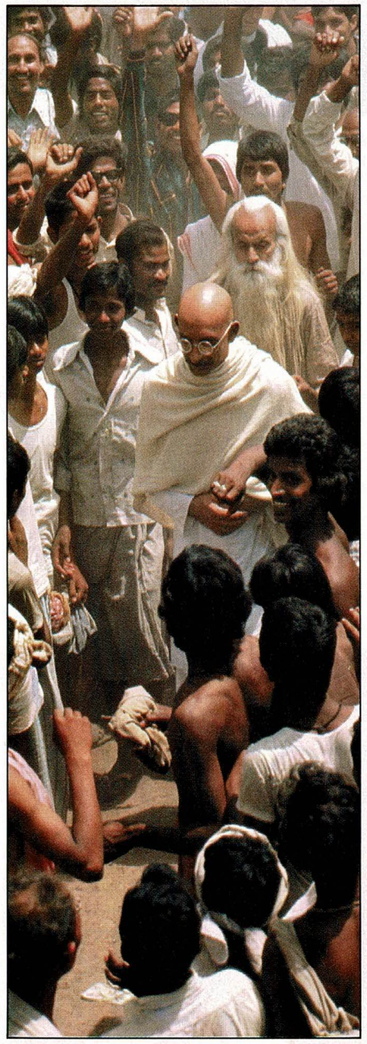
Without ever mentioning the subject of innocence or guilt, this film, in an almost dispassionate way, addresses it on quite a deep level. Without the honesty of Gere's performance, that just wouldn't have been possible. His pillow talk partner (Debra Winger) also makes a capable contribution, as does Louis Gossett Jr, whose stark caricature of a Navy drill instructor spotlights the blushing contradictions of military discipline.

●

Logistically, politically and financially the most complex film ever made, *Gandhi* has one hurdle still to overcome when it gets to the screen. It took such single-mindedness to get it there, that there's an awful foreboding of being treated to a multi-million dollar indulgence of one man's obsession. The man is director Richard Attenborough, who has lived with the dream of this movie for 20 years. But, happily, the foreboding doesn't live for more than about 20 seconds.

In its subject matter alone, *Gandhi* had to be an epic. It is an absorbing chronicle of the life of one of history's great men from his days as a young lawyer in South Africa in 1893 to his death by an assassin's bullet in 1948 at the age of 79. Its cast, too, propelled it into the high-expectation bracket: John Gielgud, Edward Fox, John Mills, Martin Sheen, Trevor Howard, Candice Bergen and Shakespearean actor Ben Kingsley in the challenging role of Mahatma Gandhi. But in the final analysis, the conspicuous success of the project lies where it began — with director Attenborough.

coming out in the academy; al pacino goes cornball



Ben Kingsley overcomes the extras in his magnificent portrayal of Gandhi.

His film is a grand vision grandly executed. His ability to control such a vast sweep of historical import is something that probably only Akira Kurosawa has been able to display in recent times. And his ability to depict Gandhi's significance at this range while keeping him sharply in focus on a personal level, is a near-heavenly gift in this near-holy cause. How a frail, humble, peace-loving man came to dominate the lives and souls of 650 million people in a tumultuous, blood-drenched land is one of the great inspirational stories of our time. And how this one life comes to dominate a $25 million epic is really no less a miracle.

The medium through which Attenborough pulls off his miracle is the breathtaking talent of highly-acclaimed stage actor Ben Kingsley to virtually reincarnate Gandhi. From the hypnotic eye to the tottering gait, he physically recreates the mystical leader, but it seems that even the Gandhi soul inhabits his frail body.

Kingsley's portrayal is a superlative performance and one that injects the magic ingredient of heroic sentiment into a film already rippling with technical lyricism.

●

In spite of, or perhaps because of, the talents of Al Pacino, *Author! Author!* seldom aspires beyond one of those compellingly-cornball one-parent comedy shows that America makes for Australian television. Director Arthur Hiller does employ a grimly comic vein better suited to the portrayal of human predicament, but somehow the little urban hero's battle to raise five children by himself is best able to raise a cackle from the canned laughter department.

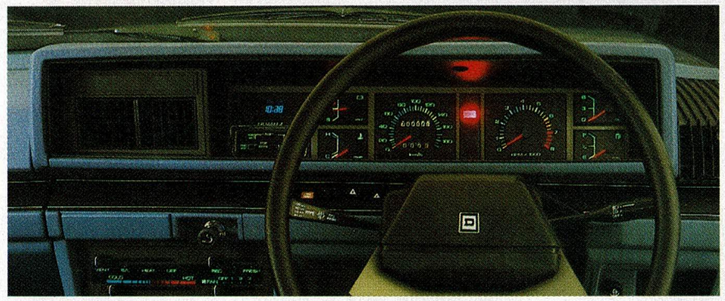
Pacino plays Ivan Travalian, a New York playwright, who finds himself in sole custody of five kids while already hassled by rehearsals for his new production. Writer Israel Horovitz pecks away at an uncomfortable vein of malice in search of witty bitchiness and then attempts to leaven proceedings by turning the kids into compulsive gag-crackers.

Al Pacino trying to raise five Woody Allens is a device doomed to failure — heavyweight actors returning to the featherweight division stand to lose a lot more than just weight. Tuesday Weld plays the mother who goes walkabout and does about as much for the film as she does for her kids. Dyan Cannon is the actress Travalian thinks he wants as the leading lady in his professional and domestic spheres, and she's about as funny as she was in *Deathtrap*.

As a comedy about human values, *Author! Author!* has a couple of major shortcomings. It isn't funny, and there isn't one human in it to whom you can attach much value.

— ROBIN INGRAM

The exceptional new Bluebird TRX is now available–but only for those who are ready for it. Sure, you'll stand out from the crowd–but not with garish, lairish stripes and hang-on gear. You'll need a certain style of your own to carry off



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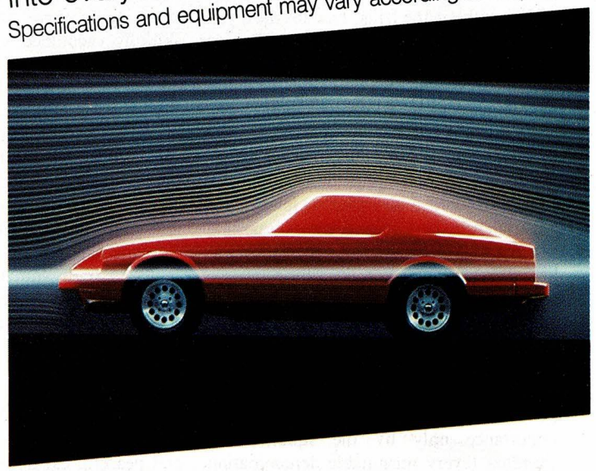

NISSAN/DATSUN ONE AND THE SAME

Nissan Motor Company (Australia) Pty., Ltd

DATSUN

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TRAVEL

Welcome to my kingdom!" beamed the Speaker of Western Samoa's Legislative Assembly. Legs astride, wrap-around sarong firmly bandaging his considerable girth and mouth ablaze with neon-bright lozenges, he was glad to have a foreign press contingent on royal soil.

So there we were: a motley assortment of journalists, photographers, a retired MP and two charter pilots. Our host was defiantly undisturbed by our unsighted credentials and alfresco appearance: we were an official excuse for an orgy of kava ceremonies, open bars, feasting and dancing. Visitors to Western Samoa should expect to be unremittingly entertained.

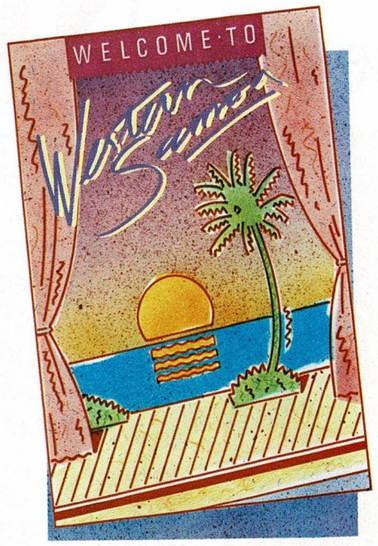
"Bring back a story, not a suntan!" the editor had boomed as I bade farewell to downtown Darlinghurst on a drab Friday afternoon. Temporary PLAYBOY headquarters were soon installed in the bar of Aggie Grey's Hotel in the Western Samoan capital of Apia. It was a short stride from the Gary Cooper *fale* (native-style bungalow) to my desk. Even the presence of the pool en route failed to deter me from arriving at the office by opening time each day.

There's always time for a drink in Apia. Apart from the triple Bacardis with token splashes of Coke at Aggie Grey's, the local beer, Vailima, is extremely palatable and not unlike San Miguel in its deceptively innocent taste. There's always time for just about anything you like. The pace is leisurely and the natives are friendly: a sort of Fiji without the frills. Few tourists, yet; just groups of large Germans conducting postcardathons by the pool, a few unpackaged Japanese and the odd American widow in white sharkskin Bermuda shorts.

The landscape, too, would win a Fiji lookalike contest: the comparisons are inevitable as the latter destination has proven itself such an enduring favorite for Australian holidaymakers. Large brooding mountains overhanging the lush landscape like Hokusai's petrified woodblock waves. Open-sided meeting-house *fales,* the interiors either carefully bordered by bulky wooden chairs or scattered with woven mats fringed in multi-colored wool. These places of communal congregation form the focal point of daily village life, surpassed in importance only by the squat, stone churches (every imaginable denomination is represented) standing potentate in every scattered community.

Life here is easy, immutable. Everywhere there's a casual and amusing resourcefulness: upturned oxygen cylinders fitted with clappers and used as school or church bells; empty baked beans tins for vases on frontyard family graves and shrubbery carefully porcupined with paper flowers.

As you skirt the main island of Upolu or drive over its robust mountain ranges, there's the constant surprise of Tarzan-type, malachite-green scenery and the postcard perfection of long beaches guarded by coconut palms, their scimitar leaves presenting a startling chiaroscuro against sudden tropical sunsets. You know the sort: precisely shaped tango-orange orb is skilfully vacuumed into glossy black sea. Like the exuberant excesses of a theatrical designer, the scenery has an unreal quality.



discover western samoa: stevenson's treasured isle

Meanwhile, back at headquarters, a bit of boning up on Western Samoan history. The place achieved independence in 1962 but has a chequer-board history of foreign domination. The Germans arrived in 1855 and with the commercial zeal of a band of Teutonic Cecil Rhodes, entrenched themselves in trade and politics. The German flag was officially raised over Western Samoa in 1900 and bravely fluttered there until the beginning of World War I, when troops surrendered to New Zealand and the country then became a mandate ruled by the Kiwis under the League of Nations.

Today, Western Samoans live an idyllic and peaceful existence: there's no army, a small police force, some 10,000 *matai* (chiefs) who have control over their respective domains and jointly elect the members of parliament. The Head of State assumes life-long status and appoints his chosen Prime Minister. Not exactly rampant democracy, but no one's complaining.

"This is a dreamy path of sun-speckled beauty. . .the island is a masterpiece of quiet calm and contains probably the finest remaining Polynesians." Poetic words from James A. Michener, while that other chronicler of the South Pacific, Robert Louis Stevenson, dubbed the Samoans as the happiest of all Polynesian people. He spent the last five years of his life in Apia; his imposing white wooden residence set amid verdant landscaped grounds is now the home of the Head of State. His grave is perched proudly and poignantly atop Mount Vaea facing the shimmering languid sea that he so loved.

Aggie Grey's legendary hotel is quite simply the only place to stay in Apia. The wooden establishment rambles behind the facade of Aggie's waterfront bar, made famous by US forces during World War II. There's been little attempt to glamorise: there's an uncontrived atmosphere, plain but adequate air-conditioned rooms, jungle-like gardens and mountainous meals. Aggie herself — a handsome, Bloody Mary-type octogenarian — still kicks up her heels at the regular fia fia feasts held at the hotel. Single daily tariff, including all meals, is US$46. Dining out and nightlife are limited in Apia: there's a disco of sorts at the modern Hotel Tusitala, but any beach by moonlight with a Vailima or two in hand is a more prodigal alternative.

An unstructured holiday in Western Samoa can be spent staying in *fale*-style accommodation. Savai'i island offers several such guesthouses with basic bathroom and dining facilities and it's a treat to languish in an open-sided bungalow in the balmy tropical air. Mosquito repellent is a must. Polynesian Airlines provides a regular inter-island service and there are twice-daily passenger vehicle ferry connections between Upolu and Savai'i. The latter island's primeval landscape of lava fields, dense vegetation, Polynesian stone ruins and blustering blow holes is reminiscent of Hawaii's Maui in parts, pure Jules Verne in others.

Go, then, for the scenery and the serenity, the lack of sophistication. You can experience it all for $1090 return with Air Vanuatu via Vila (airfare only) or on packages arranged by: Return to Paradise VIP Samoan Tours, Natureland Travel, Mayfair Plaza, Clyde Street, Kempsey, NSW ($3,700 for two weeks all-inclusive tour travelling by private jet; ground package only, $1,380 for one week or $1,680 for two); Hideaway Holidays, 1037 Victoria Road, West Ryde, NSW ($959 for 6 days/5 nights at Aggie Grey's including airfares and meals; extensions available to Tonga, Rarotonga, Cook Islands and Tahiti); Magic Carpet Tours, 1 Jamison Street, Sydney (8 days/7 nights tour available ex Fiji for $594). — SUSAN KUROSAWA

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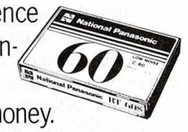

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Dailey/NPA 169

Most sports are about competitiveness. All individual sports are about winning. In many of the world's most-followed head-to-head sports there is a serious risk of injury and death. Yet in only one sport have the competitors been accused of having a "death wish" as a motivating psychological force: the sport of motor racing.

The risk of death is high in many speed or danger sports — downhill ski-racing and ski-flying, parachuting, bobsledding, buck-jumping, water ski-jumping, boxing. The likelihood of death is great in other sports — some of which are fully-fledged danger sports and some of which are considered "soft" sports, from bullfighting to scuba diving. The actual death-rate is higher in football and ocean yacht racing, perhaps even on a per-capita participation basis.

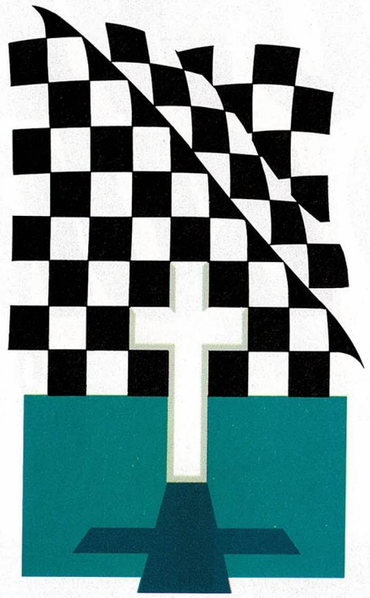
Yet it is motor racing that attracts the image, it is racing drivers who are accused of having a "bent psyche".

"Most people are bloody ignorant about my sport," says Alan Jones, the Australian who rose to four-wheeler fame by winning the 1980 World Formula One Driving Championship. He lays a lot of the blame for this squarely at the feet of the popular press, for whom he has a thinly-disguised contempt. He sees most of the press as purveyors of a lot of "bloody idiotic questions", unable to articulate the driver's viewpoint which he defines as professional, calculating, dedicated, serious, sensitive. Jones goes further, establishing that the modern Grand Prix driver is an individual who is compelled to add business acumen, personal management and political manoeuvrability to the skill by which he survives or fails in the sporting arena.

The press, he insists, perceive little or none of this, preferring to live by old standbys, stock catch-phrases, and the banalities of sport analysis. But he has moved to set the record straight. In his book, *Driving Ambition* (published by Stanley Paul and locally available), Jones defines the race driver's primary objective as winning. "I am. . .an egotist myself. My egotistical high comes from the actual racing, not from its sideshow." He puts other drivers in a similar slot: "Drivers don't question why they're racing."

This is far removed from the press-promoted concept of the open-wheeler driver, a sort of gladiatorial demon on the one hand defiantly riding the tightrope between life and death, and on the other locked in a painful battle of self-analysis, constantly filled with angst over the risks of his sport.

In the Jones definition, there is no room for overt fear. Once pressed by a persistent fem-lib journo to identify a fear, he finally conceded, "VD". By way of contrast he is



in the "death sport", you live to win

able to analyse, in the most calculating fashion, the progress of fear-promoted thought as it courses through the mind.

There are three stages of the mind during a "major shunt": "Even when a shunt seems inevitable, you fight it right up to the end, until it really is." At the recognition of the inevitability, the driver simply rides out the crisis: "My thought is: it's going to happen; I've got to get out of this alive.

"When you come to a stop and you realise you're still alive and functioning, your mind can start working on what to do next. Turn off the master switch, jump out of the car, get away from it as quickly as possible."

These are unmistakeably the thought processes of a survivor, not a suicide. There are other indications of the survivor's instinct in Jones' across-the-board analysis of the sport, particularly the constant references to danger and the conscious, definite steps to minimise or eliminate it wherever possible.

Jones won't race American ovals, detests the presence of slow cars and incompetent drivers on the circuit, refuses to race for constructors who he believes could build safer cars, despises unnecessarily dangerous circuits (Zeltweg, Austria and perhaps even Monte Carlo where racing is too much of "a gamble"), and although recognised as one of the world's great rain-masters, is apprehensive about the risks of racing in F1 machines in the wet ("On the straights you simply can't see a thing. Most people don't believe that you cannot see anything at all"). The concept of a death-wish element in the race-driver's psyche is fuelled in the public mind each time a driver dies. Perhaps it's the dreadful finality, perhaps the realisation of the constant risks, perhaps the confirmation of the monumental hazards stacked up against a Grand Prix driver and the seemingly minimal chances of surviving a genuine "major shunt".

Identifying the odds against survival seems to suggest that drivers fly in the face of reality. And further, that they must be able to recognise the horrific imbalance of the odds, and therefore be prepared to play with the stacked deck. To some extent, this idea is cultivated in the public mind by the drivers themselves — "a callous lot about death", as Jones says. "I am a cog. We are bloody mercenaries and we can't get hysterical every time someone gets killed." Jones also admits that most drivers, on seeing a compatriot spear off the circuit, are first likely to process that information with the reaction, "That's one less I have to pass." Again, it has long been maintained by many GP drivers that death would be preferable to mutilation.

Somewhere in between exists a space for sheer bravado, too, never better reflected than in the mercenary outburst from Clay Regazzoni when a car constructor promised him the World Championship with his new car: "Fucka the championship," said Clay, "how mucha you pay?"

Much of this is accidentally or deliberately misinterpreted by public and press. The fact is, race drivers operate constantly in an environment of speed and danger — so constantly that it becomes their normal world, and everyday life outside, almost abnormal. "What I do," says Jones, "and the speed at which I do it, seems to me absolutely routine.

"Most drivers, myself included, work on the principle that it will never happen to them. And I think it won't happen to me. If I didn't work on that principle, I don't see how I could be doing it."

Unmistakeably, motor racing is about winning. And to win, racing drivers have to confront head-on harsher and tougher realities than other sportsmen.

"Somewhere deep down inside of me, I recognise that I'm very cold-blooded. Very cold. Indifferent and cold." Vital ingredients in a successful race-driver's psyche? Whatever the answer, it seems that many analysts have overlooked an essential fact in the life-death equation — death is about losing. Only losers could make space in their minds for a death-wish.

Motor racing is about winning. Race drivers are survivors. — ROB LUCK

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

DUDLEY MOORE

a candid conversation with hollywood's unlikeliest romantic hero about his comedy, his art and his joyful, uninhibited, all-important sex life

If an audition had been held just a few years ago to find someone who would become, by 1982, one of America's most popular actors, comedians and sex symbols, Dudley Moore wouldn't have got past the stage door. At 5'2" and 47 years of age, with a clubfoot and a dirty mind, Moore isn't exactly cut from heroic cloth. But with two huge successes behind him — in 10 *and* Arthur *— and with three more big movies either breaking or in the offing, Moore is one of the hottest on-screen talents in the world today. The fact that he both composes and plays music to professional and critical acclaim only adds to the confusion.*

And there's something else: although his marital record is disastrous and his eye for the ladies renowned, people seem to sense that Dudley is one of the last of the staggering, heart-clasping, full-tilt romantics. Actress Susan Anton, his girlfriend of the past three years, met him when she was recovering from a disastrous affair with Sylvester Stallone and Moore was newly divorced from Tuesday Weld. Nearly a foot taller than he is, Anton recalls their meeting:

"The first time I saw Dudley — at the National Association of Theatre Owners' convention — he made me laugh, so I went up and introduced myself. Later, he came to Vegas, where I was performing, to see me. When he came backstage after my show, we both thought we'd made a terrible mistake. I'd forgotten how short he was and how tall I was. After some midnight dinner, I impulsively said, 'Why don't we go to my room? I've got a bottle of wine and we can talk.' So we went there and started talking. And pretty soon I said, 'Do you know what I want to do? I want to go to your room and I want to go to bed with you and I want you to hold me. I'm not ready for anyone to make love to me yet. I just want to be held.' Dudley said okay and that was our first night together."

Moore's own origins were considerably less than romantic. Born in London with a deformed left foot, he was raised in the grey town of Dagenham, Essex. His father was a railway electrician and his mother a domineering and cold figure who instilled in her son her own shame and ambivalence about his deformity.

It was 1978 when the comedian finally cracked the American movie market with Foul Play. *Cast in a supporting role as an insatiable swinger with an appetite for sex aids, Moore nearly stole the show from its stars, Goldie Hawn and Chevy Chase. A short time later Moore met director Blake Edwards, who asked him to replace George Segal as the mid-life-crisis-stricken hero of* 10. *The movie, of course, was a smash hit, catapulting both Moore and his co-star, Bo Derek, to international stardom.*

He followed that success with an even greater one — Arthur. *His portrayal of the happily-drunk, soft-hearted millionaire, playing off John Gielgud's long-suffering valet, netted Moore his first Oscar nomination as Best Actor.*

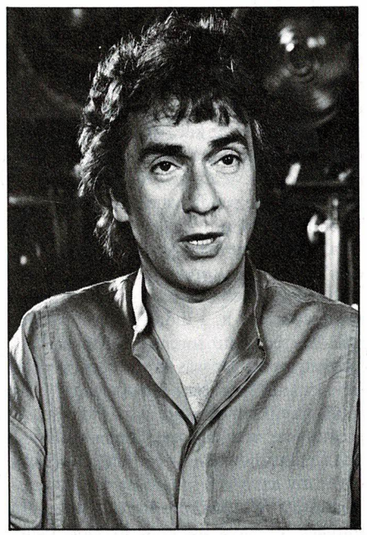
Throughout his life, Moore has never lost sight of what he loves best: music. Beginning with his first orchestral piece, written at age 12 and entitled, appropriately enough, Anxiety, *he has continually written, composed and performed both classical music and jazz. His Dudley Moore (jazz) Trio has toured the world, breaking house records in Australia and New Zealand. Beyond that, Moore has eight jazz albums to his credit, the latest of which —* Smilin' Through *— released last year, saw Moore teamed up with his old pal, Cleo Laine.*

PLAYBOY assigned reporter and interviewer ***Nancy Collins*** *to get to know the engaging Moore over a five-month stretch. They first talked in New York on the set of* Lovesick *and later in California both on the set of* Romantic Comedy *and at Moore's Marina del Rey home. Her report:*

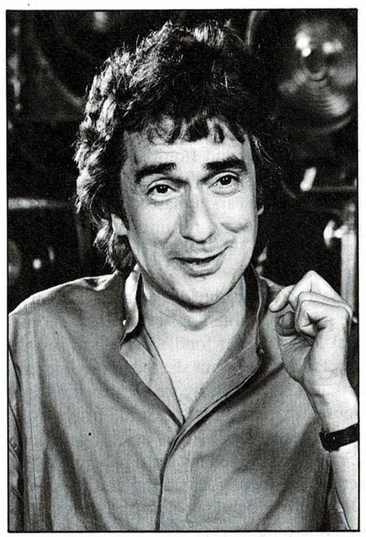
"What immediately strikes one about Dudley Moore is the simplicity with which he conducts the business of being a superstar. Now, that may be hard to believe, considering his two pet extravagances — a white Rolls Royce and a two-seater Mercedes, but otherwise, Moore's life is mercifully free of Hollywood trappings. He makes his own appointments, answers his own phone and, when a visitor arrives at his house, putters around the kitchen, fixing tea for two.

Dudley can be almost wincingly candid and profane to the point of embarrassing people — as he did with Barbara Walters after she pestered him about his height and his affair with Anton. 'Barbara,' he said, grinning into the camera, 'I go up *on Susan!'*

"There's another thing that comes through



"My mother was either anxious about my clubfoot or it didn't exist. It was: 'You're perfect' or 'You're a cripple.'"



"The ability to enjoy your sex life is central. I don't give a shit about anything else. My obsession is total."

"I don't remember how it came up but I told her I'd never had an orgasm inside a woman. She said, 'Oh, I think you ought to.'"

clearly in this psychological self-portrait: the main thrust of Dudley's life, which many of us would envy for its success and versatility, is to be loved. And because he wants it so badly — and lets you know it so openly — most people do love him. He's irrepressible. To use an outdated word, he's naughty. He may well be the naughtiest little 47-year-old boy in the world."

PLAYBOY: Let's start with the important stuff: You're perhaps the only man on this planet to have been in bed — on screen, anyway — with both Raquel Welch, in *Bedazzled* and Bo Derek, in *10*. Tell us about it, please.

MOORE: Well, Raquel played a tempting creature known as Lust. Holy shit, she really has a great body! When she was supposed to seduce me in the bed scene I wore three pairs of underpants, thinking, Christ, if I get an erection maybe three pairs will help. I was thinking of tying my cock down with Bandaids or something — literally! I thought it was going to be very embarrassing. But those kinds of scenes ultimately turn out to be unerotic because you're thinking of something else.

PLAYBOY: And the scene with Bo Derek?

MOORE: Well, I had to do both scenes with both women twice. Hmmmm, I think a little pattern is emerging here. [*Chuckles*] We were both naked, but they lit it so you couldn't see a damn thing. I was nervous, but Bo wasn't. She had to get up from bed and walk over to the hi fi and then come back to the bed. Let me tell you , it wasn't easy for me.

PLAYBOY: The sacrifices one makes.

MOORE: Indeed. But it *is* embarrassing to have everyone staring, saying "What's she got? What's he got?" You feel more stupid than turned on. You're thinking about your lines, your timing, your camera angles — not sex.

PLAYBOY: But did you find Bo Derek sexy?

MOORE: Bo is basically cool. I didn't think of her as a sexy person. I don't mean that as an insult. I just mean she doesn't farm it out in public. She's not like Bardot, who used to flirt with the world; nor is there a sensuality as you had with Anna Karina or Sophia Loren.

PLAYBOY: Movie scenes aside, sex appears to be a pretty important theme running through your life — right?

MOORE: I think sex is the most important part of anybody's life.

PLAYBOY: *The* most important part?

MOORE: The ability to enjoy your sex life is central. I don't give a shit about anything else. One's desire for another person is the most flattering thing you can take from that person. The best sex you can give anybody is what you take from them with the utmost enthusiasm.

PLAYBOY: Are women, then, more important to you than your work?

MOORE: Absolutely.

PLAYBOY: Are they the major obsession in your life?

MOORE: Totally. What else is there to live for? Chinese food and women. There *is* nothing else. Actually, I sometimes hate women for having such an effect on me.

PLAYBOY: That comes through from time to time. Some of your humor, especially the early stuff with your old partner Peter Cook, seemed to have some anger toward women in it. Are you secretly a little hostile toward women?

MOORE: No. I just want to do everything to women. I want to murder them and love them and embrace them and die in them and live in them and *all* that stuff. *Everything!* Just go through the dictionary and that's what I want to do: I want to aardvark them, Afghanistan them, blender them, demarcate them, Zulu them. I want to do *everything!!*

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been to bed with more than one person?

MOORE: Yeah, with two women. But just once.

PLAYBOY: Did you like it?

MOORE: Yeah, it was fuckin' great. I also tried it once with a male friend and a woman but we just ended up laughing. I mean, it was like choosing ends: "Which end do *you* want?" It was so exhilarating we couldn't do anything.

I want to do everything to women. I want to murder them and love them and embrace them and die in them and live in them and all that stuff. Everything!

PLAYBOY: When did it first dawn on you that you were going to be such a prisoner of sex?

MOORE: When I was about 11. I looked at girls and suddenly, all I wanted to do was to love them. . .have them kiss me. I even remember their names. Joan Harold and Shirley Powell and Louise McDonald and Jean Dabbs and, oh, fuck. . .yeah, sex really had me by the ears. I masturbated from five or six on but it wasn't until a couple years after that I focussed on doing something more with girls.

As a teenager, the idea of intercourse was completely frightening. I do remember the first breast I ever fondled. The girl wasn't exactly attractive but she did have a fair pair of knockers. Anyway, we went behind her house where I stood on some bricks so I could reach her. Then, as if by remote control, she guided my hand to her breast. I remember feeling this thing and thinking, Oh! — like I'd put my hand on a sheep's eye or something.

PLAYBOY: And how did you feel about it afterwards?

MOORE: Totally disgraced. I thought, That's it. I've done it now. I've blotted my copybook. That went on for some time — girls and very passionate snogging and smooching, a bit of breast fondling. But nothing very much of a south-waist nature. I remember once at a party sitting frozen in a chair with a girl on my lap. We both were pretending we were asleep, but I felt the sexual electricity just whipping through us. I didn't actually get into any heavy petting until I was about 16 or so and met this French girl. She terrified me. But I still used to visit her in Paris. She had this little garden house where we'd go and I would venture to insert part of my disgusting body in her, only to always withdraw as if we were magnets with equal, but like, poles meeting.

PLAYBOY: How old were you when you finally got around to having intercourse?

MOORE: Oh, about 45 [*laughs*]. No, 22, 23. Technically, that is. What is that Chinese saying? "To walk a thousand miles you have to walk on one foot"? Well, to fuck a girl you have to put one inch in. And although I'd gotten that inch in now and then from the time I was 15, I was too afraid to leave anything as valuable as my penis in this cavern of no return.

PLAYBOY: What did you think was going to happen?

MOORE: I didn't know. Maybe pregnancy. I was just terrified, my repression had been so long and continuous.

PLAYBOY: Was part of that error knowing that in order to make love you'd have to undress and expose your clubfoot?

MOORE: No, not necessarily. Although I was quite attuned to the possibility that I would have to make love in my duffle coat and snow boots with just the offending member emerging and splurging. Emerge and splurge, the wisdom of life.

PLAYBOY: You've mentioned your clubfoot in public before, usually briefly, but what exactly *is* your handicap?

MOORE: When I was born, both my feet were turned in. The right one, apparently, righted itself while the left one was more severely damaged. As a result, my left leg is one half inch shorter than my right and shrivelled from the knee down. If I took at it dispassionately, I realise it looks like a sweet child's foot. I've learned to see it that way because of the people who didn't throw up when they saw it.

PLAYBOY: Were there a lot of people who did, figuratively, throw up?

MOORE: As a child, yes. I was constantly made aware of it. I didn't realise my foot was different until I went to school and got laughed at. My leg was an object of ridicule. Kids used to shout, "Hopalong!" and mimic me. I always wore short pants so the greatest day in my life was when — at 13 —I was finally allowed to wear long pants and cover my leg.

PLAYBOY: Wouldn't it have been more humane to have put you in long pants sooner?

MOORE: Of course. But my mother didn't want me to feel there was anything wrong — and yet she did. On the one hand, she was very anxious about my foot and on the other, she pretended it didn't exist, which made me very confused. She either over-inflated me or under-inflated me. It was either: "You're perfect; there's nothing wrong with you," or "You're a complete cripple." So with that came the idea I was either a genius or a piece of crap.

PLAYBOY: When you got older, did you and your mother ever sort it out, talk about what she'd done to you as a child?

MOORE: On this one Sunday afternoon, I remember saying good-bye to her and I remember her doing what she often did: she looked at me in this peculiar, obsessive way, as if she had to put everything into it, because that's the only way she could express it, nonverbally. This particular time I looked at her and we just nodded at each other as if to say, "Yeah, I know what we feel for each other and I know there's no way of unravelling it or somehow making good the bad parts." But in that 30 seconds I felt the whole of the thing had been straightened out. And that was the last time I saw her before she went into hospital and had this operation from which she never fully recovered.

PLAYBOY: What happened once you started having sex with women? Did you tell them about your foot beforehand?

MOORE: Oh, I always felt I had to bring up this odious skeleton, as if somehow it would fly out of bed and hit them on the head if I didn't. I always had to say, "I have to tell you something. I've got this. . ." and go through great agonies. I felt they had to know they were going to bed with this deformed fish.

PLAYBOY: Was there ever any woman who was unkind about it?

MOORE: Never. Never in my life. Some women, in fact, couldn't understand it at all. You know: "What are you *talking* about? So you've got a bent finger or a bent ear. What's that got to do with anything?" But even then I wasn't convinced. I still felt I had to come up with this prologue: "Hello, I want to stick my foot up you."

PLAYBOY: Let's stick with your sex life for a while longer. Who first told you about sex?

MOORE: Kenny Vare. I was about 9 or 10 and Kenny Vare came running into the playground as if he were bearing the news of the Vikings' landing. "Do you know what you have to do when you grow up?" he asked. "You have to put your winkie in a girl."

Well, by this time, having already masturbated myself into the ground, I thought, my God, I've done it. I've ruined myself for this ghastly task. I really thought there was something wrong with me.

PLAYBOY: Who was your first real lover?

MOORE: A very beautiful actress.

PLAYBOY: Thus beginning an unalterable preference in your women.

MOORE: Shit! I hadn't even thought of that, but you're right.

PLAYBOY: What is it you find so compelling about actresses? You've married two and you're seeing another one now.

MOORE: It's the fact that they compel you to look at them. Beautiful women are generally the most insecure about their looks, so they're sometimes like flashers in Central Park. They may not want to have *sex* with the whole world, but they do need to be *attractive* to the whole world.

PLAYBOY: Okay, back to your first actress.

MOORE: Well, this girl was intrigued that I was a virgin.

PLAYBOY: Did she seduce you?

MOORE: I don't remember how it came up but I told her I'd never had an orgasm inside a woman. She said, "Oh, I think you *ought* to." And we agreed to meet in a hotel in Oxford. She came up from London on the milk train, arriving at 5am after having missed the 11pm train. I was sitting on the platform waiting for her, trembling with fear, shame, anticipation and cold. We went to the hotel and got into bed. While we were doing it I recall her looking over my shoulder at something on the wall. Well, you can imagine how heartening that was.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel?

MOORE: I found the whole thing not very exciting at all. As I came, and I'm surprised I did, she said, "Oh, I forgot to put my thing in," meaning her diaphragm. Well, she got pregnant. She told me later but said she'd deal with it and did. I saw her a couple times after that but it didn't work.

PLAYBOY: So after all those years of silent lust, reality was a disappointment?

MOORE: I felt this great fear in my loins — a traction of fear that shrivelled me up, spiritually and organically. I felt cringed with fear and shame and disappointment. Eventually, however, I came out of this theological funk.

PLAYBOY: And became even more obsessed with women?

MOORE: Shortly, thereafter, I was doing *Beyond the Fringe* in London, and by that time decided that what I wanted to do with my life was perform onstage, make people laugh, and play jazz because it attracts women. So I did that; I started playing jazz in the basement of this club called The Establishment which Peter Cook founded. Each night after the performance I'd go play jazz and. . . [*giggles*] stroke girls.

PLAYBOY: Women are the sole reason you started playing jazz?

MOORE: Yeah. You ask any jazz musician why he wants to play jazz and he'll tell you the same thing.

PLAYBOY: What is the correlation between jazz and sex?

MOORE: Jazz is very upfront, if you'll pardon the expression. Visceral, unambiguously sexual sort of music. There's an excitement to jazz which, if you understand it enough to play it, manifests itself in other areas.

PLAYBOY: In other words, if you can improvise well on the keyboard, chances are you can improvise well in bed.

MOORE: That's right.

PLAYBOY: Then one might assume that men who love jazz are exceptional lovers?

MOORE: Oh, we are. An unbeatable crowd.

PLAYBOY: Onward, whose idea was *Beyond the Fringe?*

MOORE: A man named John Bassett, then assistant director of the famous Edinburgh Festival in Scotland. He decided it would be a good idea to have a late night university revue, featuring two men from Cambridge and two men from Oxford, which would be presented each night after the official festival presentation. Bassett asked me from Oxford and Jonathan Miller from Cambridge to work on it. We both recommended another person. Jonathan recommended Peter Cook and I suggested Alan Bennett.

PLAYBOY: Where did you get the title *Beyond the Fringe?*

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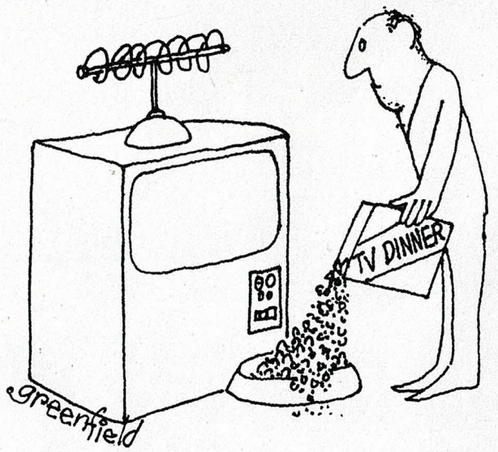

ILLUSTRATION BY YVONNE SUTHERLAND

LOGGER RHYTHMS

times are tough in the timber game, and a rough-hewn way of life is dying

Things are crook at Tallarook/There ain't no work at Bourke.
And down in the snow/It's one big no/All the jobs been took.

— OLD BALLAD

It used to be hard to find fallers. You need a special sort of bloke. For one thing, around Tumut they reckon a faller ought to have one leg shorter'n the other, although a novice swinging a chain-saw around could soon comply. A faller's also got to be able to hop around the bush with his nose three inches off the ground because the Forestry Commission likes him to take the whole tree out. He's got to be tough, because if a tree falls on him, it won't be till smoko that his mates come looking for him. And if he's like the rest of us, and has bills to pay, he'll have to get straight back to work; a quick trip for a few stitches and back to the bush. A faller makes good money if he works his guts out, sun-up to sun-down. Twenty, 30 grand a year. All he needs is his chain-saw and a car to get him to the job. And a contract. Well, another bloke gets the contract and the faller works for him, along with the sniggers who pull the logs out of the forest, the loaders and the drivers who cart the timber to the mills. They're a bit like the timber they used to fell — hard and durable, with enough warps and shakes and bows to show they don't come through that hard life without scars. Every so often, someone gets killed, although safety procedures have lessened the risk over the years. But there's always the bloke who, out on his own, is going to try the quick way of getting a tree down out of a hang-up. They reckon a good faller doesn't reach his prime until his forties — a lot of trees aren't millable till then, either. Johnny Cusack, now in

article by p.d. jack

his fifties, can still cut three or four loads a week. Like most of the pros, he doesn't *seem* to be working hard. It's just that at the end of the day, his pile is bigger than anyone else's.

Of course not everybody is a Stakhanovite. Most blokes appreciate a smoko, or an early knock-off. If everyone was a star there wouldn't be any stars, right? So when the bank managers and other experts talk about $700 a week in the hand, they're not talking about *everybody*.

"Stacking in the dough? Don't you believe it!" says Noel Annetts, a faller for 30 years. "I know most of the fallers around here, but I don't know many rich ones. I've been 30 years in the timber, and I've earned $1400 a fortnight. I suppose I was regarded as one of the top fallers, but you can see we're not well off."

We were sitting in the kitchen of his rambling fibro cottage warming ourselves on the fuel stove. There were a couple of blue ribbons for fastest chain-saw on the wall, lino on the floor and bills shoved on to calendars and behind light fittings.

Noel showed me a letter from his building society. In computerese it pointed out that he was $1374 behind in his mortgage payments and unless he paid $276 within seven days, the society would proceed to sell him up, when of course he would be up for legal fees as well.

Another bloke tells me the same thing down on the new estate on the edge of town. Robert Lawson, 28, a mop of black bushy hair on top of a small, comfortable body, is sitting on an old Mini-Moke, scraping his scraggly old Adidas around in the red dirt of his backyard. His almost brand-new house sits before him, solidly, churning up the mortgage. He lived with his wife in a caravan for three years before this was built, and has only recently moved in.

"We've been keeping up the payments — just — hoping we might get back on top of it," Robert says. "But at this stage it doesn't look too promising. Ah, you work your bloody guts out to get a house —y'know, the Great Aussie Dream — and then *this*. If I could get rid of the bloody thing now I'd be rapt."

This was the sack. Like a lot of people in Tumut, Robert Lawson was stood down on Black Friday, August 13th, 1982. Others were sacked. The timber industry was going through hard times and the bosses had to do something. Robert Lawson, along with 59 of his workmates, was asked by APM, his employers, to take his holidays.

Four weeks later, as he was preparing for start-up the next week, he got a letter from the mill. So did 55 other blokes — the same letter, just a different name at the top.

"I felt real low for a couple of days. It was a real kick in the guts," Lawson says. "I went out to the mill to pick up my tools. I saw the engineer, the bloke who was my boss, and he said he was 'terribly sorry' and that, and how a couple are staying on for

maintenance but, ah, they just couldn't afford to keep on everybody. Then I came home and well, I didn't feel like doing anything. I thought there might be work elsewhere — the other mills, the expansions around the place. But there doesn't appear be a great deal of work at all."

Robert Lawson is a fitter, but like Noel Annetts, the faller, he's been let down by the timber industry. Nobody's buying timber, so there's no work for the fallers like Noel, and no work in the mills for blokes like Robert.

There's always been timber in Tumut, a pretty little town nestling in a high valley up near the Australian Alps. It's on the road from Wagga to Gundagai, and is surrounded by good thick forests.

Hume and Hovell's expedition passed through the district in 1824, and some members of that party returned to settle, for the hills reminded them of home in Ireland. There was plenty of water and rich river soil; later there was gold, and the first mill was set up to supply timber for sluices and water races. Exploitation of the forests soon followed.

Noel showed me a letter from his building society. . . unless he paid $276 within seven days, the society would proceed to sell him up.

One of the prize timbers of the district is the alpine ash, which can soar to 60 metres high and its beautiful light-colored timber once provided the oars for the British Navy. Kopsen's mill made the oars, and also used the wood for tool handles. Odds are that old shovel out the back with the curved and split handle came from Kopsen's. The mill is still there (after the usual couple of fires and innovations) but under different ownership, and the sheds where the oars were made now produce bed ends. . . a sign of the leisure society?

There are still a lot of the old-style mills around the district. You know what they look like: six- or seven-man shows with great stacks of logs and sawdust surrounding ramshackle old corrugated tin sheds. Pollock's Mill, in the centre of Tumut, is just such a one. And it's doomed, of course.

"The Forestry gives us another two years, and then no more," says Lloyd Wendt, the manager, and 25 years a timber man. "We might get another 12 months out of private land, but that'll be it."

Not that there ever really was enough timber in this country. Not first-class building timber anyway. The odd bit of cedar, or cypress, here and there, amidst vast forests of, well. . . why do you think the early settlers built slab huts? No nails necessary. One of the great images of Australian history must surely be the reaction of the first chippy as he tried to nail together his house out of local hardwood.

After more than a century of bent nails and distraught carpenters, the authorities realised they had better invent nail guns or come up with some other solution. They decided to make up Nature's deficiency by introducing better trees, mostly American pines. The one they found grew well in the Southern Tablelands was the Monterey pine (pinus radiata), and the Forestry began to turn vast slabs of the hills around Tumut into radiata pine plantations.

By 1935, they'd planted some 3700 hectares of pinus radiata, and by now there's some 70,000 ha, with another 2000 ha going in each year. Ninety percent of the timber produced out of Tumut is pine, and the cut of native hardwoods is decreasing each year.

The decline of the hardwood mills hasn't been too much of a worry round the district, because the pine has more than made up for any jobs lost. The small family mills supplying a few local builders have been replaced by huge factories exporting all over the State. In the past 20 years, Tumut's population has doubled, thanks largely to the timber industry.

The economy of Tumut is a bit of farming (wool and beef), a bit of tourism and a hell of a lot of timber. There are five mills in town: two small hardwood mills, two huge pine mills and a large chipboard factory, Pyneboard, processing the thinnings and wastes from the pine plantations and mills. As well as supplying these mills, the local forests are supposed to supply the $190,000,000 newsprint mill at Albury, and the $25,000,000 Laminex-Customwood plant at Wagga.

The industry has been constantly expanding, and Tumut has had 20 years of continuous prosperity. A year or two ago, the local Council hired a social worker for a few months, but sacked her because there really wasn't any work for her to do — there was no poverty in Tumut, the Council decided.

In November 1981, the timber industry held a celebration, the Timber Expo, where the equipment manufacturers showed off their wares, the mills had guided tours, there was a pine-cone throwing contest, and the town's three clubs and six pubs did great business. Industry leaders spoke of the bright future ahead. Local member, Terry Sheahan, MLA, said that Tumut was "on the verge of major development", and marvelled at the excellent job opportunities that would abound.

Two months later, some of the local contractors began to feel a slackening, and when a few blokes left their jobs, they weren't replaced. Five months later came the first retrenchments. It was a fine winter, which meant the harvesters could go on cutting, which they did, but still the retrenchments were happening. APM let 21 blokes go, PGH let 27 go and Pyneboard stopped advertising for new men. Noel Annetts, back for work after a long layoff following a fall accident, had to go to Canberra for work. But after a few weeks that job, too, fell away to nothing.

Some thought it was just the normal winter slowdown, or perhaps the general economy. Hadn't they been talking about the recession in the cities, the high interest rates and that? Well it was just moving up into the mountains. The mills were just trimming a bit. God knows it was plain by the growing stockpiles that they weren't selling the stuff. Everybody could see that.

They did, and they didn't. One haulier got a good promise from a mill, and went out and leased four new trucks. A foreman at APM signed up for a brand new big brick home in the new subdivision. Robert Lawson remembers there was heaps of overtime, almost up until the last minute.

In August came the crunch. APM announced to its men that about half would be forced to go on holidays for a month from the next week, and those without four weeks up their sleeves, would take turns with each other having time off.

"We didn't feel too bad about that really," Robert Lawson recalls. "A holiday's a holiday, and if it was going to help the place out of difficulties, fair enough."

The news was worse for some of the workers at PGH, further out of town. They were told on the day they could finish up there and then. All morning the men were told one by one. Twenty-seven walked out the gate with a week's pay, their long-service and any holiday pay entitlements, and the promise that maybe come Christmas time things might have improved.

Elsewhere in town the word was being passed. One of the contractors, employing about a dozen blokes, was told the mill could no longer accept his logs. Then the word was passed on to the drivers and fallers.

Ah well, it had happened before. But this time it was worse. The ANM mill at Albury had been told by the Electricity Commission to go easy because of the shortage of electricity, and thus its demand for pulp was almost non-existent. True, it was harvesting, but more out of faith with its workers than out of actual need. It was using the new-fangled mechanical harvesting process, and, as it had decided Australian workers weren't all that crash-hot with mechanical harvesters, had imported 11 families from New Zealand to do the work. Having just brought them into the country, they couldn't cut them loose.

And the big, new Customwood-Laminex mill at Wagga delayed its start-up because of depressed economic conditions, taking away further opportunities. By September, APM had worked out things weren't getting any better, and changed its stand-downs to permanent lay-offs. Fifty-five holiday-makers were turned into unemployed.

"The situation is not real good," Shire Clerk Kevin Hedley explains. Of the 600 or so normally employed in the town's mills, almost 200 had been laid off; and of the 80 or so employed in harvesting timber almost 40 were off, and many of the others were on half-time.

The Shire Clerk did some sums to see if he could get some special assistance from the Government — State or Federal — but found that, "the overall situation would not appear to be worse than the national average."

Indeed, it wasn't. The same month, BHP announced lay-offs that were staggering compared to Tumut's couple of hundred, and many more manufacturers were sacking, in one go, as many as had lost jobs in all the mills of Tumut. In the USA, unemployment climbed to 11,000,000.

"Yes, I suppose there are a lot of blokes in the same boat as me," Robert Lawson sighs, "but it doesn't make you feel any better."

Another retrenched mill-worker pointed out that in previous slack times it was usual to run "down the coast" (to Wollongong or Port Kembla) and pick up a bit of work.

"But how the blazes can you get a job when there's a couple of thousand steel-workers looking for work?" he asks.

"I dunno what I'm going to do," Noel Annetts says quietly, looking into his beer. I'd asked him up to the RSL to sort of repay him, perhaps cheer him up. I told him I'd pay; not to worry about his wallet.

"Oh no mate. What sort of fellow goes out for a drink without any money? A bloke has to pay his way," he says. He cashed a cheque for $10 at the bar.

There are about 20 blokes in the bar, half of them recently laid off. The poker machines behind us are quiet. Takings on the machines are well-down, but the bar-trade is holding up. Around the other hotels the message varies: trade hasn't dropped off that much, but yes, things are quiet.

It seems the truth is still seeping in. Certainly, Fossey's department store has noticed an increase in the sales of their cheaper lines, but neither the community centre nor the St Vincent de Paul Society have been inundated with pleas for help.

Most have got some cushions. Some are still going through their savings; others have farms to which they have returned; the young are resilient and besides, have grown up in an economy where unemployment seems to be just another part of becoming an adult. Many of the mill-workers live in Housing Commission homes, and as soon as news of the sackings reached Head Office, the Commission dropped rents. In fact for some of the men, if they have big families, the Social Security, along with free medical benefits and the decreased rent, gives them as much as their paltry mill wage.

"Oh yair, leading the life of Riley," remarks one gentleman in such a position. "Except Riley wasn't married to my missus, was he?"

Jim Schroder, manager of the local branch of the State Bank, agrees that although the town is badly hit, the pain is yet to be really felt. He's had a few people in — mostly wives — but indicates he expects more.

"People in trouble seem to put off seeing their bank or finance company until the last minute," Mr Schroder says. "We write them letters, which they ignore, and we can see from their ledger what's happening. I don't know: pride, fear — something that stops them telling their creditors what the problem is."

In the main street there are no outward

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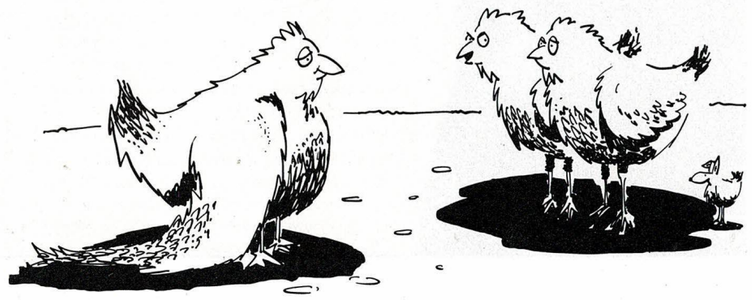


"Nah. . . far too right-wing for me!"

FUNNY MAN

take it from a beginner — being a comic is no laughing matter

I DID IT like a star. Flew in. Performed. Flew out. The applause, the laughter, the chorus of imaginary groupies in my ears above the hiss of brain cells burning out in a hangover fog of therapeutic Chivas Regal.

I had done it. Broken into show business. Made my debut as a stand-up comic in a major Sydney nightclub. . .and lived to brag about it. I wish I could say I followed Bob Hope's example, just took the money and ran, but it was an unpaid debut.

Like all the other Tuesday night comics at The Comedy Store, I did it for the experience. To find out what it is like to stand on a stage under a spotlight in a roomful of 200 strangers and make them laugh.

And as every successful comic will tell you, there is no short cut, no easy way. No matter how funny you think you are, how much you can make your colleagues chortle, your mates at the pub snigger or your girlfriend laugh in bed, sooner or later, if you really believe you have talent, you must take The Step. Stand up and make 'em laugh. Cold.

It is the closest ritual we have to human sacrifice. Yet there are always willing victims, people eager to expose their trembling egocentricity, become a quivering jelloid of nerves and pure presumption in a rash bid to meet the carnivorous human need for entertainment. I'd never do it again — and *I* got laughs.

In its short lifespan, The Comedy Store in downtown Sydney has become an institution. Nothing quite like it has existed in Australia before. It is a public sideshow for tomorrow's funnymen; an auction by laughter in which the only victory is acceptance. It opened on the roaring success of similar clubs in America and Canada. Clubs where eager apprentices in the alchemy of amusement could develop and polish a stage act. Where established comics could try out new material, and new stars like Robin Williams and Steve Martin, or the real godfathers of guffaw, Sid Caesar, Milton Berle, George Burns and Phil Silvers, could stop by for the occasional guest spot, steal fresh material and bask in the adulation of amateurs and audience alike.

The Comedy Store is a distant cousin to the Los Angeles club of the same name. You can go there and have a meal, pay Hollywood prices for the drinks, relax in comfortable surroundings in a room not unlike Bogie's cafe in *Casablanca*.

The audience is distinctly WASP. WASPs have a peculiarly refined taste in blood sports. They like to eat while others self-immolate. At The Comedy Store they like to throw petrol on the flames. Nero would have felt at home. When an act is dying they can be merciless. Not content with hooting, hissing and heckling, they often will throw things. Food and coins of low denomination are favorites.

If the target is too thick-skinned to heed the rain of fire, there is always The Hook. The Hook is an invention of American vaudeville, a long pole with a curl at the end like a shepherd's crook. It is used to seize the victim around the neck and haul him offstage. The Comedy Store has added a couple of innovations for the delectation of the ravening crowd; The Noose, which drops from the ceiling, and everybody's favorite. . .The Glove. The Glove is a boxing mitt on a folding arm and it shoots out of the wings without warning to smack the victim in the chops and out of the limelight.

Rodney Rude runs The Comedy Store. His real name is Rodney Heft. He is 39 and made a modest fortune playing the toughest night-spots in North America. He grew up in Sydney and went to Bathurst High School where he hated everyone. Apparently the feeling was mutual so he ran away to join a travelling show. Honest.

After a few years doing odd jobs with the carnival, sometimes spruiking for the side-shows, a mate announced he was buying a ticket to Canada. For the sheer hell of it, Rodney went with him. Shortly after arriving, they parted company and Rodney bummed across the country, picking the most meagre skill as a guitar-strumming folk-singer along the way. He met a young pommie bloke whom Rodney decided played the best boogie-woogie piano he had ever heard and they teamed up as a musical duo.

"I wrote to an agent," Rodney recalls. "I told him we had just finished a highly successful tour of clubs in the American south-west and would he like to find us a few engagements? He did and we made a living."

One night in a pub for farmers and lumber-jacks and their wives in the Ottawa Valley, the duo wasn't so dynamic and the audience began to get restless. When two hecklers got into a fight over how bad the act was, Rodney's temper flared and quick as a flash he quipped: "Ah, garn fuck yerselves." It brought the house down and Rodney decided if it was *that* easy to make people laugh he was going to be a stand-up comic. He put together a routine and played all the backwoods bars and waterfront dives along the West Coast until he became so funny he could work Los Angeles.

There isn't a joke in the world he doesn't know, and once he locates the funny bone of an audience, he will lock in and hit the same spot until they beg for mercy. If it's feminist jokes, he knows a hundred; if it's cancer jokes, he knows a thousand and if it's quadriplegic jokes, he knows a million.

He returned to Australia to help launch The Comedy Store. He is the nightly host and it is his job to introduce the acts and make sure the audience gets its money's worth. No matter how dreadful everybody else on the bill may be, Rodney can be depended on to punctuate the suffering with pure, ribald nightclub comedy.

Because it is a nightclub and caters to mature audiences, he can get as blue as he likes. . .but that's because he knows the rules. Too many aspiring comics assume because a joke is dirty it must be funny, only to discover at their cost that a string of dirty jokes often alienates an audience.

Rodney gave me a tip: "Try not to say 'fuck' too much. Especially early on in the evening, before they've had a chance to warm up. And whatever you do don't ever, say 'cunt'. They'll hate you."

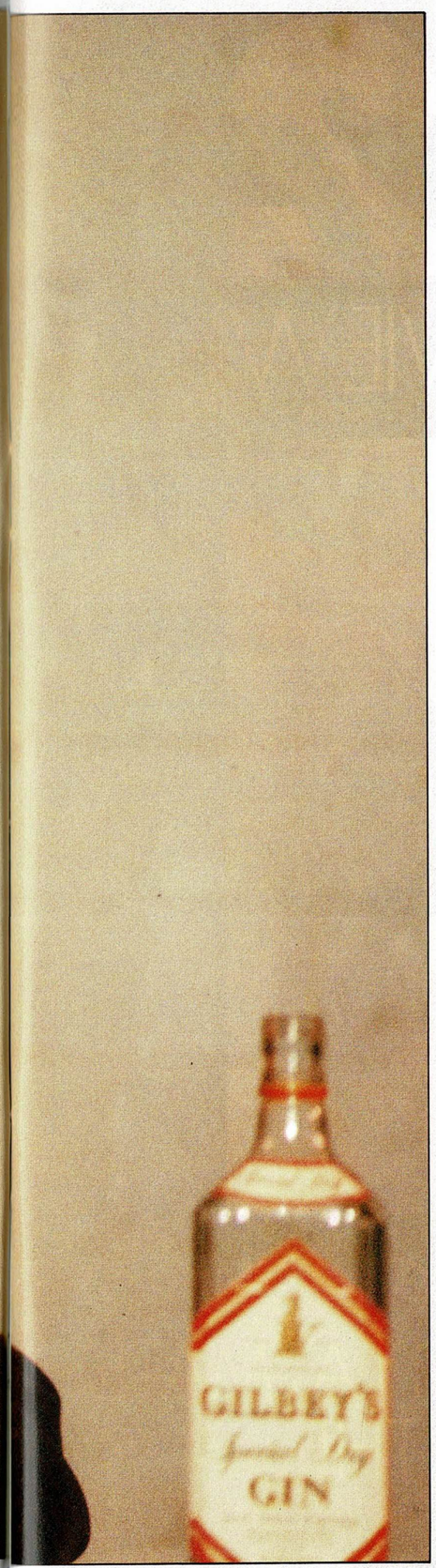
It sounded like good advice to me. I have always been intrigued by comedy. I once watched Woody Allen struggle earnestly to define it.

"It's a mystery," was all he could say. "Whatever it is inside you that is funny, you go up on a stage and somehow let it come out, that's

WAM

article by paul mann

"Don't look nervous or let the audience get to you. Remember, they're schmucks."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILIP QUIRK

all." Even after 20 years as a professional, Rodney still can't tell you why people laugh; he claims there is no such thing as a 100 percent funny, guaranteed laugh-getting joke.

"Even the funniest joke in the world can be killed by a bad comic," he says.

Rodney describes himself as "a nonsense comedian". "All I do is get up and rave. About anything. Jokes I've known for years, things that happened to me on the way to the club, anything that takes my fancy."

His image is pure burlesque. He wears two hats, a baggy, gaudily-striped blazer festooned with buttons. He has untidy black hair, a funky grey-flecked beard and the evil leer of a child molester in heat.

"I did get very serious about the psychology of humor at one point," he says. "I got really interested in experimenting on stage for reactions. I'd deliberately tell jokes I knew were bad, just to see who snickered. I did that for a year and all it did was hurt my act. So I shut all ideas about psychology out of my mind. I learned I was a funny man with a natural sense of humor and it was better not to get too technical."

The closest he can come to defining a successful joke is this: "A sure-fire laugh is when you can make a reference to the most widely-known piece of information at one time — that way you might get them all laughing at once."

I spent four weeks putting together a routine. Four weeks in which I distilled every funny story, every devastating one-liner, every funny thought, every outrageous joke I had ever heard into an act which might last 20 minutes. If there was one guiding light it was Rodney's advice that every comic should work within the context of his own personality. There are as many different styles as there are jokes. It is fatal to assume a personality you cannot carry off, for a Woody Allen to attempt George Burns' delivery would be suicide. No one would buy it.

"An audience can spot a phoney in seconds," advises Rodney. "Some comics rattle off jokes like a machine-gun; some are actors who adopt a comic character like Gary Macdonald doing Norman Gunston; some are more social commentators presenting a point of view. If you are the neurotic type, it's probably best to do neurotic jokes. You always write your own best material, you know better than anybody else what you are trying to get across.

"Then," he shrugs, "you get up and try it. That's the dangerous thing about comedy. You never know what is going to happen."

I lost sleep over my routine. I would go to bed at night and lie awake for hours, tormented by the approaching hour of my public denouement. I kept thinking about a recurring nightmare from my childhood, the one where I was caught on the street with no trousers and everyone was pointing and laughing.

Only 24 hours before, an even more unpleasant feeling took over, a kind of resignation bordering perilously on despair. I was convinced I would go down in flames, cremated in a funeral pyre of my own making.

It wasn't made easier by the jarring reminder that I have always been a super-critical spectator, whether it be theatre, film, fashion or a particularly messy road accident. I have always believed that one of the greatest crimes in life is to gregariously impose one's embarrassing absence of talent on a captive audience. It is undemocratic, a shameless exploitation of human tolerance, a dictatorship of the ego in the worst possible taste.

There are some, like Paul Hogan, who have correctly identified their talent to amuse and have become stars, rich, famous and adored. Others merely delude themselves. They merely believe they have talent. But they persist anyway and wind up introducing strippers or with their own Saturday night variety show on the ABC.

I held no such illusions. This was to be a one-off engagement, a one-night stand in the theatrical sense. I wanted, just once, to graduate from the boozy bonhomie of post-dinner party popularity to see what it feels like to touch a real, live audience with laughter — to find out how hard it is. There was another reason. I wanted to see if I had the nerve, no, perhaps "gall" is a better word.

Jumping out of aeroplanes, paragliding, flying with stunt pilots, diving in nasty caves never frightened me anywhere near as much as the prospect of trying to coax laughter out of a nightclub crowd — the hardest school there is. But I reasoned that if a neurosis-riddled worm like Woody Allen could do it, then a macho non-quiche eater like me had to give it a whirl.

I flew up from Adelaide on the big day and went over my routine with Rodney. He said I'd be lucky if I lasted three minutes. Not because the material was so poor — some of it was actually funny he told me, poker-faced — but because any comic burns material very quickly on stage.

"You think you've written a lot and you're through it in minutes," he said. "It's very deceptive. Three minutes is a long time on stage. I tell some people to get up and try doing a minute."

We went over the routine, tightened it up in spots, cut a couple of jokes out, adjusted a few nuts and bolts here and there.

"I can't tell you what will happen," Rodney said. "Nobody can. It's a big experiment. But it's the same for everybody — go for it. One final piece of advice — don't lose control up there. Don't look nervous or let the audience get to you. Remember, they're shmucks. They come in, eat, drink and just sit there waiting to be entertained. Even if you don't *feel* confident, you must try and *look* confident."

And then he had a flash of inspiration. "I tell you what we'll do," he said. "We usually start around nine. I'll put somebody really

(continued on page 147)

1982 PLAYMATE REVIEW

FEAST YOUR EYES ON A SECOND SITTING OF PLAYMATE LOVELIES FROM THE PAST YEAR

Far left: The lithe body of Miss February, Anne-Marie Fox, brought gasps of admiration from PLAYBOY readers. This lover of music and dance is an aerobic exercise instructor. . . and who could resist obeying her order to jump to attention? "I like being a lady," she says, "and I like being treated like one."

Top: Lynn Maree Eason shared her love affair with life when she appeared as our March Playmate of the Month. Lynn Maree claims she is a bit of a thrill-seeker. . .and we were certainly thrilled with her sultry and sensuous poses for our PLAYBOY pictorial.

Bottom: Miss April, blonde and beautiful Bettina Mey, likes to be admired. "When I wear good clothes that produce whistles, I get a real ego boost," she says. Her stunning presence in PLAYBOY brought loads of admiration and attention from our readers.

Top: We billed petite Linda Rhys Vaughn as "Small Wonder" when she appeared as our May Playmate of the Month. Her effect, however, was certainly not of tiny proportions.

Bottom: Ravishing Lynda Lewis stirred the gypsy in many a reader's soul when she appeared as PLAYBOY's June Playmate of the Month. Lynda is a free spirit who loves to wander and to enjoy the outdoors. "I yearn for the rover's life, the open road, the freedom and the excitement," she says.

Far right: No one presumed to argue with our description of Miss July, Kym Malin. We called her "The Body Perfect" and we were right. This budding young TV star keeps her wonderful figure in shape by horse riding, gymnastics and dancing with a professional troupe at a disco.

Far left: Our cute young August Playmate of the Month, Dani Ruechert, describes herself as an old-fashioned girl. She likes cooking, sewing and ironing, shuns heavy makeup and doesn't smoke or drink. "But I don't deny myself *all* the pleasures in life," she adds with a big grin.

Top: Sandi Shepherd rounded up more than her fair share of admirers when she graced the pages of September PLAYBOY as our Playmate of the Month. Sandi loves to travel and spends part of each year visiting relatives abroad. She also hopes to succeed as an actress and admits that posing for PLAYBOY has long been one of her ambitions.

Bottom: Miss October, Uschi Termath, is on the lookout for a Real Man. A guy with a strong face, lots of character and a muscular body. Applicants are advised to join the queue immediately! Relationships are important to Uschi and she says that the early days are the most exciting for her.

Top: Sophie Canne, our November Playmate of the Month, describes herself as reserved, even a little shy. She hopes to become a film or TV makeup artist but has no desire to work on the other side of the cameras. She posed beautifully, however, for our PLAYBOY camera and magically brightened November days.

Bottom: Miss December, Marianne Gravatte, is essentially a very private person. It's taken a lot of determination for her to pursue that very public profession, modelling. She finds it difficult to explain her shyness but we suspect that her startling looks may have something to do with it.

Far right: Sweet Charlotte Kemp made a big splash as our Playmate of the Month in January this year. Charlotte is a friendly and extroverted girl who quickly gets to know people. "I haven't met half the people in the world that I want to," she enthuses.

BIG ERNIE

when the note says "lose", he loses — but for once, ernie has another idea

ERNIE BLACK was very, very big and exceptionally dumb. He had massive arms and red hair and a protuding bottom lip which made him look like a Larry Pickering cartoon of Gough Whitlam.

He was strong as an ox but he wouldn't hurt a flea and he loved his wife and son with a passion he never had been able to translate into words, much less action.

Ernie was never very big on words. In fact, his best mate Harry the Woodcutter could hardly remember ever having had a deep conversation with him in all the years they'd worked together.

They worked at a big factory which made pumps which were sold all over the world. Hundreds of people worked at the factory making the pumps and Ernie and Harry the Woodcutter made wooden boxes for the pumps to go in. The foreman would hand Harry a piece of paper with the size of box he wanted written on it and Harry would tell Ernie what size timber to fetch from the yard outside, four-by-two or six-by-three-

fiction by michael colman

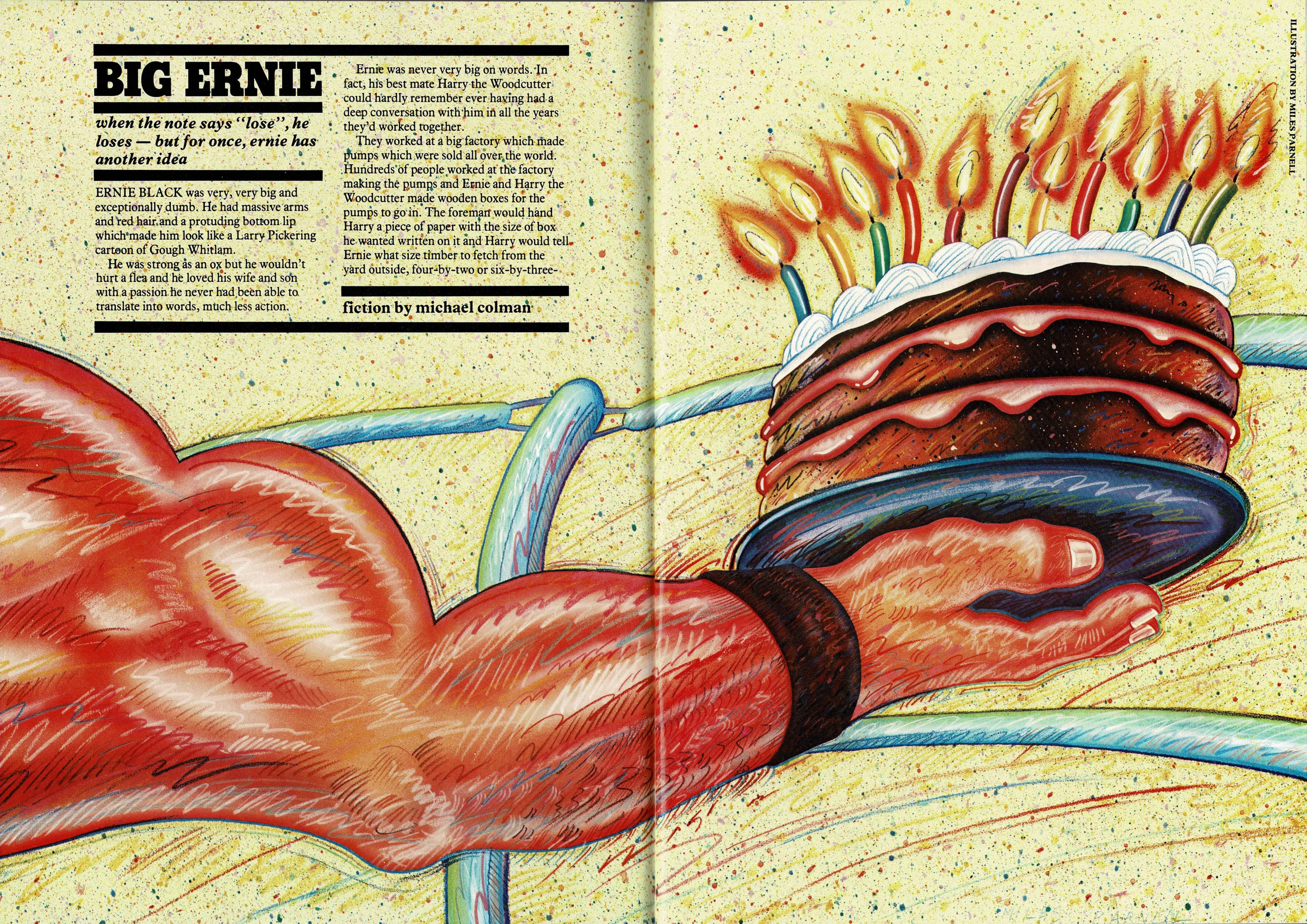


ILLUSTRATION BY MILES PARNELL

quarters or whatever, and Ernie would fetch it and Harry would cut it to the required length on his band saw and Ernie would hammer the box together.

Ernie could never work out what it was he said but everyone always seemed to laugh at his every word. In fact, it was he who had christened Harry the "Woodcutter". One day at morning tea-time Ernie had asked for an extra biscuit — for Harry.

"Harry who?" the tea-lady had asked suspiciously.

"Um. . .Harry the Woodcutter" he said, panicking a bit, and everyone laughed and laughed. The name stuck, and Harry the Woodcutter had refused to speak to Ernie for about a week.

Nobody knew what Harry's real name was and nobody really cared because he was a surly little bastard with one eye who wouldn't give you the time of day, anyway. He only had one mate in the world and that was Ernie and even though he wouldn't admit it, he was pretty fond of the big moron too. Ernie would do anything for Harry. That's how they got involved in the wrestling.

They used to drink at the local pub every Friday after work, along with everyone else from the factory, and one night there was a bit of trouble. Ernie always would take a ribbing early in the night from the rest of the workers. He didn't mind because for the most part he didn't understand what people were saying and Harry wasn't too upset because he couldn't get a hard time if everyone was concentrating on Ernie.

But this one time, it got out of hand. A few of the younger, bigger blokes were getting stuck into Ernie for hours on end. Harry, who just wanted to have a beer in peace, told them to piss off and one grabbed him by the throat while another poured his beer over his head. Ernie did his block and knocked one out cold with his huge right hand and picked up the other and threw him clear across the room. Two more came at him. He grabbed one by the forearm and twisted it up behind his back until he screamed and sank to the floor. He wrapped his arms around the fourth and squeezed until he felt ribs snap.

The publican came over pretty quickly and quieted things down. Ernie apologised profusely to everyone and helped the first bloke find his teeth, which had landed underneath the pool table. Nobody teased him much after that.

That was the end of it as far as Ernie was concerned but Harry the Woodcutter knew a good thing when he saw it. He knew a wrestling promoter called Cherokee Jim Silva and the next thing Ernie knew he was down at the gym in Redfern.

"Look, mate," Cherokee Jim Silva told Harry the Woodcutter, "okay, so he's big and strong but I don't know. For a start his face is no good. Who's gonna believe a wrestler who looks like Ginger Meggs?"

Harry the Woodcutter looked Ernie over with his one good eye and even he had to admit Ernie didn't look mean. Stupid yes, but mean, no. Then he had a brain wave.

"I've got it Jim," he said. "How 'bout a mask? You could wack a mask over his head and nobody would be wiser. It'd be a good gimmick, Jim, whattaya say?"

Cherokee Jim Silva could see the possibilities but it didn't solve the main problem. He pulled Harry aside.

"Look, mate," he said, "okay, say we stick his head in a sack but we still got trouble. I've dealt with these big dumb bastards before. They just can't learn their lines. These routines change every week. You get an 18-stone gorilla zigging when he should be zagging and you're in all sorts of strife. Someone could get hurt."

Harry saw the problem. If anyone was going to zig when he should zag it was Ernie, but he wasn't going to let Cherokee Jim Silva know that. "Look, Jim," he pleaded, "I give you my personal guarantee. He'll never miss a line. I'll teach him myself. I'll coach him night and day. Just give us a chance."

Cherokee Jim Silva wasted his best long, searching glance into Harry's bad eye, then looked over at Ernie, who was staring up at a framed photograph of the promoter in his wrestling days, resplendent in full Indian head-dress and buckskins.

Ernie did his block and knocked one out cold with his huge right hand and picked up the other and threw him clear across the room.

"Okay, mate, I might be crazy but you got it. I'll give you one chance. The Hippodrome the first Saturday of next month but if he buggers it up you're both finished."

Harry pumped Jim's hand. "You won't be sorry Jim, I promise," he said. "Why, in a few months he'll be so good you'll be able to teach him a war dance yourself."

"How the hell would I know how to do a bloody war dance?" asked Cherokee Jim Silva, who'd never been out of New South Wales.

When Harry told Berry, Ernie's wife, what was happening, she hit the roof. Harry used to go to Ernie's every Sunday for a roast lunch. Ernie, Berry and young Davey were the closest thing to a family he had ever had. "You must be joking, Harry," Berry had screamed when he had broken it to her over lunch. "He is not getting into any ring to get beaten up by some lout half his age."

"Now hold on Berry," Harry said, "for a start nobody gets hurt. It's all rigged. They have a script — it's all an act, and it's good money, too."

Davey Black was 14. He liked the idea of his dad being a wrestler and the other kids at school would like it, too. "Orr go on Mum, he said, "he might end up on telly."

"You keep out of this, David, your father is too old to have anything to do with this sort of nonsense."

While his future was being discussed, Ernie kept gnawing on a large bone. The other three were used to talking around him at the dinner table. He needed all his concentration for his meal.

Later that night, as they lay in bed, Berry asked Ernie his thoughts on the matter. "It's good money. We could pay for Davey to finish school," he said finally, after long consideration.

"Alright then," Berry said, and that was it.

Whatever Berry said was law in the little house and that was fine by everyone. Ernie needed someone to do his thinking for him and Berry needed someone to look after. She was a large woman. Not beautiful but thoughtful and efficient. She had been a typist at the pump factory for 12 years before Ernie had spoken to her and that was only after the other workmen had tricked him into it. But he came back to talk again and finally after being pestered for advice for weeks, Harry pushed him up the stairs and made him ask her to the Chinese cafe for tea. She was 34, plain and walked with a slight limp. She didn't have to be told she'd missed the boat, so even though he was four years younger and stupid, she decided to marry him. She told him one night at the pub and left work the next day because she couldn't stand the stares and the laughter whenever he walked into the typist's room. After a while she came to love him for his kindness and his simplicity and when David was born she had a new baby to mother — a baby who one day might inherit his father's strength but who thankfully, was born with his mother's brains.

•

"No, no, no you big dope. That's a full nelson. I told you an aeroplane spin didn't I?", Harry screamed while everyone else on the factory floor roared with laughter. Ernie, his boyish face dripping with sweat, stood clumsily holding a stack of timber tied together with rope.

"Sorry, Harry. I'll get it soon," he apologised.

"Soon, soon, you've been at it all week. If you stuff it up this time we don't get a second chance. Now concentrate. . ."

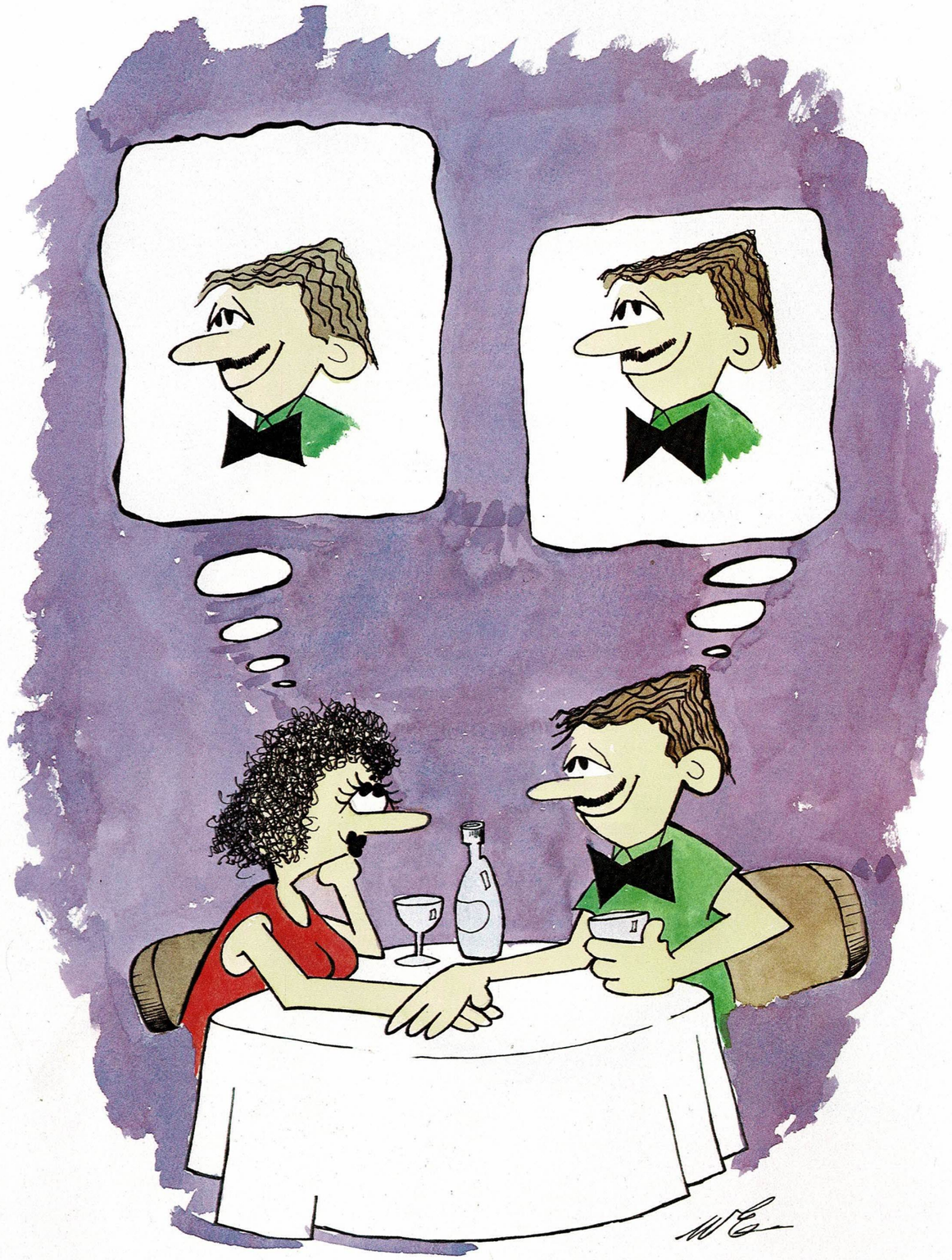
"But Harry?"

"Yeah."

"You haven't taught me how to do a concentrate yet."

Harry the Woodcutter let out a barely audible groan, turned slowly and pulled a can of beer from a drawer below his band saw. He sank slowly to the floor and drank the beer in two gulps. If he didn't need the money to pay off his gambling debts, he wouldn't have bothered.

(continued on page 144)



40 QUESTIONS: MICK JAGGER

old man mick on money, politics, an aussie tour and the deep, dark future

Paris and sunshine, but the light doesn't penetrate very far into the informal, roomy bowels of the Hotel Warwick, an anonymous and very efficient modern hotel just off the Champs Elysees — the atmosphere is both warm and cool which is a French speciality and extremely pleasant. Alan Edwards, the Rolling Stones' press agent, spends much of his time in the lift because Mick Jagger occupies a large suite at the very top and the people who want to see him accumulate at the bottom, waiting in the bar with increasingly round shoulders, eating endless bowls of tiny garlic biscuits and black olives and gherkins, drinking endless beers and whiskies and soda as the clock slides slowly 'round and the barmen replace each other.

Two pm. Two-thirty. "Yeah, don't worry, Mick knows you're here." Three. "Mick's just getting up, shouldn't be too long now." Three-thirty. Four. "Yeah, Mick's got up now — just let him get some coffee down." Four-thirty. Four-forty-five — "You can go up now — what's your name again?"

As the lift moves silently and greasily skyward, Jaggerward, the fundamental question which forms itself out of the clouds of anticipation is — what is it like being a has-been when you are more successful than ever? And when, to find an answer to this rude question, you enter the world of the Rolling Stones, you enter something that ground to a halt and inadvertantly got frozen around 1973 or '4. Because of no new input since then, Mick Jagger has been able to plug all the holes in his act which now carries with it the charm of history.

Like its content, the Stones' style also became frozen around the same time. This is slightly less obvious because that style is — looseness. Mick Jagger's face is exceedingly loose. The bushy eyebrows weren't expected, but the W.H. Auden drapes seem right and the lips really are all they've been cartooned as, and hang in mid-air like disembodied giblets some way off the rest of him going, "Yeah. . . yeah. . .yeah. . ." as Alan Edwards flits about trying to be loose and *specific. That question of androgyny — it was one of the questions — until now. And the length of his hair, unfashionably long, does nothing to lift a visage upon which gravity exerts so devastating a force. That he is prepared to meet the press in this utterly unattractive state says much for his self-possession.*

The glory and the money is passing increasingly from pop stars to sports stars. Jagger knows he has to do something else soon but can't be bothered to think too hard about it. This is quite wise when no very obvious answer presents itself, but it has the unfortunate effect of making him hedge all his bets — there comes a point when keeping all one's options open is indistinguishable from paralysis of the will. In fact, he has developed a habit of constantly making sidewinding manoeuvres, even when they are entirely unnecessary, such as when he describes one of his aides as "really a lawyer but not really a lawyer", a classic Jaggerism, and a wink-wink is no help at all in trying to figure out what on earth *he's trying not to get across. Some would say that his inability to make positive remarks was really rather sad, that he really has become the dead-eyed, slack-jawed zombie he so often impersonated.*

Meanwhile he continues to harvest the cash, a subject which, despite disclaimers, appeals very much to his taste buds. Frequently, his mind is a misty lens — but mention money and, by automatic reflex, it turns itself into sharp focus. Jagger denies he is careful with money, yet the barman at the hotel said that he settled his personal bar bill every day in order to keep a check on it. Sensible thing to do, with so many parasites around, but somewhat unexpected nonetheless.

This interview doesn't fall into any of the pre-determined grooves. It snakes about and hits a number of cul de sacs (if you listen hard you'll hear the noise it makes, like the discreet splat of a tomato in a padded cell). The questions are often deliberately abrupt and many of them Jagger seems not to have been asked before — and if there's one thing that sleepy old iguana can't stand, it's being taken by surprise.

After the interview, Jagger shuffles off the balcony, shakes various hands, and disappears back into the labyrinth of big business. Later, Alan Edwards, batting his dark yard-long eyelashes at the march of time, said, "Mmm, good one, that was the most relaxed Mick's been for ages. It wasn't the wittiest interview he's given." That apparently was with John Blake from the Sun *newspaper. "And not the most intellectual." That was. . .he couldn't remember who that was. "But the most relaxed."*

Good one? He pronounced the word "relaxed" in such a way as to imply it's an object of veneration, that it's only one step down from "nirvana", whereas it usually means "sedentary". Asked a surprise question, Jagger just grabs the nearest cliche, sits on the fence and waits for his mind to catch up. The solid type. Ostensibly his history is one of bravura, occasionally of daring, but in fact he always lets the other man take the risks and will move into an area only when it has been established that there are no land-mines underfoot. This explains his interest in "what's going on", the latest fads, so that he can arrive fast on any new scene — but therefore, he always arrives second. He is a performer rather than an artist and so needs to feed on other men's ideas. Embalmed in the iconography of advertising and artists like Andy Warhol, Jagger's passe-*ness takes on a semi-surreal autonomy, of which the man you meet is only a part. But he plays that part well. Physically and mentally he's in reasonably good shape. The promotion would prefer "amazingly good shape", but it isn't true. He doesn't glow. As the representative ageing hipster of his generation, it is part of his job to pretend that getting old doesn't worry him, to reassure his peer group.*

To them, let it be said that Mick is — okay, getting by, not complaining. He may be drained, loose, dead around the eyes, but he's — okay, successfully fending off the identity crisis and the malaise.

It is easy to mock. It is something Jagger does to other people the entire time: the send-up is not only the way he deals with personal questions, it is also his basic strategy for dealing with life — and there are plenty of worse ways for taking it on. As PLAYBOY *interviewer* ***Duncan Fallowell*** *summed up his impression of Jagger, "Finally, you applaud, for the sanity and the amiability and the survival. He hasn't become a neurotic recluse, like John Lennon. He hasn't become a monstrous and passive victim of his appetities, like Elvis Presley. He hasn't turned into a self-righteous holy bore, like Bob Dylan. And perhaps Jagger should be thankful that he hasn't got too much imagination, because this has enabled him to make it to his own personal deck chair in a wild, spinning world."*

Well done, Mick. You're okay. Now — where's the action?

1.

PLAYBOY: Are you fed up with talking to the press?

JAGGER: I have to keep remembering which country I'm talking to, because you know you go from Japan, Spain, England, America, and they're very different in what they want to know. The Germans like to talk politics. The Spanish just want to talk about football and I told the Spanish bloke that I didn't know how to play football and that really fucked his whole interview, poor guy, 'cos I said I'm not interested in football, which is a lie, and that blew his fucking whole interview. But I didn't want to talk about football for half an hour — fucking hell! And the Americans very obviously want to know about the music. And the English, well, they go 'round and 'round and 'round and then it comes to sex, which is really all they want to talk about. But they go 'round in circles first because if they come out straight with it, you know, they think that I might. . .but I say let's get on to sex and get the interview over with.

2.

PLAYBOY: All right, I've got a sex question — how did you discover the facts of life?
JAGGER: God! That's a sudden question. Let me think — yeah, I was told by friends. . .by the kids at school. Then I started masturbating and then I started fucking and then. . .!!!

3.

PLAYBOY: What's your earliest memory?
JAGGER: The sound of gunfire on Dartford Heath. . .attacking the German invading planes.

4.

PLAYBOY: Did you fight with your father when you were an adolescent?
JAGGER: Yeah. Well, he was bloody awful, he was so disciplinarian, he was a school teacher — still is. I mean, they're not noted for their libertarianism. I wanted to be a musician, it was so obvious, you know, and he just didn't want me to be. I have a very good relationship with my parents now.

5.

PLAYBOY: And now where's home for you? At least, where's your base?
JAGGER: I don't really have one. I mean, I have a couple. A flat in New York and a house in France which I've bought but haven't lived in yet because I've been working ever since I acquired it.

6.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever feel rootless?
JAGGER: No, not at all. A lot of people spend their time between two places. We record a lot in Paris, we recorded the last three albums here. I like Paris very much. I like to spend three months of the year in London and then New York and that's it.

Cities go in cycles, you know what I mean? Like Paris was once the gay centre of. . .you know what I mean, whenever that was, then suddenly London became the swinging town and. . .when I first started living in and around New York, it was. . . down, I mean, New York was like the lowest. You could buy a mansion for like half a million dollars, but now no way.

7.

PLAYBOY: Apart from the music lot, what kind of people do you gravitate towards?
JAGGER: Yeah, I get on with writers you know, film people. The odd. . .I dunno, I have some friends that are just. . . unemployed, some of them are, but I don't only have friends in show business.

8.

PLAYBOY: Do you take drugs like the old days?
JAGGER: I think that's faded. Yeah, nobody seems very much interested any more.

9.

PLAYBOY: What sort of diet do you have? Are you fond of health foods?
JAGGER: No! I hate health foods. But I eat like crazy, but I don't eat junk food. I don't like junk food — if I did, I'd eat it probably.

10.

PLAYBOY: But you're light — what weight are you?
JAGGER: Nine stone eight. And I really eat. I get this advice mostly from footballers and athletes — if you're doing a lot of physical stuff, you eat a lot of carbohydrates, and that gives you more energy. You eat a lot of pasta. Like three hours before you go on, I eat a huge plate of pasta you know, and that gives you all the carbohydrate you need. That's completely burnt off. Protein you don't want. Protein is the old-fashioned thing. The steak is not apparently the thing any more. It's carbohydrate now. It burns quicker.

Anyway that's what all the athletes do, so that's what I do.

11.

PLAYBOY: What are the dangers of success?
JAGGER: Getting big-headed. Overdoing it.

Sometimes I just don't think. . . While I'm riding roughshod I should be thinking, "Hey, I'm riding roughshod," but I just forget. . .

Overloading your body with everything. Thinking you're better than other people when you know you're not.

12.

PLAYBOY: So what's your greatest failure?
JAGGER: Riding roughshod over people without thinking. Yeah. Sometimes I just don't think. . .While I'm riding roughshod I should be thinking, "Hey, I'm riding roughshod," but I just forget because there's so much to do — that's my excuse.

13.

PLAYBOY: Who is the most charismatic person you've ever met?
JAGGER: Mmm. . .this is a hard one. It seems like I'm name-dropping. . .don't know. . .see, politicians are the ones that really impress people a lot, you know. Mmm. I can't pin that one. There's no one that stands out.

14.

PLAYBOY: Who are. . .the nastiest persons?
JAGGER: Journalists! One, especially! Who shall remain nameless I think. . .for the time being.

15.

PLAYBOY: What about the books that have been published about the Stones?
JAGGER: They're all a bit sleazo. . . they're never done by anyone who knows you.

16.

PLAYBOY: Do you travel much for pleasure?
JAGGER: Yeah, a lot. The last place I went to for pleasure, probably sounds rather dull really, like the Caribbean or somewhere. I'm always working in a way, it's lucky, like being a writer. I mean wherever you are, if you're on a beach, you can get ideas and start writing a song, you know. I mean, I went to Haiti before I went to England and while I was there I worked on a lot of live tapes, but I was also having a holiday. And I went to the Himalayas and rode ponies.

17.

PLAYBOY: Did they recognise you in the Himalayas?
JAGGER: Mmm. . .not many people there! The odd Australian hippy, unfortunately, that one comes across. They say, "'Ello, Mick!" Kind of as you go round the corner having only seen a few gypsies for days, and then there's an Australian hippy sitting there smoking a pipe saying, "'Ello, Mick!"

18.

PLAYBOY: Do you want to make films?
JAGGER: Well, yeah, I'm interested in making movies. I'm producing a concert film — Stones concert — which is not the most original thing but. . .You know Hal Ashby? *Being There, Coming Home, Last Detail?* Anyway, he shot a couple of concerts on the last American tour and we've finished editing it. I got the video tapes like every week, then I'd go and re-mix the music in LA, and then been doing deals for it around Europe, we sold the thing in Cannes, then I have to make sure the deal is good for the US, well, not me personally because there's several key people that I employ, I should say the Stones employ but I'm the only one who actually does the work — unfortunately. I wish they would do more. These people have responsibilities within given areas. So there is someone responsible to tell me what really is the bottom line financially. Not an accountant. Because accountants' bottom lines aren't real. And then someone that helps me with film things, who's really a lawyer but not really a lawyer. And Bill Graham, who does the tour things with me. And that's my three main things. I don't play the market at all with property or shares or anything. I can't be bothered. I mean, I might want to one day.

19.

PLAYBOY: How many fences would somebody have to jump over before a request to back a project reached you?
JAGGER: Only one. If he wrote to me direct, then it would go straight to me. But I might not reply then — that's the only trouble, 'coz I just forget. I have two offices that

(continued on page 138)

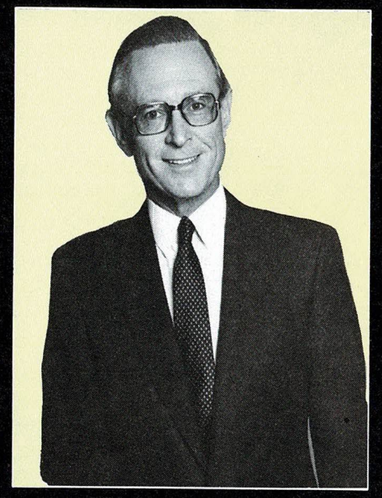
THE BEST AND THE WORST

our frontline celebs cover the whole fashion gamut, from the sublime to the ridiculous

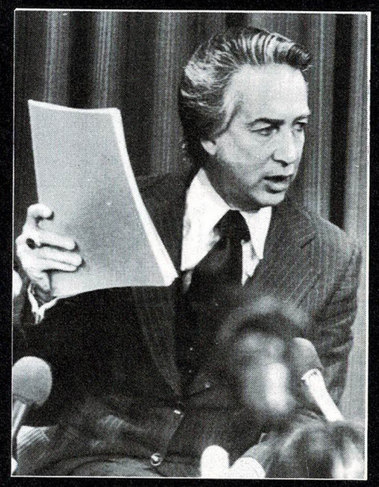
BEST AND WORST dressed lists probably go back to the days when Roman senators compared the cuts of their togas. There is nothing original in the concept, but what we may lack in novelty, we more than compensate for in fearless objectivity. Finding 10 well-dressed Australian men is no simple task. Our sportsmen are outstanding achievers, some of our actors are becoming household names around the world and our politicians are, well, just that. But none of them seem to give a damn about how they look. Many people in the public eye (particularly politicians) find it easier to hide behind a suit. It is an accepted standard of dress; to some it's a uniform. But no matter how well the suit is cut, does it really reflect a man's ability to dress or is it the clever tailor who should be getting the credit? Andrew Peacock must have appeared on more best dressed lists than ballot papers but where is the art in putting on a suit with a white shirt and a tie? Does the choosing of a tie require such a surge of creative expression that the man has been dubbed

fashion by vitek

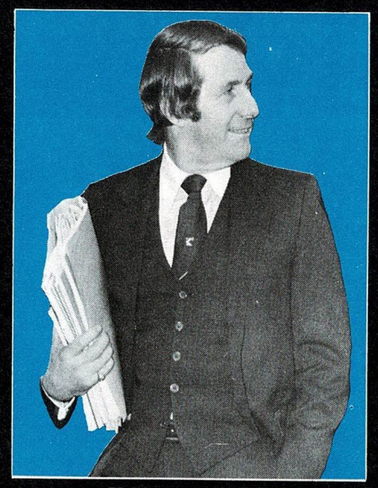
Ross "The Boss" Wilson: a timeless teddy boy whose style carries the day. Photo: Rennie Ellis.



BRIAN HENDERSON
In the business of integrity.



DON DUNSTAN
Battle of the bulge.



HARRY MILLER
Great at adapting his look to suit the occasion.

the Beau Brummel of Australian politics? But he does look neat, which is more than can be said for some.

The seasonal fluctuations in men's suits are actually minimal. With the exception of lapel and cuff widths, the garment has been more or less the same since it was designed in the late Georgian period of the early 19th Century. So, with today's fashion consisting of any look you want as long as it is done properly, it is difficult to say that any suit is truly out of fashion. But Don Dunstan found one. Aside from the wrinkles in his sleeves (which are more the tailor's fault), Don's up-turned collar and gangster-sized tie knot were *never* in fashion. And someone should have told him that sitting down with your jacket buttons done up accentuates a midriff bulge.

While on the subject of stature and bulge, one of the great defenders of the bag of fruit is Kerry Packer. Considering his wealth is proportionate to his size, one could justifiably imagine that he would find a tailor at any price who would try to accommodate his shape. Instead, he wears jackets that are too short and make his frame look like a shoebox.

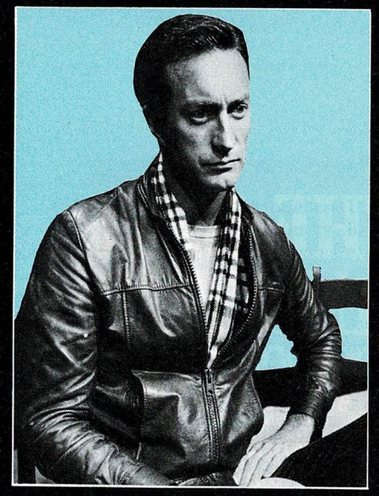
●

By now you should get the idea that your shape is one of the most important factors in determining how you are going to dress. This is a point that has somehow eluded Don Lane. Despite the obvious disproportion between his vertical and horizontal dimensions, he insists on wearing three-quarter length jackets that elongate him, long thin buttoned-down-collar shirts that elongate him further, and skinny little tie knots that elongate him further still. Lane sometimes looks like he is going to poke his head through the top of the television set.

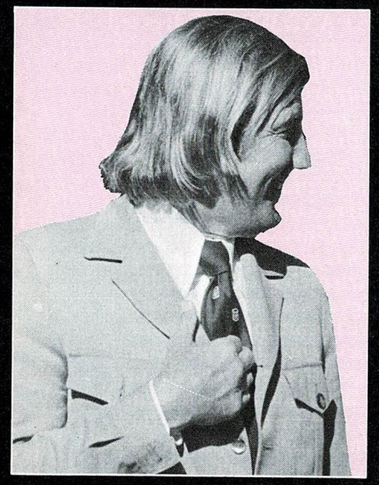
●

Another very important fact in determining your wardrobe should be your station in life. Whether you like it or not, your dress sense is the first thing people know about you and if often affects their immediate impressions. One who exploits this fact is Sydney television news-reader Brian Henderson, who is in the business of integrity. If you can't believe a man who looks so clean, crisp and wholesome, who *can* you believe? Even though he wears the "uniform", it is always immaculately cut to square off his rounded shoulders, and his shirt collars are cut on the bias so that he doesn't look as if he is choking on his expensive silk tie. Most importantly, his clothing and appearance achieve the desired effect — trust.

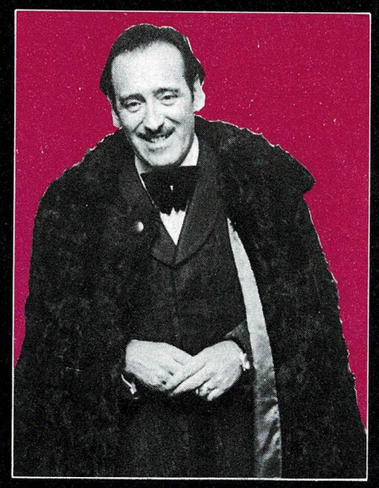
One of the masters of making his look adapt to the occasion would have to be former entrepreneur Harry M. Miller. As the promoter of *Hair*, Miller wore a baggy Indian silk shirt with flared trousers and matching flamboyant scarf. As a successful stud breeder he has often been seen wearing Donegal tweed jackets with polo neck sweater and riding boots. As a successful businessman (our photo was taken prior to



BRYAN BROWN
Wearing his security blanket.



JOHN SINGLETON
High priest of ockerism.



AL GRASSBY
Visual pollution.

his incarceration), he wears an appropriately expensive Savile Row suit. It gives him an air of distinction and a sense of style. Though his wardrobe is currently being determined by Her Majesty, we are sure he wears it with his usual flair. As Oscar Wilde once said, "a gentleman should change his attire to suit the occasion, but never his manner".

●

The third, and most important, aspect of determining your look should be your own sense of style. Exercising that option has resulted in some of the world's most elegant and most horrific dressers.

One of Australia's greatest apostles of bad taste has to be the now infamous Al Grassby. Having for years applied himself to the art, he is now worthy of a Cabinet portfolio in the subject. PLAYBOY does not wish to seem judgmental (and who are we to tell you how to dress?) but there are universally accepted standards of what constitutes an absurd wardrobe and this man has achieved most of them. By frequently resorting to his paisley-patterned suits with patent leather shoes, multi-colored striped ties and polka-dotted shirts, all draped with shag pile carpet overcoats with matching burgundy satin lining, Al Grassby yet again scores fashion's wooden spoon.

Perhaps not quite as accomplished, but equally fervent in the pursuit of the gross, is Australia's high priest of ockerism, John Singleton. Having successfully retarded the Australian man's awareness of grooming for several years, he has retired to the relative obscurity of his local. There he can still be seen wearing his low cut jeans with a supporting wide belt giving a cascading effect to his tummy, his loud floral shirts and the famous safari suit. Why anyone would wear a safari suit — which by definition is a casual garment — with a tie is beyond us. The total look is such that one nearly forgets the brilliant advertising brain housed under the daggy haircut.

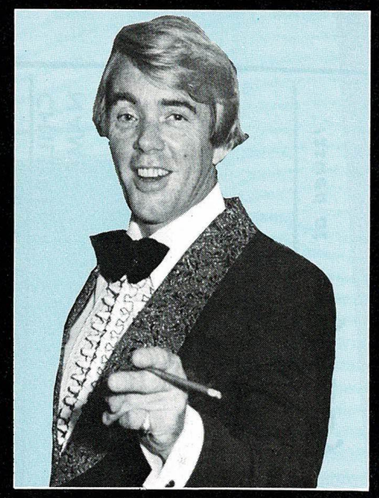
●

The list of notables who exercise a sense of style to their own disadvantage is all too long, but there are some worthy of special mention. Like many Australian men, when radio star Ward "Pally" Austin dresses up formally, all the frills come out. As if his shirt isn't busy enough, he has to wear a gold paisley shawl collar on his jacket.

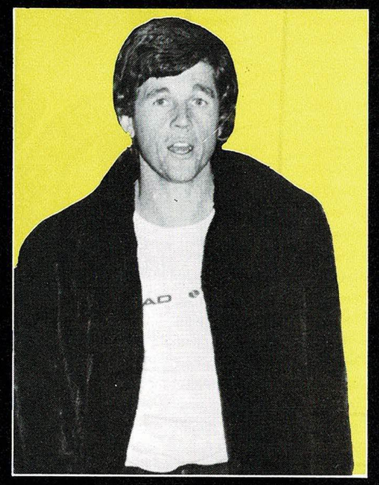
One of Australia's greatest non-dressers (good or otherwise) is Bryan Brown, seen in the accompanying photo wearing the same leather jacket he's been wearing since Helen Morse was a nobody. A close friend of Bryan's recently commented on how the star got "dressed up" for a very lavish party he gave in Los Angeles recently. Said the friend: "He wore a purple shirt and nice slacks." Good on you Bryan, we take it all back.

●

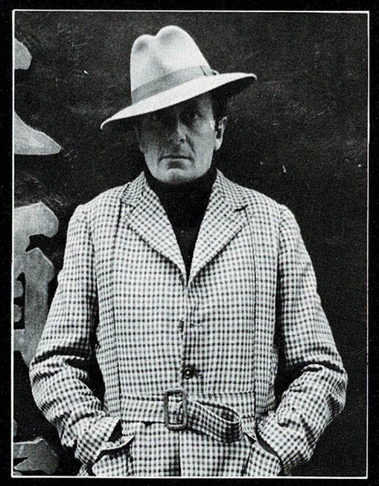
Before moving onto our precious few well-dressed men, it should be pointed out



WARD AUSTIN
Busy-looking outfit.



MICHAEL EDGLEY
If you've got it, flaunt it.



BARRY HUMPHRIES
Radiates that elusive quality called style.

that there is a category in-between: men who don't necessarily always dress well, but whose appearance dictates a mood. One person who uses this to his constant advantage is singer Marc Hunter. He can make either a pair of torn faded jeans or a suit look very stylish.

The exact reverse applies to TV chef Bernard King who, despite the fact he wears expensive suits plus accessories made from kilos of gold, still looks like the corner shopkeeper dressed up for his daughter's wedding.

●

Style is an elusive quality: one that can be easily seen but not described. Even though, it can be very expensive, you can't buy it, and ironically, you can't claim to have it even if you really do. One of the people who radiates that ineffable quality is Barry Humphries. With his schoolboy-cropped hair, loosely-cut suits, floppy bow ties and wide-brimmed hats, he reminds you of an artistically flamboyant gentleman of the 1930s. His clever use of accessories — such as two-toned shoes, canes, and of course his monocle — further accentuates the look. The total effect is probably quite subconscious by now because the way someone enjoys looking very quickly becomes second nature.

Another character who occasionally indulges himself in fashion is promoter Michael Edgley. It's obviously easier to look good if you're handsome and rich. There's nothing particularly smart about a pair of trousers, boots and a T-shirt, but if you throw a $15,000 mink fur over the outfit, it takes on a different feeling.

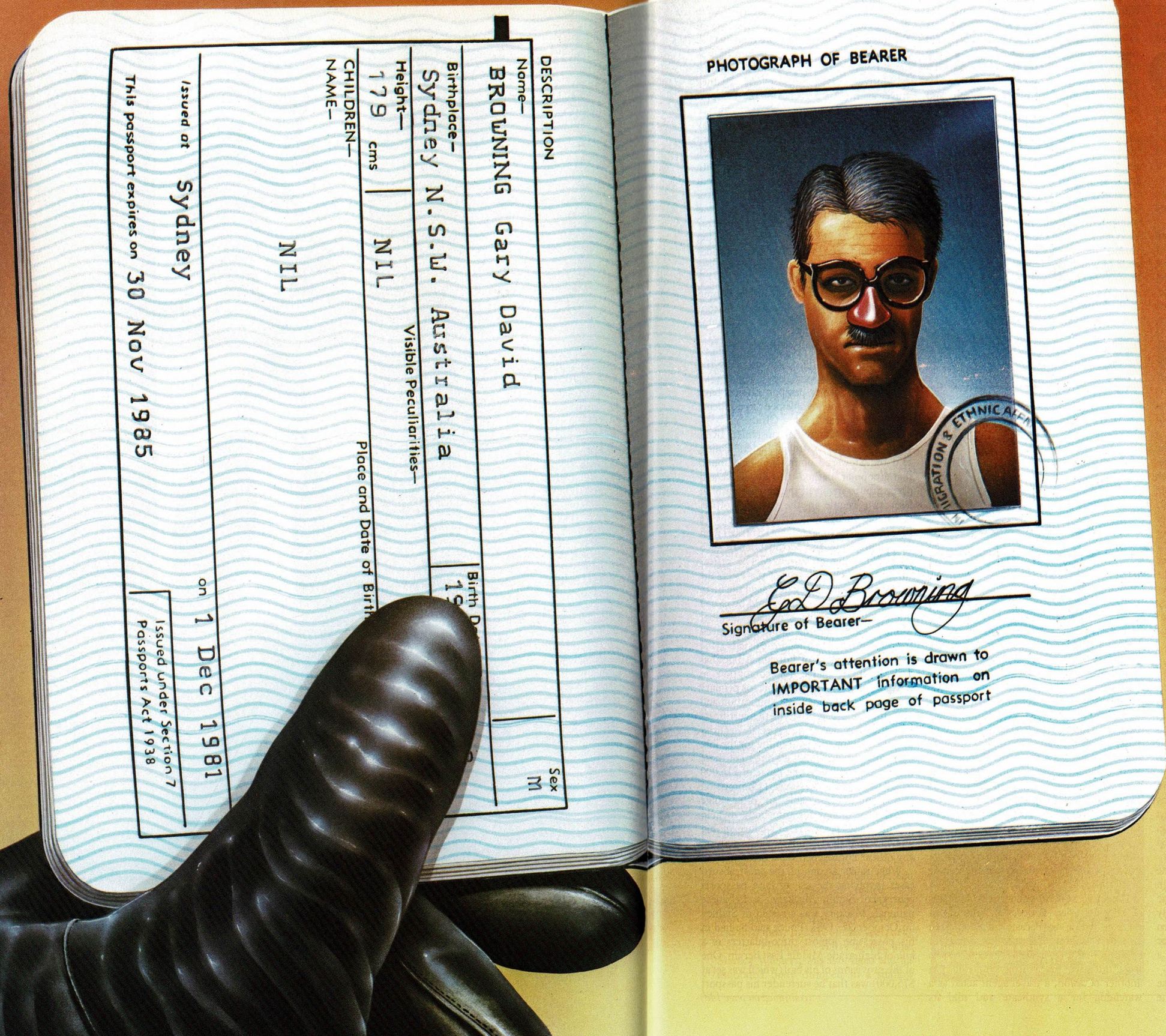
Unfortunately, in our photo, the fact that Edgley decided to wear his mink was either an oversight or just playing along to the adage, "if you've got it, flaunt it".

Whatever the reasons, fashion is taking a long time to look futuristic and to keep pace with the technological age. One of the few people who does experiment with futurism is Iva Davies of Icehouse. His very tailored and structured suits often have totally exaggerated shoulders; with with his small rounded collars and long thin ties, this gives a very geometric appearance. With his hair cropped short on the side of the head, and make-up which further accentuates his high cheekbones, he has the look of a stylish urban dweller of tomorrow or, in effect, today.

To the average person who is not involved in the creative arts, fashion is the most immediate means of personal expression. Whether it's a flower in the lapel to wake up a grey suit, or a whole neo-romantic look with boots and hats, you are making a statement about who you are.

It's therefore very difficult when someone makes that statement *for* you, as in the case of the Australian cricket team, who, in their designer strip, look like a dozen scrambled eggs.

ILLUSTRATION BY NEIL VAVOI



Psst! Wanna buy a passport?

australia's immigration authorities are having an identity crisis

TERRENCE JOHN CLARKE — key figure in the Mr Asia Syndicate — must have laughed to himself every time he passed through the Customs barrier at Sydney's International Airport. Each time he did so, he showed up the Australian passport system for the outdated, inadequate vehicle that it is. The security failings in the system allowed Clarke and the Mr Asia Syndicate almost free rein to build their multi-million dollar drug empire throughout South-east Asia and Australia. A syndicate which, by some estimates, was worth $50 million at the time of Clarke's arrest. The present system works only when everybody is honest. The authorities have realised this for some time and the Mr Asia Syndicate took full advantage of the fact. And, despite recommendations from two Royal Commissions concerning the need to tighten up procedures, the Federal Government has been slow to introduce measures preventing passport abuse. In 1979, when Clarke was arrested for murder in England, authorities found four

article by frank donaldson

This illustration depicts a fictitious passport. Any resemblance to any person, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

valid Australian passports in his luggage. Australian police found a fifth and it's likely he had two or three others stashed away for future use.

The Royal Commission into Drug Trafficking, headed by Mr Justice Donald Stewart, was set up to answer questions raised both at home and abroad about Clarke's freedom of movement throughout South-east Asia, and later in Europe. The Commission found that a large part of Clarke's success was due to his manipulation of the passport system. Forty recommendations by the Stewart Commission aimed at preventing the same types of abuse have, for the most part, been ignored.

In recent times, heroin has presented all types of criminals with the chance for instant millions. When compressed, five kilograms of heroin, about 80 percent pure, fit easily into an average-sized suitcase. Most drug syndicates use regular airline services to bring it into the country, correctly presuming that such a method is less likely to attract attention than other more sophisticated alternatives, such as private planes. It's cheaper too.

The Australian Customs screen costs millions of dollars a year to maintain. Its officers are provided with lists of names of the people who, for some reason, are not allowed into or out of the country. The reasons can be political or criminal. Customs officers may also stop and search travellers they believe to be suspicious in some way; for example, if the passport shows the bearer has been a regular visitor to a drug-growing region of South-east Asia.

In 1980, four and a half million people travelled to and from Australia. During the same period, West German Customs authorities processed 400 million travellers. So the problem of watching for undesirables in Australia doesn't seem, on the surface, as difficult as it would be across European borders.

However, the whole system breaks down when it is a simple matter for criminals to obtain a false passport and thereby avoid all the security procedures. Terry Clarke was on the alert list at airports. What he showed the authorities was that, despite their efforts, he could come and go as he pleased, using a variety of false passports.

Mr Justice Stewart said in his report on Australian passports that the Customs officers in this country, especially those in the primary line, had insufficient time, training and equipment to guarantee forged documents would be picked up.

It was only recently, he said, that the Customs department and the Australian Federal Police had been given access to the list of passports which had been allegedly stolen or destroyed. Co-operation between the various departments responsible for maintaining the Customs screen was also a recent innovation.

According to Mr Justice Stewart, Clarke should never have been allowed out of the country. If there had been more co-operation between the various departments in 1979, Clarke, who was a prime suspect in three murders and known to be a drug trafficker, would never have been issued a new passport in the name Alexander Sinclaire, containing his photographs and personal description.

The Federal Government has known for some time that the present system is inadequate. The Williams Royal Commission into Drugs, in its report published in December 1979, stated: "The Commission has received a considerable amount of evidence about the manner in which officially-issued Australian passports could be obtained by fraudulent methods. . .the various modes of passport abuse and the ends to which they could be put were well known to many of the drug offenders appearing before the Commission as well as to the authorities."

The Williams Commission made several suggestions in regard to the tightening of the system. The Department of Foreign Affairs, which took over the control of passport issue in 1975, says it does not presently have the resources to implement the recommendations.

The Mr Asia Syndicate members were not using forged or false passports. They used valid Australian passports with false personal details.

The basic problem behind any moves to improve the Customs screen lies in the problem of identifying passport applicants. It must be stressed that the Mr Asia Syndicate members were not using forged or false passports. They used valid Australian passports with false personal details.

According to the Stewart Commission, between 1975 and 1980, nearly two million passports were issued from offices throughout the country. Of these, nearly one-third were issued from the Sydney office. The Commission found that more than 65 percent of all these applications either were received through the post or were made by travel agents for clients.

So, nearly two-thirds of Australians who apply for a passport neither speak to, nor are seen by, anybody from the issuing authority.

Detective Superintendent A.J. Williams of the Victorian Police, told the Commission that on one occasion, a travel agent employee applied for six passports for people using false names. These passports were intended for a drug syndicate. On another occasion, a travel agent acted as a watchdog for a syndicate and told its members when police enquiries were getting close. Superintendent Williams said the travel agent obtained more than 30 false passports for the syndicate before he was caught. The Australian Federal Police is presently investigating several Sydney travel agents for breaches of the Passport Act.

Despite these abuses, the authorities say it would be impractical for every applicant to apply in person. Going by 1979 figures, issuing officers would have to deal with three times more people, swamping present facilities. Besides, who could tell the officer that the person sitting in front of him was the person whose details were on the form? There is no national system for identifying citizens and the Federal Government does not appear likely to expand passport offices to handle such an influx.

By present standards, the officer behind the counter has only the documents in front of him to help him decide if an applicant is fit to hold a passport.

Some of the issuing officers are not above blame for the passport system being the laughing stock amongst criminals of all types. Three former passport officers have been arrested for involvement in a scheme at the Melbourne Issuing Office.

Detective Senior Constable R.E. Sheppard, of the Australian Federal Police, told the Stewart Commission he'd found that a popular method used by Clarke and other groups involved the corruption of at least two people in the passport office. Constable Sheppard said the deal involved a syndicate member supplying an officer with two photographs and personal details such as height, color of hair, etc. The officer would then tick the relevant places on the application form, saying he'd seen the birth certificate, and a passport would be issued under any name the syndicate member wanted. Later, the file would be removed from the office so no record existed.

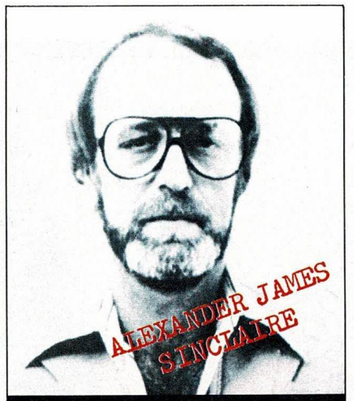
The Department of Foreign Affairs has only itself to blame for corruption in passport offices. The front line, or primary line officers, who view the application and say they've seen the birth certificate identification have no special security classification or special training for the job.

As of February 1982, all but 10 of these officers earned below the range of $16,000 to $18,000 a year. The Stewart Commission says criminals are able to offer huge amounts of money for somebody to help procure false passports. The lure of big money with little risk must weigh heavily on any officer approached for a favor.

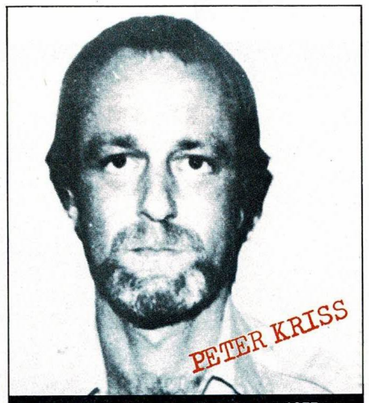
What ranks as one of the most absurd cases involving the use of false passports concerned Samir Mackary, a Lebanese national. Mackary was arrested in Sydney on October 27, 1981. Police said he had in his possession almost three-quarters of a kilo of high grade Middle East heroin. One of the provisions of his bail (which was set at $75,000) was that he surrender his passport

(continued on page 148)

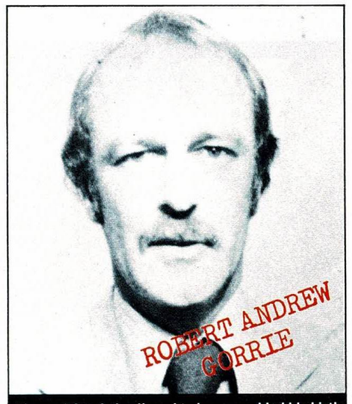
PROFILE:
TERRENCE JOHN CLARKE



Clarke changed his name to Sinclaire by deed poll. Passport was issued in July, 1979; subsequently, the file was removed from the issuing office.



Passport application was made in August, 1977. The address given and certificate of identity were false.



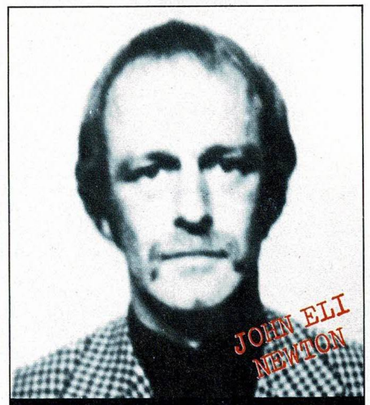
The real Gorrie is alleged to have provided his birth certificate to Clarke for $1000. All details on the passport application were false.

THE ROAD which led Terry Clarke to power as an international drug runner was paved with murder and money. It was marked along the way by the bodies of those of his colleagues who outgrew their usefulness.

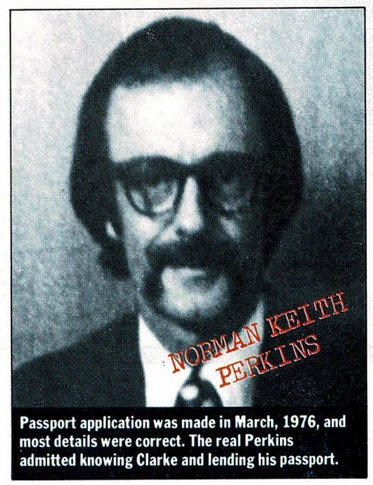
Clarke was born in New Zealand on November 12, 1944. By the time he was 30 he had been convicted of burglary, theft and receiving stolen property. He'd served a prison sentence for similar crimes.

In 1975 Clarke showed signs that he was destined to rise above mere petty crimes. By that year, he already was recognised by the authorities as an active trafficker in drugs and he subsequently was arrested and charged with importing heroin into New Zealand. While on bail awaiting trial, he fled to Australia and spent the next three years building up a syndicate which had branches in South-east Asia, Australia and New Zealand. During this time he made numerous trips to South-east Asia, establishing contacts for his couriers.

In 1978, the police in Australia and New Zealand began to realise that Clarke's influence in the drug trade was more widespread than they previously had imagined. In May of that year, drug courier, "Pommie" Harry Lewis, alias Stanley Wienert, was shot dead and his mutilated body dumped in a shallow grave near Port Macquarie on the New South Wales north coast. Police believe Lewis was killed by Clarke to prevent him from telling the police about Clarke's syndicate.



Passport application was made in September, 1977. Details for the real Newton were correct, but Newton denied making birth certificate available.



Passport application was made in March, 1976, and most details were correct. The real Perkins admitted knowing Clarke and lending his passport.

Clarke was arrested on minor charges in Brisbane a month after the discovery of Lewis' body. Despite being a suspect for the killing, he was extradited to New Zealand to face the 1975 heroin smuggling charge. Later in the year he was acquitted and was back in Sydney by March, 1979.

Two weeks after Clarke's return to Australia, Douglas and Isabel Wilson, who had given information to the police about Lewis' murder, were slain by a professional hit man and their bodies buried near Rye, in Victoria. Two weeks later, Clarke left Australia from Melbourne, and after stopovers in Bangkok and Singapore to check on the progress of Martin Johnstone, his Asian connection, Clarke arrived in England on May 11.

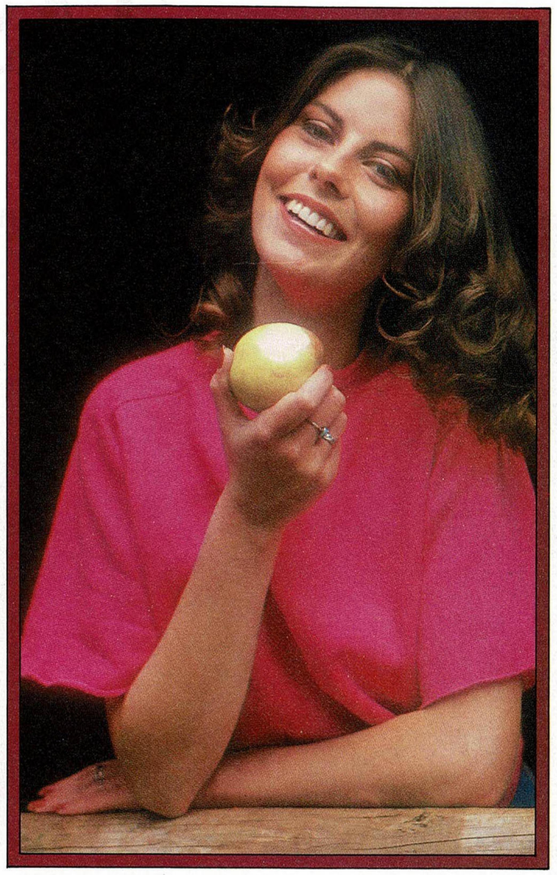
The rest is history. Johnstone was lured to England after bungling a drug deal and was murdered. His mutilated corpse was found in a disused quarry in Lancashire. Clarke and other members of his syndicate were arrested. He is now serving a life sentence for Johnstone's murder.

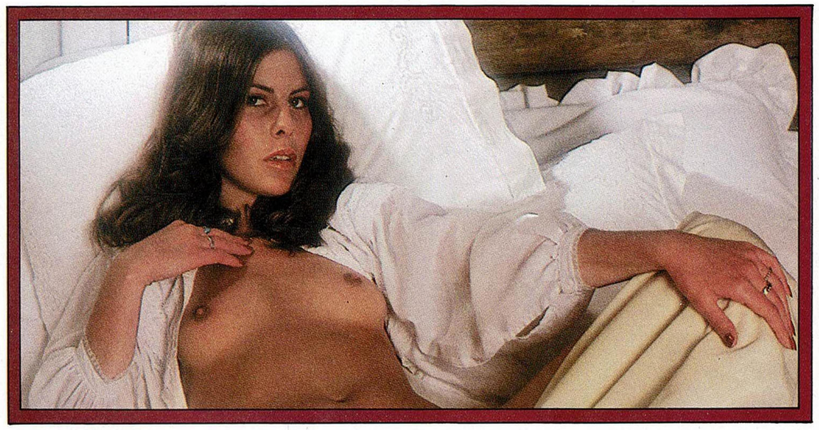
As a postscript, last August two bodies were found by police in NSW. The corpses are believed to be Mr Asia Syndicate couriers, Greg Ollard and Julie Thielman. Thielman was found buried in the Blue Mountains and Ollard at Kuringai. Both bodies had been mutilated.

TASMANIAN DEVIL

Like the rare Tasmanian devil, Denise Robinson is a very special breed. She's a country lass who's happiest when she's down on the farm, far from the hustle and hype of big city life.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICO METTBACH





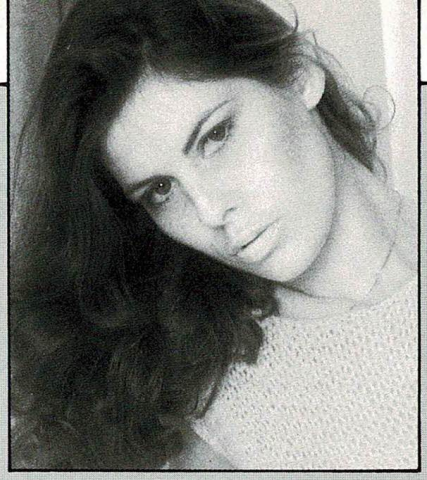
"I love the country way of living," says Denise. "I enjoy the seclusion, the fresh air and farm animals. I have a German Shepherd dog and I adore him. . . it's a good life." She also likes horse riding and cycling through the rambling countryside near her Launceston home.

Denise aims to be a professional model but she doesn't ever want to permanently leave Tasmania. "It's great here!" she laughs. "I can work in the city and be back in the countryside within half an hour. It's the perfect compromise."

Denise has an identical twin sister. . . "She's also my best friend." This closeness has enhanced Denise's very sensitive nature and she hopes to find a man who's equally as kind and caring. "Above all, he must treat me well," she smiles. "That's very important to me."

MISS FEBRUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Denise Robinson

BUST: 33 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 33

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 8st SIGN: Aries

BIRTH DATE: 5/4/62 BIRTHPLACE: Flinders Island, Tasmania.

AMBITIONS: A successful modelling career; to be happy in whatever I do.

TURN-ONS: Skinny dipping in secluded rivers and body massages.

TURN-OFFS: Dishonest people and male chauvinism!

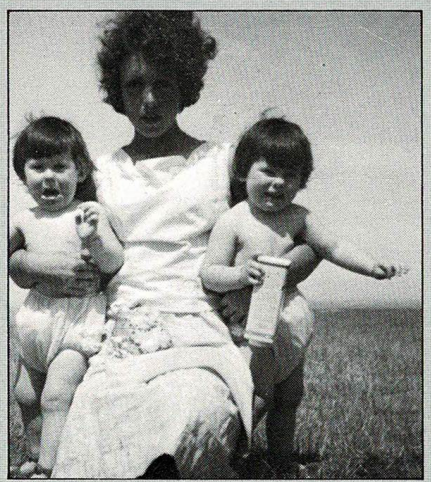
FAVORITE BOOKS: Adventure and spy novels.

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: John Lennon and Marianne Faithfull. Fav. actors – Bronson and Eastwood.

FAVORITE SPORTS: Horse riding, water skiing, swimming.

IDEAL MAN: Honest, loving, kind, someone who shares my interests.

SECRET FANTASY: Not telling!!



12 mths – that's me on the right.

10 years – I'm on right; twin sister Janette on left.

Sweet 16 – that's me under the fringe!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A doctor who was trying to determine the cause of his patient's total exhaustion finally decided to question him about his sex life.

"How many times a week do you have intercourse?" he asked.

"Every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday," his patient replied.

"I think you'd better cut out Thursdays," advised the doctor.

"I can't," replied the man. "That's the only night I'm home with my wife!"

A daredevil skater named Lowe
Leaps barrels arranged in the snow
But is proudest of doing
Some incredible screwing,
Since he's jumped 13 girls in a row!

And, of course, you've heard about the girl who thought premarital sex was immoral — and so she only slept with married men.

Once upon a time there was a long-married couple and the husband didn't usually pay much attention to his wife. But, one evening he arrived home with a beautiful bouquet of long-stemmed red roses, presented them to his wife and kissed her very gently.

"What's this for?" she asked, bewildered.

"Well," he said, "I just feel like it."

Later that night while he was in the shower, she undressed, dabbed on his favorite perfume and assumed an erotic pose with her legs wide apart on their water bed.

He finally entered the bedroom and asked in astonishment: "What's that for?"

"Well, darling, it's for the roses you gave me this evening," she softly whispered.

"Good heavens woman, haven't you got a vase?" he retorted.

The seven-piece set this weirdo told me he had in his bachelor pad," the girl reported to her flat-mate, "consisted of a double bed and half a dozen condoms!"

There's a tavern in London that's staffed
By a barmaid who's tops at her craft:
In her striving to please
She serves ale on her knees,
So that patrons get head with their draft.

Our Unabashed Dictionary gives a graphic description of the difference between *erotic* and *kinky*. *Erotic* means using a feather during sex; *kinky* means employing the whole bloody chook.

Q: Why is semen white and urine yellow?
A: Because some jokers never know whether they're coming or going.

A botany student has brought to our attention the fact that a penis is the only thing that has to be grown before it's planted.

The woman appeared at the breakfast table resplendent in curlers and dressing gown. Her husband glanced up from his newspaper.

"Why can't you look like you did when we got married?" he growled.

"How can I?" she snapped back. "I'm not pregnant."

The other day," said the woman to the psychiatrist, "I happened to find my son and the little girl next door both naked, examining each other's bodies."

"That's not unusual," smiled the psychiatrist, "I wouldn't worry about it."

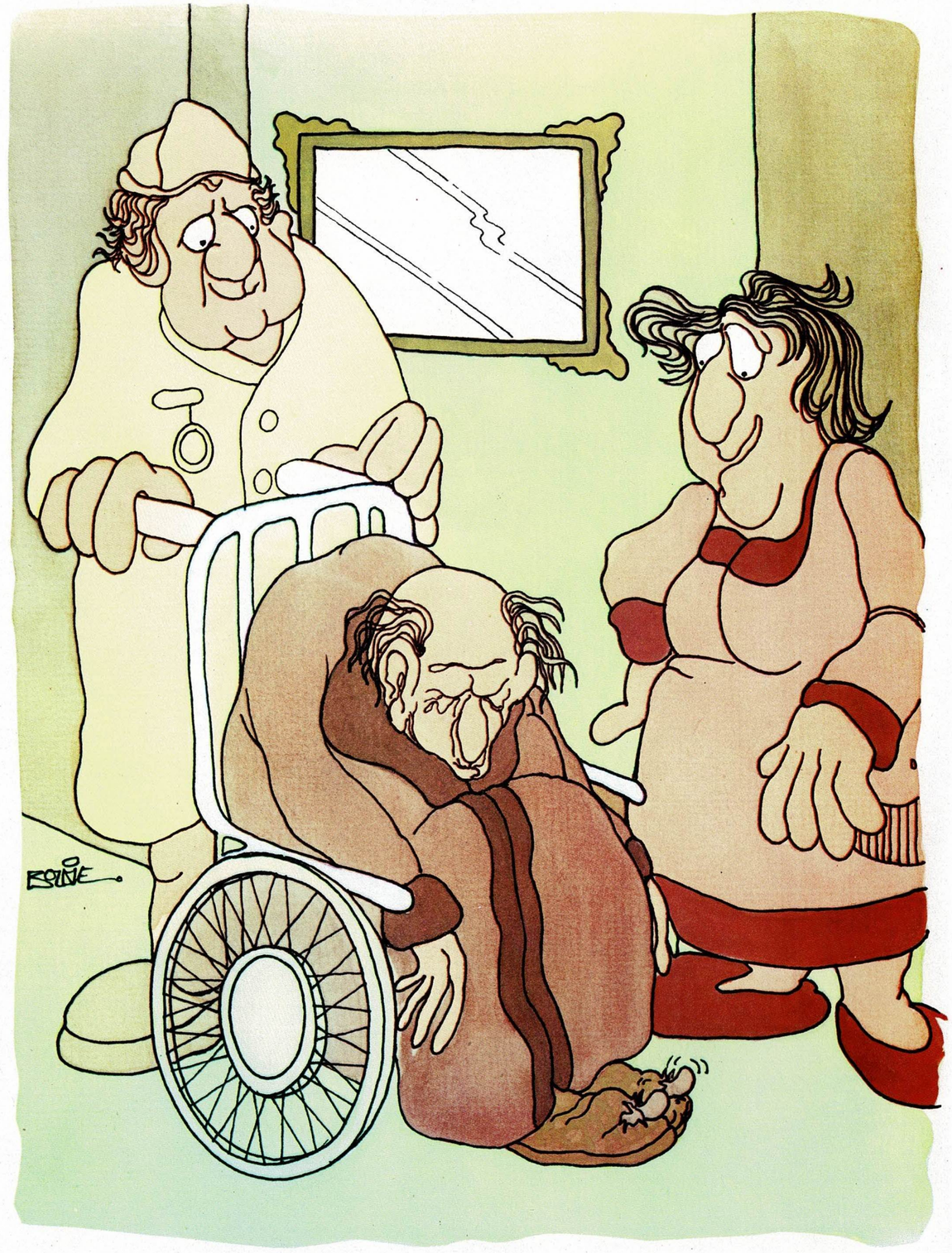
"But I *am* worried, doctor," insisted the woman, "and so is my son's wife."

Our Unabashed Dictionary describes *adultery* as putting yourself in someone else's position.

Substituting sex for cigarettes," the doctor told the chain smoker, "may make it easier for you to give them up."

"My God, doctor," reacted the middle-aged man, "do you realise how many smokes there are in a pack?"

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.



"Sister tells me you've been excited all week about my coming to visit."

THE EAGLE

brian bolton's beat is the seamy side of the city

THERE ARE a million stories in the big city, folks — but only crime roundsman Brian "Eagle" Bolton had the guts to be on the hunt for the Incontinent Detective. The trail was cold when the hunt began on a spring Saturday in the locker-room at Brisbane CIB headquarters. Cold, but awfully smelly. An unmistakeable pong that led investigators to the locker of a senior police inspector. What they found inside that locker can now be revealed: a pair of trousers packed with shit. It would take weeks — and a major departmental inquiry — before a commissioned officer was able to vindicate the senior inspector and pin the shitty tweeds on the Incontinent Detective. Confronted with his atrocity, the Incontinent Detective did not seem remorseful. "Get me the arse and I've got enough on you to take you with me," he told the commissioned officer. Sure enough, the detective survived to become an inspector himself. Then he died. . .and at last, Brian Bolton could reveal what he knew. "X (the detective) had returned to HQ pissed from the races. For some reason or other, he shat his bloody tweeds in the locker room. He didn't want to walk out covered in crap so he put the soiled trousers in a nearby locker and climbed into a pair he found in there. . ." Bolton smiled fondly at the memory of X's ingenuity, finished his beer and glanced at the clock behind the bar. He didn't

profile by frank robson

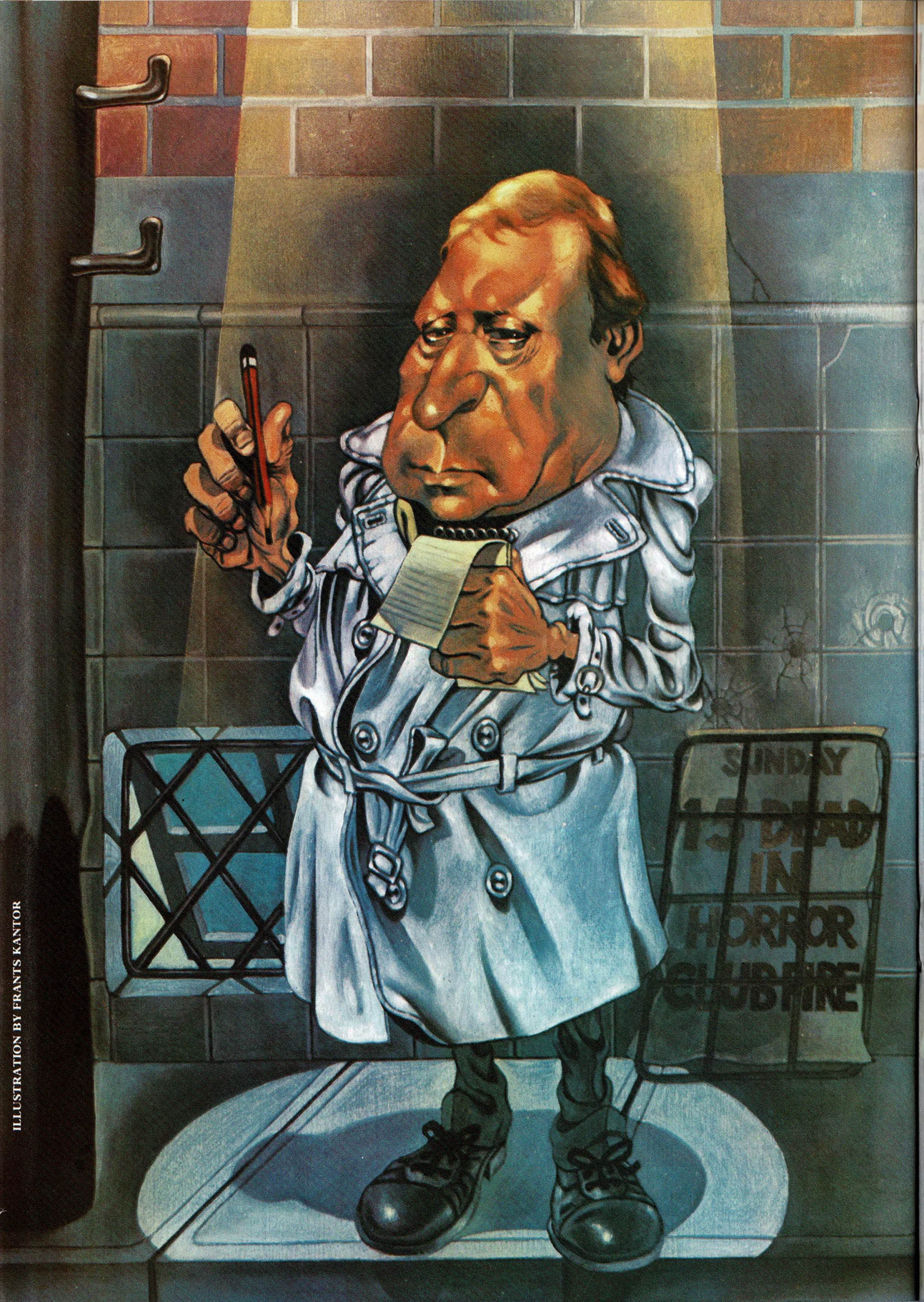


ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR

appear nervous, but in 10 minutes he would be in the witness box before the Stewart Royal Commission into drug trafficking. He would be accused of lying. Like his mate the Incontinent Detective, Eagle was in it. . . again.

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Once, not so long ago, Brian Monfred Bolton was just another byline in Rupert Murdoch's Australian tabloids, a veteran police reporter with a beer gut and an eagle tattooed across his right bicep. He had busted some big stories, drunk a lot of piss and developed an impressive array of senior "Deep Throats" within the Queensland police force.

Everyone you met in Queensland journalism said the same thing about Eagle: "He's a terrible pisspot but a bloody good operator." Then they thought about their long associations with Bolton, and added: "Say what you like about Eagle, the bastard's got a heart of gold."

But no one thought he would become famous. No one could have guessed that the Death Of Newspapers As We Knew Them would mean the birth of Eagle the national TV star. But that's what happened. Bolton became symbolic of the last police roundsman. . .the last self-educated, gung ho, foot-in-the-door, cut-the-crap, fuck-the-style-gimme-the-facts tabloid hack. I mean, it may not be obvious to the rest of you that newspapers have changed, but for journalists — especially those in their late 40s, like Bolton — the good old days are gone.

Now, with rare exceptions, newspapers wouldn't know a crusade from an Ita Buttrose column. Show them a legally dangerous story and they throw it in the bin and fill the hole with the ghost-written inanities of an alleged "personality". Accountants dictate to editors. Advertisers dictate to editors. In a word, newspapers are emasculated. They've lost their BALLS! Walk into a newsroom these days and you don't see dishevelled chain-smokers punching ancient typewriters and screaming, "Copy!" You see impeccably-dressed young men and women staring at TV sets; mincing about putting up signs saying, "Thank You For Not Smoking", and worrying whether their hair is in place.

The fact that many among the New Order are better-educated, more responsible citizens than most of the old school is indisputable; but that doesn't mean they produce better newspapers. Just blander. Tabloids in this country remain faithfully trite; only now they are predictably trite, trite in scholarly detail, reliably trite. The pen may be mightier than the sword, but in 1982, writing trite is mightier than writing right.

So. . .what we have wound up with is a sort of premature nostalgia for reporters like Bolton. Premature because the man is, after all, only 47, albeit well-worn by life. There are no doubt a few other two-finger-typing newspaper dinosaurs like Bolton around Australia, but Eagle was the one chosen to appear on Peter Luck's television series, *The Australians,* last year, and subsequently Bolton was featured in Luck's coffee table book of the same name.

This is how Bolton was introduced on TV and in the book: "Cruising the twilight netherworld of pedlars, pimps and hookers, always on the lookout for the scent of a story, is the Eagle. He's a hard-living crime reporter, who treads a thin line between both sides of the law in his search for a 'scoop'."

Trite? You betcha. For some reason, dealing with Bolton caused the people who put the TV series together to adopt a tabloid newspaper approach to Eagle's story: the idiom begets the idiom. Nevertheless, many people have said they enjoyed the series and particularly Bolton's segment. It was fascinating, they explained, gaining a glimpse behind the scenes of a crime reporter's life.

But what *The Australians* showed wasn't *really* a glimpse into Bolton's life; it was a cliche, entertaining but contrived and

What we have wound up with is a sort of premature nostalgia for reporters like Bolton. Premature because the man is, after all, only 47. . .

essentially misleading. The *real* story of Brian Bolton is just as entertaining, but not so easy to tell. It involves alcoholism, loneliness, fear, rat cunning and wonderful humor, which, come to think of it, were the basic ingredients of tabloid newspapers in the pre-Buttrose days. It involves bullshit and courage and eggbeaters and vitamin pills and red phones and credit cards and boring old wallopers with droopy hernias and miracle love babies and tattooists and drug consignments and handless corpses. It involves humiliation, intimidation. . .but never "remorse". Remorse and Brian Monfred Bolton, the Eagle insists, are strangers.

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Maybe. . . but I doubt it. Over the years I have known him, Bolton has alternated between abusing alcohol and giving it up; abuse, however, is his forte.

In 1978 he stopped drinking for 16 months. Placed on a vitamin diet by Queensland matriarch and medical mystic, Lady Cilento, the Eagle literally turned into a different bird. Gone were the roly-poly beer gut and ready laughter; the new vitamin-charged Bolton was slim and — most staggering of all for the rest of us — the man's hair changed color from mousey brown to surfie fair. Intense and touchy, Vitamin Eagle explained interminably that it was due to Lady Cilento's pills — not bottle bleach.

At first everyone was delighted that Bolton had overcome his booze problem. He'd dropped from 16 stone — "I was like a fucking egg!" he would intone, slurping mineral water — to 11 stone in only three months.

But Bolton is now the first to admit that abstinence made him boring. Casual remarks by colleagues at the bar were subjected to infuriatingly intense analysis: Eagle had changed from plump wise-cracking knockabout to thin ponderous philosopher. Soon it was commonly hoped that Vitamin Eagle would revert to Fourex Eagle, pronto.

It happened on his birthday and the way Bolton describes it, with typically brutal candor, evokes the core of his genial ockerism and partly explains why he says, "All newspapers should be dedicated to the wives of bloody journos." A dubious honor in my book, but later in this piece, when Eagle reveals the social horrors of the day he abandoned vitamins for the bottle, you will understand the sentiment.

Understanding Bolton, that he completely *believes* in the medium for which he works, must come first. As *The Australians* story pointed out, Bolton sees things in black and white: that's why he's so suitable for Murdoch tabloids. Bolton's thoughts on most social issues would translate without much editing into tabloid editorials — the ones with key phrases underlined in case readers miss the point.

The Eagle isn't dumb. . .at least no more so than the rest of us who make a living by glancing at the world's complexities and then dashing into print with our mercifully transient opinions of what they mean. But after a few years on tabloid papers, most journalists grow restless, and this unease is due, in my experience, to the aggressively talentless editors and news editors so prevalent within Murdoch's Australian operations.

Bolton exists these days as an unpredictable celebrity beyond the influence of such drones: the best way to picture his life is to watch *Night Stalker,* a TV series about an American reporter called Carl Kolchek who discovers supernatural scoops around every corner. A blend of Mickey Spillane and Randy Stone, Kolchek doesn't work as a reporter: he *is* a reporter, 24 hours a day, in the same battered panama and crushed seersucker suit. Like Bolton, Kolchek would rather unearth a good story than take a paid holiday in a brewery. And in the Eagle's case, that's saying something.

Bug-eyed and gravel-voiced, Brian Bolton quite simply lives for the sound of the presses, the smell of the ink and the kick — even now — of his name across the top of a "fucking bottler yarn".

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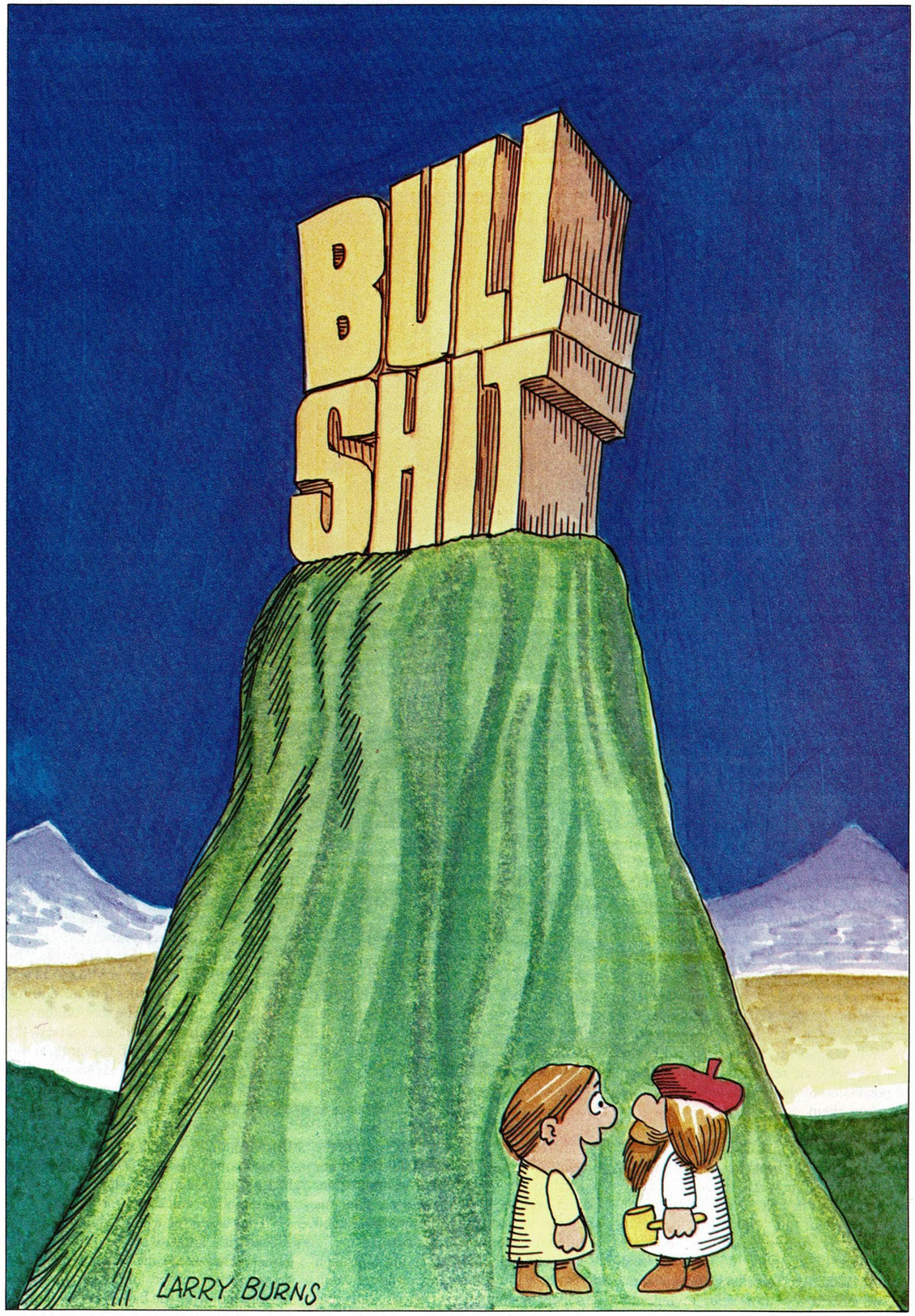
When a reporter becomes a public figure he attracts more criticism than praise. Like



"Well, it certainly makes a statement."

Bolton, he may be humiliated in a public courtroom, where the unspoken disapproval of callow (but pious) young colleagues is more hurtful than the court's reprimand.

Bolton's appearance before the Stewart Royal Commission into drug trafficking in mid-1982 was the culmination of his involvement in a story that might have been hand-made by God (or Satan) to meet the fondest fantasies of a police roundsman.

Bolton, through the Brisbane *Sunday Sun* and the Sydney *Daily Telegraph,* broke most of the significant stories about the drug and murder empire of Terry Clarke, now serving life in Britain for murder. He was able to do this because of his senior contacts within the Queensland police. Contacts, it should be noted, who don't hesitate to fed him bullshit if it serves their purposes.

Bolton was called before the Commission to answer questions about inconsistencies in some of his stories concerning murdered drug couriers Doug and Isabel Wilson and the Clarke drug syndicate. I don't intend going into detail about Bolton's involvement in this case, partly because the story bores the hell out of me but mainly because it's beside the point.

The point is that Queensland police had the Wilsons *and* Terry Clarke in custody during the late-70s. Despite the Wilsons' revelations about Clarke's operation (taped by police over four days in March 1978), police allowed Clarke to be extradited to New Zealand to face charges on which he was acquitted. And despite their own confessions, the Wilsons were allowed to go. . .off to meet a predictable fate at the hands of a killer hired by Clarke, then free and back in Australia.

Perhaps one day the Stewart Commission will reveal why this was allowed to happen. In the absence of such an explanation, Mr Justice D.G. Stewart's grilling of Bolton about whether he was or had been in possession of transcripts of the Wilson tapes — as claimed in a Bolton story in the *Sunday Sun* — was difficult to take seriously.

The implication, I suppose, was that a person with transcripts could have made the contents know to Clarke or his organisation. But Bolton, despite what was trumpeted in his 1981 beat-up in *The Sun* (Bolton inferred he had sat on the transcripts for years out of civic responsibility) was never in possession of them. It's doubtful that he even saw them.

After admitting to "embellishment", Bolton, glowering about the court like an unrepentant teddy bear, was ruffled enough to allow Justice Stewart to pressure him into admitting that he had "lied". Of course he had. He lied, oh wonderful irony, to enhance his story's credibility. Bolton's knowledge of what the Wilsons had told police was confined to what police told him.

And only a few days prior to Bolton's appearance before the Commission, one of his major police contacts — Assistant Crime Commisioner Tony Murphy — gave evidence before Justice Stewart that *he* had lied to Bolton about the contents of the tapes "to protect the Wilsons".

So Murphy lied to Bolton, Bolton repeated the lies in good faith and invented one of his own to cover the fact that he was restricted to second-hand propaganda instead of "staggering top secret revelations".

I relate all this to demonstrate that when the chips are down, a police roundsman like Bolton is usually clubbed to death with his own eggbeater. . .while others in the distortion cycle can shelter behind the loftiest of good intentions.

Watching the Eagle having his nose rubbed in it by an angry Justice Stewart made me wonder again why he had stuck with the game so long: this was not the first time Bolton had been publicly humiliated for performing what he sincerely believed to be a public service. During the luncheon adjournment, with only minutes before the Court resumed, a television team asked Bolton to accompany them down to the street so they could film him ascending the court steps.

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Worried about missing the resumption, Bolton nevertheless obliged his electronic colleagues. At 6pm it was the lead item on that channel's news. There was the Eagle, plump and smiling, helping out his mates. . . and then the TV reporter's bald introduction: "Journalist Brian Bolton admitted today before the Stewart Royal Commission into drug trafficking that he lied etc, etc. . ."

At home in suburban Clayfield, Bolton's family and wife, Joan, would have had difficulty understanding that Bolton's lie was probably the most piddling and irrelevant in the history of the Royal Commissions; such straw-splitting would mean little to his daughter's schoolmates or Joan's circle of friends and colleagues.

I shared a taxi back to the pub next to the *Sunday Sun* with Bolton and two other journalists covering the Commission. Bolton was as low as I'd seen him; his attempts at jocularity met with studied indifference from the other two.

And although the depressing afternoon highlighted the reasons why I quit newspapers four years earlier (all that dashing about in quest of trivia to distort), Bolton's vulnerability made the high-minded twosome seem contemptible. . . only a self-styled "serious" journalist would have chosen that time to moralise. Still, that's the price our colorful tabloid dinosaur must pay for continued existence as a curiosity outside the media's evolutionary progress.

Bolton went off and got groaningly drunk, a binge that characteristically would last for several weeks — with sober periods, of course — as the Eagle's internal repair system worked on the latest damage to ego and pride. Even during this restoration process — familiar indeed to those who remember how Bolton's beloved cops publicly crucified him after the Whisky Au Go Go murders in 1973 — the Eagle is public property: in pubs and clubs his drinking problem is on display and his misery takes the form of unintelligible droning monologues about life and sex.

After the Whiskey Au Go Go nightclub in Brisbane was firebombed with the loss of 15 lives, Bolton wrote accurately that police had been warned it would happen up until the night it did happen. Police Minister Max Hodges responded by calling Bolton a drunk and a liar under Parliamentary privilege. Soon afterwards, Bolton's marriage temporarily fell apart and the Eagle came close to alcoholic destitution.

Perhaps some clue to Bolton's sustaining fascination with police, professionally and socially, is that he has made his job a "live-in" occupation; outside newspapers and crime, the Eagle seems to have no interests at all. Socialising, for many cops and Bolton, involves drinking while they talk about work.

The pattern began a long time ago. . . when Bolton was a young reporter on a now long-defunct daily in Toowoomba and his drinking pals were young constables who are senior officers today.

Bolton left school in Toowoomba at 16 and went to work briefly as a roustabout on a sheep station. At that stage — and some might say nothing's changed — Bolton wanted to be a cowboy. Instead he worked for a builder for three years.

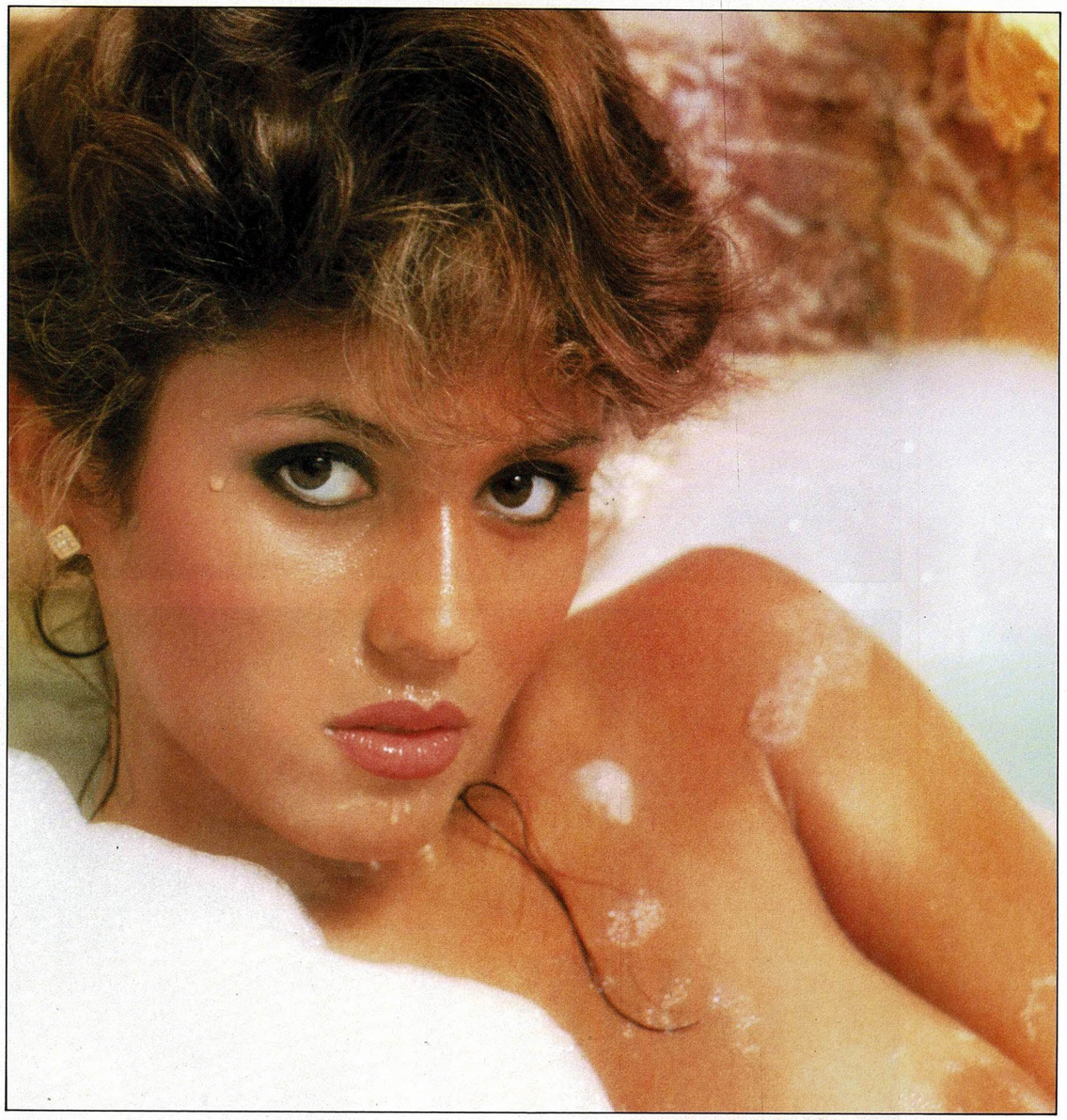
"That was the best period of my life," he says. "I worked like a drover's dog and I was as black as the ace of spades. I drank nothing but double sars. . ." (The day Bolton was telling me this in his home marked the beginning of a week off the grog at his doctor's recommendation. He took the time off work to avoid the temptations of the pub next to his office.)

In 1955, a handful of hotshots left the Brisbane *Courier Mail* to start a daily in Toowoomba called the *Downs Star.* Bolton had no interest in newspapers but walked into the office and asked for a job.

"They asked me what I could do. I said: 'Fucked if I know, what do you do in this game?' They made me office boy. Then I became proof reader, and reading some of those great pieces the blokes were doing got to me. I thought, stuff it, I want to be a

(continued on page 151)

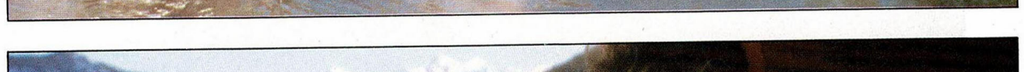
Heading for the Top



Lonny Chin is a deliciously cosmopolitan cocktail. Born in the English city of Liverpool of a Chinese/Jamaican father and a British/Swedish mother, she's now a committed nomad who loves to travel. She adores the pace of city life but also likes to relax and unwind in rugged mountain settings.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

Lonny's eyes are soft, brown and inviting. There's a disarming openness in her gaze that immediately puts people at ease. "I only want to be liked," she gently smiles. It's a wish that's constantly coming true as her circle of admirers continues to widen. Her current work as a fashion model ensures plenty of contact with the public and she finds that meeting so many different people is both stimulating and exciting.

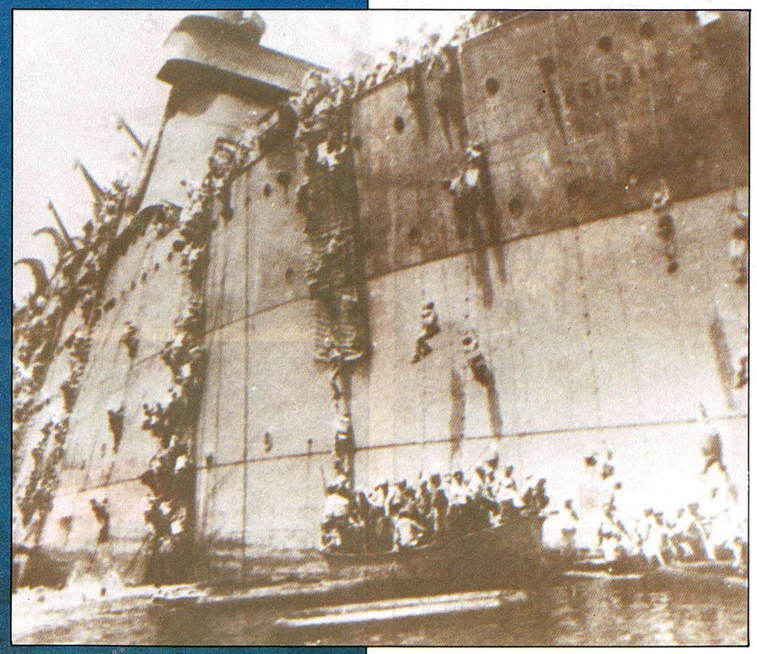


"I'm very much a mind person," admits Lonny. "I want to know *why* people do things, why they think a certain way. I'd like to take some courses in psychology." Lonny's also looking ahead to a possible acting career. "I want to be a star," she laughs, flicking back her glossy dark hair. "I dream all the time about being a star. So few people would admit that."

DIVING THE COOLIDGE

just a couple of hours away, in vanuatu, lies the world's largest accessible shipwreck

ONE OF THE scars of World War II that still hasn't healed is Vanuatu's Luganville. Only a few kilometres away, soft jungle presses in on ageing copra plantations and crystal waters lap at some of the prettiest, shimmering, white beaches in the South Pacific. But the town's wounds of concrete and rusting steel survive. The movie theatre is one of the many remaining corrugated iron quonset huts, and fences of recycled marston matting abound. Luganville is the sleepy main town of Espiritu Santo, the largest of the string of islands making up the Republic of Vanuatu. In The War, its strategic position on the deep and sheltered Segond Channel led to its being the largest US base in the South Pacific, with 100,000 troops, five airstrips, 43 cinemas and a radio station. At any time, there were more than 100 ships in the channel and the nearby dry dock was the biggest in the world. The inevitable disaster in the Segond Channel was on a matching scale: the huge luxury liner, the *President Coolidge*, which had been converted to a troop carrier, hit a mine and sank in 1942. It's ironic, perhaps, that a sport built on technology and techniques developed in that war is turning the site of that sinking into a kind of mecca. For the *President Coolidge* is the largest shipwreck in the world accessible to scuba divers, and possibly the most awesome experience available to them. The first divers on the scene were there for a more serious purpose than today's tourists. They were American navy divers who started salvage work immediately, tearing holes in the inch-thick hull to get at machinery and ammunition. It was 27 years before the *Coolidge* was touched again, in an operation which has been more far-reaching than just the salvage job intended. One of the divers enlisted for that task was Allan Power, an Australian diver and photographer, who stayed in Santo and made the ship virtually his life's work. The *Coolidge* has taken on the stature of an underwater museum and Power is readily acknowledged as The Curator of the ship.



That salvage job was the sort of thing that just wouldn't happen these days. Even though it was only in 1969, equipment and medical skills were way behind today's knowledge. Incredible risks were taken as the divers went at sunken wartime wreckage through the Pacific with the gung-ho approach of latter-day pirates.

Since then, the *Coolidge* has rested easier under the guardianship of Power, who has been gradually exploring the ship, and for the past four years guiding visiting divers over her and delighting in their over-whelmed reactions.

And diving on the *Coolidge is* truly overwhelming. In three days on Santo as part of a touring group of divers, I was able to see and feel the attraction of the wreck.

article by rob klima

She lies very close to the shore, and from a stake about 80m from the beach, a rope leads the way down to a depth of 18m and the bow of the ship.

"I've got the line there to stop the ship slipping," Power enjoys telling people. And every now and then, someone believes him. Once there, the minor disorientation of being weightless, 18m underwater, turns to awe at the absolute mass of crafted metal, with the rust and coral patina of 40 years in the sea, stretching out of the range of visibility.

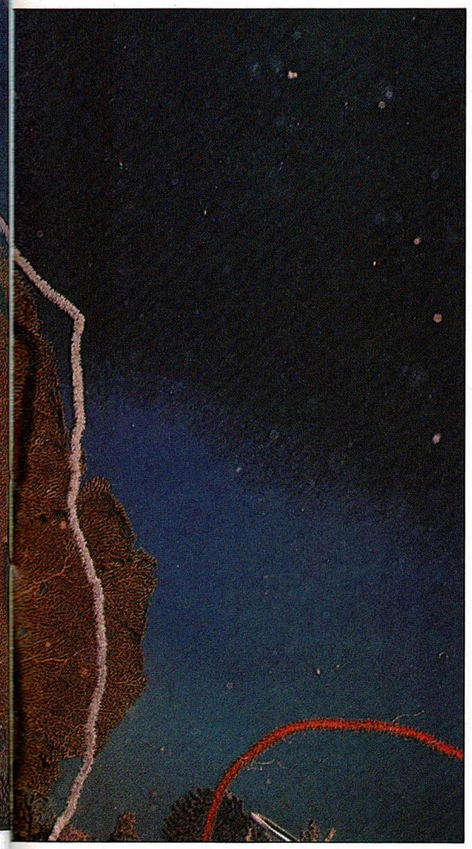
The first dive on the ship gives little more than the impression of gargantuan size, with detail coming into focus in later forays. Three of us followed Power on a 20-minute preliminary tour of the outside of the hull to the bridge, which is at 30m, passing over the eerie shapes of a three-inch gun mounted on the forward deck, and a collapsed crane. Along the promenade deck we came across rusting rifles, helmets and the remnants of shoes left behind as their owners scrambled overboard. Then on to further sampling of the ship's mass with a drop to the bottom and under the bow in about 36m to a massive anchor surrounded by coral and fish.

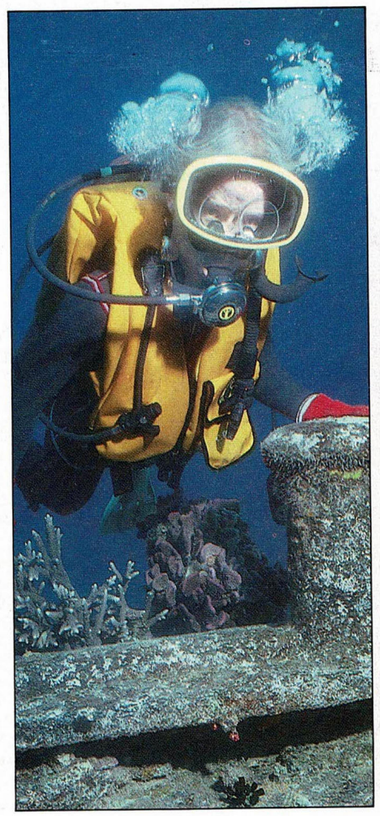
The combination of depth and time on dives like this makes a decompression stop on ascent critical, and it's usually a boring wait with nothing to look at and no way even of talking to your buddy as you hang on a trapeze under a boat. But this decompression stop was a pleasant surprise: Power has planted a coral garden on the sand shelf at a depth of 3m, making it a fascinating dive in its own right.

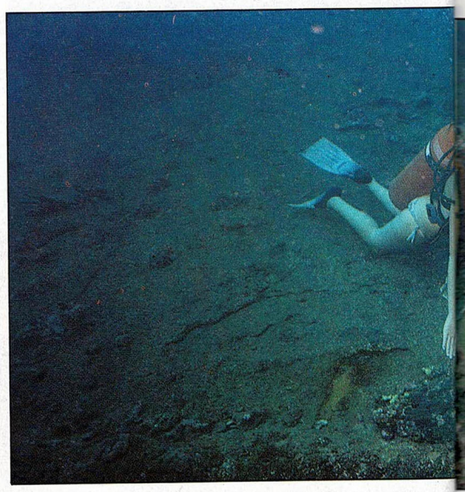
The 8m wide horseshoe of coral includes large clams and anemones with their attendant clown fish. Power always takes plenty of bread for the divers to feed the fish here, and this has built up a population of brilliantly-colored small fish far exceeding what the area would naturally support. A piece of bread brings a confetti cloud of butterfly and coral fish, but the star is a lone batfish which will let divers stroke it as it takes food from their hands.

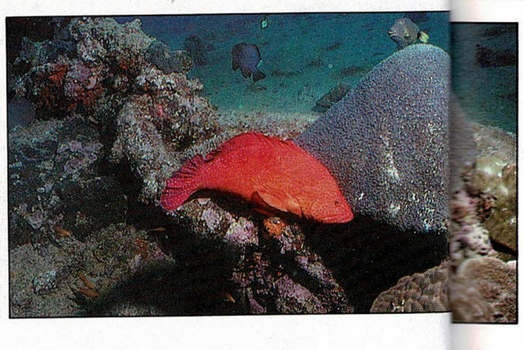
Our second dive was one that's become mandatory for those not prone to claustrophobia — to see the Lady on Horseback. The *Coolidge* is not only the world's largest accessible shipwreck. . . it contains the world's most inaccessible work of art. The Lady on Horseback is an art deco ceramic relief about a metre high, and the dive to see her is an unforgettable one. A little way along the promenade deck we turned right into a passageway (but since the ship is on her side that meant going straight down), and 12 m inside the ship, at a depth of 43m, we came to the stateroom where the Lady holds court.

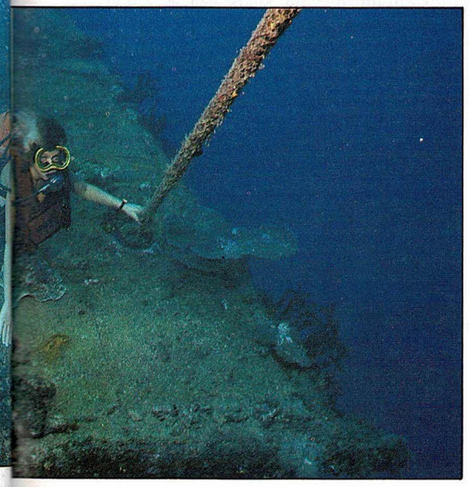
There's little enough light in the tomb-like interior of the ship, and what there is at this depth has had the upper end of the color spectrum filtered out by the water, leaving only blues and greys. In the topsy-turvy world of an overturned ship, the sculpture is











Nature's empire strikes back with: top, a gorgonian fan in the coral garden under the bow of the President Coolidge; far left, an encrusted bollard on the wreck above Million Dollar Point; above, rusting and coral growth at the bow of the Coolidge, and, left, a coral trout is very much at home on the ship's anchor chain.
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALLAN POWER

on its side and to the right of the fireplace above which it once stood.

Swimming back towards the front of the boat, our torches pick out the claret-and-cream tiles of the floor where it seems a wall should be. And further along there's an ornately-tiled fountain that seems to come out of the wall. Then the ultimate incongruity — just off that elegant stateroom is a 60-holer, three-bank cheek-to-cheek mass dunny put in for the troops.

The Lady only came to light in July 1981, when Power found and named her. She was probably boarded over in the troopship conversion and had escaped the eyes of numerous salvage divers before the timber rotted and revealed her.

Further dives bring the *Coolidge* into scale a bit more, exploring areas like the forward holds which still contain vehicles and equipment, piled and jumbled as the ship listed and sank. And the vessel has become a haven for fish. . . with its size, it's a major reef in its own right. A massive groper has made its home just in front of the bridge and will sometimes follow divers at a distance. There are also big coral trout, trevally and barracuda, and a couple of resident hawksbill turtles. A few white tipped reef sharks and grey whalers live on the wreck, but usually head for deeper water when divers arrive.

While the rest of the group settled in to exploring the forward part of the ship in detail, tour leader Peter Hamley took me on a daunting dive to the stern to reinforce the impression of the *Coolidge's* size. It did that. From the bow, it took 10 minutes of fairly steady swimming to reach a point, 52m deep, where we could look over the stern to a propeller shaft. With nitrogen narcosis setting in at that depth, it was a feeling of wonderment, tinged with terror, to turn back around and see at least 30m of the return swim up the hull sloping into blue infinity, with a 2m grey whaler shark cruising above.

About a kilometre further along the channel from the *President Coolidge* is another unplanned underwater monument to the folly of war: Million Dollar Point. At the end of the War, the Americans were not prepared to damage their domestic markets by taking home the huge amount of equipment on Santo and neither the then condominium of the New Hebrides nor the local plantation owners were prepared to buy any of it.

In an orgy of destruction even *Catch 22's* Milo Minderbinder would find hard to believe, they drove or dumped everything they could into the sea. The result is a kilometre-long underwater mountain of corroding relics stretching up to 100m high from a beach of rusting metal. From about 10m deep it drops to 40m in a jumbled mass of jeeps, trucks, cranes, bulldozers, corrugated iron and electrical equipment.

It's an impressive, but not particularly pretty dive, even though masses of fish have made the upper areas their home and coral growths have softened some of the jagged edges. A decompression stop here is another unusually pleasant one. The picturesque remains of a small island trading vessel, the *El Torito,* lie between 3m and 10m and have attracted an interesting cross-section of marine life.

Santo has another notable wartime wreck, the *USS Tucker,* a 104m destroyer which, like the *Coolidge*, met an ignominious fate. The *Tucker* survived the Japanese bombardment of Pearl Harbour, registering hits on three attacking Zeros, but she couldn't survive the Segond Channel minefield. Entering the channel she hit a mine amidships, broke in half and sank.

Salvage divers treated the *Tucker* equally cruelly, virtually blowing her apart, mainly to get at the two big condensers for their cupro-nickel content. Although she is no longer recognisably a ship, her wreckage has served as a reef to attract enough marine life to make it an interesting dive.

The wrecks, particularly the *Coolidge,* are treated a bit more respectfully these days, but in a bid to stop pilfering altogether, the Vanuatu Government is considering requests to have the area declared a marine national park and the sites declared as historic wrecks. This move looks like succeeding because these days it's a matter of what's good for diving is good for Santo, with divers supplying nearly all the island's tourist trade.

The exodus of French planatation owners from Santo following Vanuatu's independence in 1980, sharply cut down on the number of travellers to what was the food bowl of the New Hebrides. And memories of the "coconut revolution" of the time when rebels declared independence on the island linger in the tourist mind. The number of visitors, though climbing, hasn't got back to the level of two and a half years ago.

In fact the 44-room Hotel Santo, the island's only operating hotel, pays tribute to the underwater attractions, greeting divers with the big brass letters P and C, and a rusty rifle and helmet above the bar in the foyer. The hotel's proprietor, Nguyen Vantho, himself a diver, has set up lockable drying space for dive gear.

It's an hour's flight by Air Melanesiae Trislander or Twin Otter to the comparative sophistication — and less awe-inspiring but still spectacular diving — of Port Vila, Vanuatu's capital, on the island of Efate. Here the tourist with an interest in the underwater is catered for by three highly professional operations: two dive shops and a small diving-oriented resort, all with boats, hire gear, air and guided dives.

Diving tourism in Vanuatu really only started in 1975 as a spin-off from an annual conference being held in Port Vila by the South Pacific Underwater Medical Society. Organising the group and their diving was Peter Hamley, a professional Sydney diver and diveshop proprietor who now also runs

Diving Tours International. Hamley stayed on to evaluate the area as a dive tour destination.

"I realised most Australians involved in diving would be in the large population centres," he says. "To get the best it offered they would have to travel to far-away places. The Pacific Islands cater for divers: the water is clear, the coral is beautiful and the fish life is abundant. And there is a legacy for divers left by the War.

"We found Vanuatu has most of the elements of good diving, with things like good wine and food and restaurants to make it a complete and balanced holiday. We brought the next group up a few months later."

These days it's hard to walk into a dive shop without finding a brochure advertising a holiday in Vanuatu, and it's been estimated that 2000 divers a year visit Port Vila, mostly from Australia and New Zealand.

A number of operators are offering week or two-week tours, which are basically variations on a theme, staying in similar accommodation and visiting mostly the same dive sites. The major ones are Diving Tours International of Mosman, NSW; Aquarius Dive Travel of Dandenong, Victoria, and Allways Tours of Ashburton, Victoria. The major carrier, Air Vanuatu has details of others.

Diving Tours International's 14-day tour has six dives in three and a half days on Santo. The 10 dives in the remaining time are around Port Vila, which in itself has a huge range of underwater experience, very accessible and in great comfort. Here DTI uses the services of Nautilus Dive Shop, run by Denny and Merrell Smith. Their 10m aluminium boat, the *Cowrie*, is specifically set up as a dive boat for Port Vila's calm water. It has a broad platform for gearing up and such niceties as compressed air and tools for drying and working on underwater cameras, and safety equipment runs to an underwater oxygen recompression unit. The boat was designed by Denny, a New Zealander, and a sort of jovial Santa Claus who's traded his long boots and red suit for clogs and an "I'm the oldest wreck in Port Vila" T-shirt.

The oldest wreck there is actually the *Star of Russia*, a three-masted square rigger and the fastest of the Belfast Star clippers, once making the passage from London to Melbourne in 75 days. Built in 1874, she ended her days as a hulk, a floating copra store, in Vila harbor.

A storm in 1953 sank the 84m, iron-hulled vessel, and she now sits upright in 39m of water. She's a memorable wreck on which to dive: the perfect setting for a sunken treasure movie, with her stately lines and clipper bow, a tangle of rigging lying across the iron beams where the timber decks have rotted away, and a stark 15m of one mast left when the masts were blasted as hazards to shipping. Being well inside the harbor, the water is fairly murky, adding to her Walt Disney air of unreality. Diving is also good on Mele Reef, a 15km-long coral reef west of Vila. Some sections have been rated as the best plate coral in the world.

Blue, pink and yellow pastel-hued coral plates up to 2m across are layered on top of one another in valleys at a depth of between 6m and 10m. At the edge there's a massive drop-off almost straight down to more than 60m. There are moves to have this area's beauty preserved by declaring it a marine reserve, mainly to stop the regular "coral bashing" when yachts drop anchor.

What rates as probably the most impressive diving area around Vila is two hours away by boat — Isle de Chapeau, named for its similarity to a French cure's hat.

That water there has the sort of visibility southern Australian divers dream about: invariably at least 45m. There's a huge gorgonian coral landmark 24m deep which can be seen by leaning over the side of the boat. The area is blessed with wide crevasses and brightly-lit caves.

Other dive sites around Vila show off coral formations and abundant fish life. There's also a sunken Qantas Sandringham flying boat which sank in 1951 and was lost until Denny Smith found it in 1978, about 100m from where it was thought to have settled: as it sank its aerodynamics came into play and it flew underwater to where it now rests.

There's a huge gorgonian coral 24m deep which can be seen by leaning over the side of the boat. The area is blessed with wide crevasses and caves.

Apart from the sheer pleasure of the experience, the Smiths see the diving they provide in Vila as a preparation for the demanding wreck diving of Santo, which exceeds the depths and times sport divers are used to. On the *Cowrie* they meticulously log people in and out of the water as some local diving requires unfamiliar decompression, and calculation of times and depths for repetitive dives.

But that doesn't mean it's all hard going. Diving with Nautilus is downright hedonistic compared with home: a bus to the boat where the tanks and weight-belts (the heavy bits) are already on board; a boat-boy to help divers on with their tanks and coffee and bread and cheese as they dry off. And after a night dive, surfacing to French wine and pate in the moonlight takes a bit of beating.

Nautilus is looking to provide another service soon with the Smiths moving to a new home on the harbor's edge where they will moor the *Cowrie*. This will allow them to provide washing and storage for dive gear and a barbecue right by the boat. They're also hoping to be able to add diving gear to the range of duty free goods which make Vanuatu a bargain hunters' paradise. Sporting gear attracts between 15 and 20 percent duty, and the only bargains they can offer are buoyancy control vests, which they can import duty free as life vests. An approach has been made to the Government for a separate, duty free classification for sporting goods, in particular diving gear.

The other dive tour operation in Vila itself is Dive Action, run by Keith Beverley, a former abalone and oil rig diver who, like Alan Power, came to the area as a salvage diver. He stayed, built a glass-bottomed boat and took tourists out on it until four years ago when he went to the US and did a three-month diving instructor's course. He now has tanks and gear to hire, operates the 12m dive boat *Island Trader* and offers guided dives and lessons.

About 10km out of Vila and at the start of Mele Reef is Hideaway Island, virtually a mini Club Med (without the excess jollity) dedicated to diving. All-inclusive prices to Hideaway include two dives a day around Vila as well as accommodation in local style *fales* and food. It was taken over and given the diving angle a year ago by Tony and Sue Antoniou, with Tony handling the Scuba Holidays side of things and Sue the Hideaway Island resort.

Antoniou has all necessary gear to hire, a fully-equipped 7.3m Shark Cat as a dive boat, and washing and storage facilities for gear. There's also pretty snorkelling off the island, a few exclusive dive spots and a full scuba course. Dave Ireland of the Cronulla Dive Shop in Sydney uses the seclusion of Hideaway to run combined advanced and wreck diving courses there for already qualified divers. The eight-day course includes 25 hours of theory, diving on 13 wrecks and doing drill in far more pleasant water than Sydney's.

Port Vila itself revels in a surprisingly sophisticated lifestyle, considering its size and appearance is that of a large country town. The most notable feature is the cuisine: a legacy from the French involvement in the condominium of the New Hebrides. Several of the town's 22 restaurants are rated as world class.

The major dive tour operators use either of the two international class hotels — Le Lagon or the Inter-Continental. Diving Tours International has block bookings in a wing of Le Lagon, which give the group virtually its own lawn and beach right on the sparkling, palm-fringed Erakor Lagoon.

And the actual getting to Port Vila is brief and painless. Vanuatu is served by Air Pacific, UTA and Air Vanuatu. The flag carrier offers the only direct service from Sydney, four times a week. Do not expect to be the only scuba diver on board.

ILLUSTRATION BY MARTIN HOFFMAN

THE PERFECT MAN

is this* you *we're discussing? erica jong, author of* fear of flying, *says it all depends on age and experience

THE PERFECT MAN — for any woman — is the man who loves her constantly; fucks her frequently, passionately and well; adores and admires her; is at once reliable *and* exciting; Adonis on earth and father figure from heaven; a beautiful son, a steady daddy; a wild-eyed, Bacchic lover and a calm, sober (but still funny) friend. Can you find all those attributes in one man? Not bloody likely! And if you find them, will they endure for all the various passages of *your* life? Still less likely.

Given this problem, what's a woman to do? Having two or three men simultaneously would seem to solve the problem — if it didn't create so many logistical snafus. What happens, for example, when lover number one and lover number two decide to arrive on the same train for the same weekend? What do you do about birthdays and

Christmas? Or Hanukkah, for that matter? A partial solution to this problem is to have one WASP and one Jewish lover — with perhaps a Zen Buddhist or an atheist for good measure, so holidays can be staggered. But then *you* stagger, too. Because the fact is that nobody can spend 100 percent of her time getting laid, arranging to get laid, administering t.l.c. to a variety of men with a variety of needs. And what woman worth her salt wants to be involved with a man whose needs she cares nothing about?

A divorced male friend of mine recently said, "When I was married, I spent perhaps 20 percent of my time getting laid. Now that I'm divorced, I spend 85 to 90 percent of my time getting laid." There's the problem in its essence: putting together one perfect man out of two, three or four slightly imperfect candidates is just too time-consuming and exhausting. We are finally driven to monogamy not by morality but by exhaustion. One candidate wins out over the others, and we succumb to the blandishments of one perfect — we hope — man. This solution has on its side convenience, honesty, simplicity and stability. But does it have stability on its side? Divorce statistics show that monogamies tend to be serial; that sooner or later both spouses begin playing around; and that most children born today can expect to grow up in single-parent households by and by (or to become somebody else's step-children). The old European system — if one can call it that —of stable marriage accompanied by a series of fairly stable liaisons starts to look better and better when we consider the wreckage of our lives, and our children's lives, under our shambling "system" of serial monogamy.

A beguiling young man once said to me, "Marry as often as you like, but promise me I'll be your only lover." He was paraphrasing Oscar Wilde, but his wistful plea had true longing in it: the longing for some stability in an unstable world. If marriage no longer provides that, then perhaps our love affairs will. I treasure the fantasy of marrying and marrying and marrying, yet having only one lover through it all. But fantasy it is. I am neither young enough nor foolish enough nor unscathed enough by divorce to want to endure the psychological wreckage of splitting up yet again. That leaves me, like everyone else, in search of the Holy Grail of the perfect man — wherever (and whoever) he may be.

Knowing full well that life is too surprising, rich and strange for love ever to come in the form of a prearranged, predictable, prefabricated model, I nonetheless feel the temptation to put together a sort of police composite of the perfect man.

OK. He's beautiful — but not without some craggy imperfections in his features: a nose that once was broken or slightly crooked teeth, perhaps. He's enormously intelligent but never pedantic. Most important of all is his sense of humor. He can laugh in bed. And though he's indefatigable in bed, he's not obsessive about sex. He doesn't think of it as a performance and he doesn't have a constant erection, nor does he expect his woman to berate him. He's relaxed about sex, has a sense of fun about it, is passionate without being priapic. Those qualities are rare in a world in which sexual performance has become as obligatory as sexual abstinence (or the pretension to it) once was. The worst by-product of the so-called (but probably misnamed) sexual revolution is the substitution of performance for passion. For many men, sex has become just another area of dire competition. One young man of 24 —the son of a writer friend of mine — confessed to me that from the age of 16 to 21, he never "allowed" himself to have an orgasm with a woman because he was so concerned with pleasing his partner:

"Here were all these women like you and my mother writing all these books and articles about how men were so insensitive to women's needs. So I figured that the main thing was to give the girl as many orgasms as possible, I got so *controlled* that I couldn't even come myself. Now I just say, 'Fuck it.' Let's bring back the John Wayne image of manhood — when men could prematurely ejaculate and not care!"

What this young man — in his supposed nostalgia for the John Wayne image of manhood — didn't realise is that no man of John Wayne's generation could have sat at a dinner party at his mother's house having such an intimate conversation with his mother's friend. Something *has* changed forever in men as a result of the sexual revolution and the women's movement, and that change can be summed up as greater openness. Not only are men able to talk to women about sex but men of 20 or so and women of 35 or so often wind up talking themselves right into bed — an explosive combination long celebrated by French novelists and moviemakers but curiously neglected in the supposed land of opportunity. Even so, no one (of *any* age) seems immune to performance mania. Our society, having collectively decided that sex is acceptable (if not quite optimal) without love, seems to have replaced the desideratum of endless love with that of endless erection. When sex becomes as competitive as racquetball or the stock market, surely some essential quality has been lost.

My perfect man, then, is not a slave to performance. He doesn't ask, "How'm I doing?" in bed. He doesn't have a nervous breakdown if he can't get it up one night, and he is secure enough to know that he is liked for his brains and his humor and not just for his cock.

What other qualities does he have? Generosity, tenderness, a willingness to be wrong occasionally, a sense of playfulness, a recognition that the best sex happens when the partners share each other's fantasies. He doesn't have to be rich; his generosity can take the form of making eggs Benedict on a Sunday morning or chopping firewood or sending roses when I feel rotten. He isn't judgmental; he doesn't throw fits about stupid stuff, such as taking wrong turns in the road or how I have my canisters lined up on the kitchen shelf. He is mature enough to know that life is too short to spend in acrimony over trivia. He doesn't borrow my classic car and wreck it, and he gives me a back rub if I've had a lousy day. He doesn't run off and fuck my best friend if I'm neglecting him because I have a deadline (writing *The Perfect Man* for PLAYBOY), and he can amuse himself happily, not spitefully, if I'm on a business trip. He adores children and dogs but doesn't necessarily try to woo me through my child (my dog is altogether another matter). He doesn't demand fidelity of me if he isn't prepared to give it himself, and he doesn't get involved in sex games he can't handle (such as telling me it would turn him on if I fucked his best friend and then clobbering me — or leaving me— because of it). He is honorable emotionally. He has that old-fashioned quality, integrity.

He is reasonably unambivalent emotionally, so you know where you stand with him, and he doesn't blame others for his own fears and inadequacies.

Does this paragon exist? "Actually, the perfect man is Mel Diamond, a dry cleaner in Flatbush," says a friend of mine, "but he doesn't want it generally known for fear he'll be ravished by swarms of hungry women." (If anyone actually named Mel Diamond is reading this, rest assured that my friend's choice of your name was pure coincidence. Lie back and enjoy the swarms.)

●

"The perfect man is someone you love who also loves you," says psychologist Mildred Newman.

"If I had to single out one quality," says singer-songwriter Carly Simon, "I'd say it was a sense of joy."

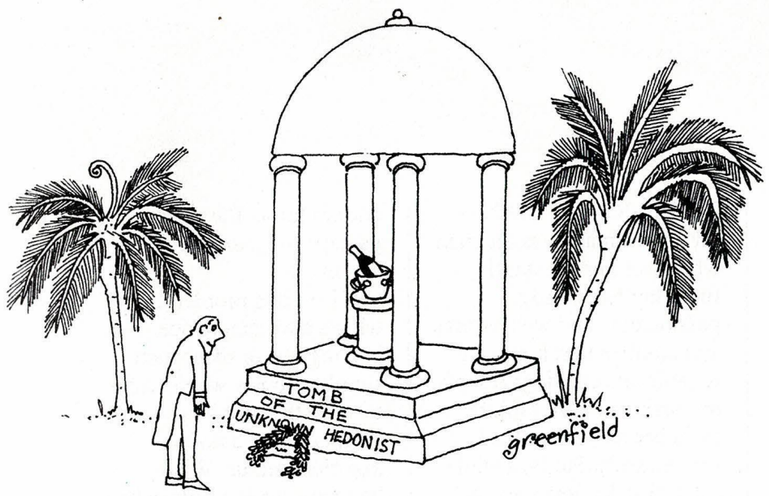
"There is no such thing as a perfect man and no one even gets close," says Helen Gurley Brown. "The way to be a happy person is never to even try to attain perfection! It is totally absurd to think there is such a thing. Having said that, I'll say that the perfect man overtips, undercriticises and would not run the air conditioner in winter."

"The perfect man is in touch with his vulnerability and love; he has softness and tenderness and is not afraid of his feminine side," says Diane von Furstenberg. "Also, you find him only when you're not actually looking."

I agree with all those definitions of perfection. "Perfection is terrible; it cannot have children," wrote Sylvia Plath in one of her *Ariel* poems. She was alluding, I think, to the fact that perfection is final, closed and has no room for growth. And certainly, when we search for the perfect man we know full well that if we found perfection it would be quite inhuman. We love people, ultimately, for their humanity — not for their perfection but in spite of their imperfection. A man who was a perfect ten in looks would terrify me. When I think of the men I have loved most and the things I found most endearing about them at the height of our passion, I always think of their small imperfections: a crooked front tooth; slanting, shaggy brows; eyes of slightly different hues. Even Quasimodo would be lovable if he had the right smell and touch.

Which brings us to another one of the great imponderables of life: why does one person's smell turn you on while another's smell repels? Is it all a question of pheromones or of decisions made in the DNA before our conscious minds even have a chance to cogitate upon them? Furthermore why does one person's touch excite while another's does not? These things baffle me more and more as I continue through my life. Surely I have chosen my mates capriciously or badly, since all my three marriages proved perishable. Or *have* I chosen badly? Was it just that I chose different travelling companions for different stages of my journey, and because my calling as a writer made that journey complicated, the travelling companions could not necessarily be permanent ones? That fairly optimistic explanation pleases me more than the notion that I am forever doomed to bad or neurotic choices.

My first husband was a fellow student at a time in my life when my studies were of paramount importance to me. We read Shakespeare together in bed and immersed ourselves in medieval history, 18th Century literature and old movies. We were soul mates at one period of our lives, but then our souls changed. My second husband represented stability, order and sanity at a time when I was diving down into my unconscious to retrieve my first real poems. I needed him to haul me up when I felt I was succumbing to the rapture of the deep, and he fulfilled that function well. Once I learned how to do it for myself, his role became more and more artifact, and his



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other deficiencies — his humorlessness, in particular — became more and more apparent.

My third husband shared with me the longing for a child (which we had), the passion to create a life around reading and writing novels while rearing a daughter. For a time, we were also powerful soul mates; but then, too, our needs (and our souls) changed. Is this failure or a complex kind of destiny? I prefer to think of it as the latter. Each of these choices had its own peculiar logic at the time it was made. The fact that the union could not endure doesn't really invalidate the choice. Each of the three marriages had its joys. The third, in particular, had six years of great happiness before the final terrible year of pain.

Perhaps my life has been more complex because of the blessing/curse of becoming a celebrated writer, a public figure, a lady whom the media have sometimes chosen to see as scandalous; but in essence, I believe that my fate (and the stages of development through which I found it or it found me) has not been so very different from that of other women of my generation.

Raised to believe we needed men as parental figures, we grew up into a world in which, increasingly, we had to assume burdens our mothers would have thought of as "masculine": earning a living, managing money and taxes, not to mention shovelling snow and changing tyres. We often found ourselves more capable of nurturing men than of finding men who could nurture us. Raised to believe ourselves weak (and in need of male support), we increasingly found ourselves strong. The men in our lives, we discovered, often depended on us more than we did on them. We started out looking for daddies and often wound up finding sons. We were ready to enjoy the deliciousness of that kind of relatinship but saw, too, that it did not come without a price tag attached. What eluded us, most often, was finding true partners.

In this hegira from the search for daddies to the finding of sons, I have been very much like many women of my time. In my 20s, unfledged in my career, I married a father figure; in my 30s, well established in my career, I felt free to choose a man merely for his sense of joy. When *that* proved to have its own problems, I hesitated. Perhaps I would never again find a true partner.

I think it is usual for women in their 20s — especially ambitious, committed career women — to marry men less for their sexiness and *joie de vivre* than for their sustaining, supportive, daddy-like qualities. Having achieved professionally, though, we chafe under the commitments we've made to Daddy, and we want soul mates, beautiful boys, luscious young men, without regard to whether or not they can pick up the lunch tab or remember to telephone when they say they will. Some cynics see this as a role reversal, women taking the prerogatives men have had for years, but I see it as a logical development of women's growing emancipation. For centuries, women had no choice but to sell their sexuality for social status. Now that we can earn our *own* social status, our sexuality has suddenly become very precious to us and not a thing to be bartered.

"Does this mean that women have their own version of the whore/Madonna split?" Nancy Friday asked me when I discussed that theory with her. "Must it always be either/or?" I wonder. The perfect man would surely *combine* beautiful boy and steady daddy, but — alas — that combination rarely happens in life.

"The sort of men who buy one life insurance are never much fun in bed," my novelist friend Fay Weldon says.

Ah, but one wishes they were! True, most successful women will opt for *joie de vivre* and sex appeal over life insurance — we can buy our own life insurance — but still, every long-term relationship requires reliability as well as a sense of joy. There are problems with all relationships not based on true equality; sooner or later, an unequal partnership has to become equal or break down. (If, for example, a woman gets involved with a much younger or much less successful man, either he has to grow to become an adequate mate for her or the relationship will founder.) Some of the loveliest love affairs seem doomed from the start, and maybe their savor comes from their essential brevity, but it is nevertheless easier to make things last with a true partner.

Where on earth does one find a true partner? A tough question, since at this evolutionary stage in the relations between the sexes, women are often more enlightened by their lives than society permits men to be. Still an underclass, women have all the insights of an underclass: a self-deprecating sense of humor that punctures pomposity; a view of the overclass from the ass up, so to speak; a social perspective that only an outsider may have. All those things force us to grow.

Men, on the other hand, continue to constitute an overclass — as proved by the fact that they do not even *consider* themselves a class but merely representatives of humanity. They still tend to be coddled by women, from their mothers onward, and they are deprived of the chance to have their pomposities punctured. Some exceptional men overcome this, but many do not; they merely slip into the grooves society has prepared for them and go their way in blinders. Of course they're confused by female strength and female freedom, and of course they're vulnerable — more vulnerable in certain ways than women. But they have not seen their entire world turned upside down in this generation. Female sexuality may astound them, but the society in which they function is largely ruled by members of their own sex.

I do not at all mean to imply that one gender or the other has gotten a rawer deal from the sexual and feminist revolutions — incomplete as those two revolutions are. Both sexes have been shaken to the core, and both sexes are reeling from the shocks. Whether men or women suffer more is not the issue. The answer is not ascertainable, I think. But, for a variety of reasons, women have been made to have certain insights into society largely unavailable to all but the most empathic, artistic and intelligent men. It is, therefore, terribly hard for most women of my generation to find true partners. Not bed partners nor fun partners but men who will shoulder burdens equally with us and also possess that quality of joy that Carly Simon — and I — so treasure.

Ah — the dream of the true partner. He is, after all, the perfect man. Do we find him? Or do we train him? Do we grow him in our gardens or import him from the moon? And if we find him, will he go mad at 25 or into a depression at 30 or wind up fucking baby-sitters at 40? Can we love him without coddling him? Can we make demands on him without being left? Can we find a balance between giving and taking? Can we receive as graciously as we give?

Our analysts tell us that the answer lies within ourselves, that when *we* are ready, the perfect man will mysteriously come along. It all sounds very Pollyannish to me. I have known women who were ready for years — so ready and so self-reliant, in fact, that they judged men by standards of perfection impossible to meet and, eventually, they got used to being partnerless. They even discovered that they liked it. The journey remained, but the travelling companions changed. The true partner had eluded them for so long that they stopped seeking him. Perhaps that is not such a bad solution to life, after all. As an inveterate and confirmed marryer ("Strait-jacket me and lock me in a closet," I say to my secretary, "if I ever announce I'm marrying again!"), it surprises me to find myself thinking along such self-reliant lines. I love men and can't imagine life without them, but I also feel that I never again want to make one man responsible for my happiness, my identity, my mood changes. I never again want to believe that I can write only because I know that my lover (or husband) is downstairs to give a hug when I quit and to say, "What a paragraph!" or "What a couplet!" For most of my life, I have used men as emotional support systems. Strong and self-reliant to the outside world, I secretly believed myself incomplete without a partner. Now I am exploring the notion that completeness comes from within the self. Maybe only when one finds real self-reliance can one be a true partner and thus find a true partner. Or maybe one finds a series of partners, each of them true for a time. Or maybe it is folly to try to decide any of these questions in advance. Maybe, as the proverb goes, the journey, not the arrival, matters. Maybe that is as true of relationships as of life.

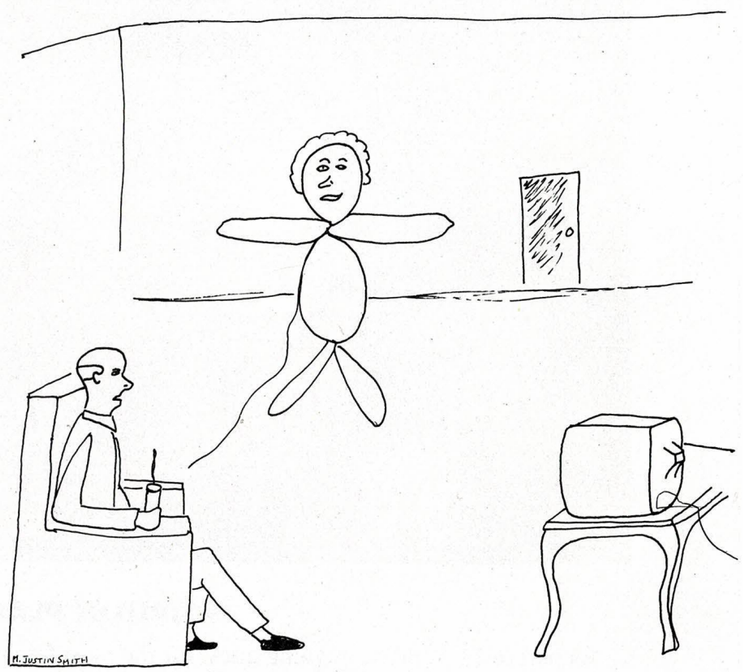
All relationships end eventually, if only (only!) through death. Finally, we are alone with ourselves, our own souls, our own self-reliance. Friends of both sexes may temper that aloneness for a time. Children may temper that aloneness for a time. But ultimately, our souls are what we have, and those souls must be strong enough to go it alone if need be.

The best quote on the perfect man I received from any of my women friends came from Nancy Friday, and I give it here, knowing that it applies equally to women and men:

"The perfect man sees the best in you — sees it constantly — not just when you occasionally are that way but also when you waver, when you forget yourself, act like less than you are. In time, you become more like his vision of you — which is the person you have always wanted to be."

"Yes!" I say to that: yes, yes, yes! But even if one is lucky enough to find that in a man, one must also know that such faithful mirroring may not last forever. One must, finally be one's own best mirror. One must talk to oneself in the mirror. One must learn to say the supportive, nurturing things the world may not necessarily be saying.

Oh, how I wish I could find that perfect man who always mirrored the best in me! Even the queen in *Snow White* sought him, with what fatal results we know. Still, the greatest security and joy come from finding that vision of one's best self *in* oneself. The perfect man helps one along in the process, but finally, we hope, that vision of self becomes so secure, so unwavering, so nourishing to the soul that one can be a loving and generous mirror for others too.



"I think I would have gone mad without you, Mabel."

Three star brandy wins five stars.

reviewed
T.S.T. 3 star
★★★★★
An excellent brandy.
A younger style with
clean fresh character.
Vigorous. Displays good
wood character, new,
and lovely blended pot
still flavors.
Cha

Australia's national wine magazine, Winestate, recently asked leading wine-makers to taste and review a range of brandies. Tolleys T.S.T. Three Star scored impressively and not merely by a nose.

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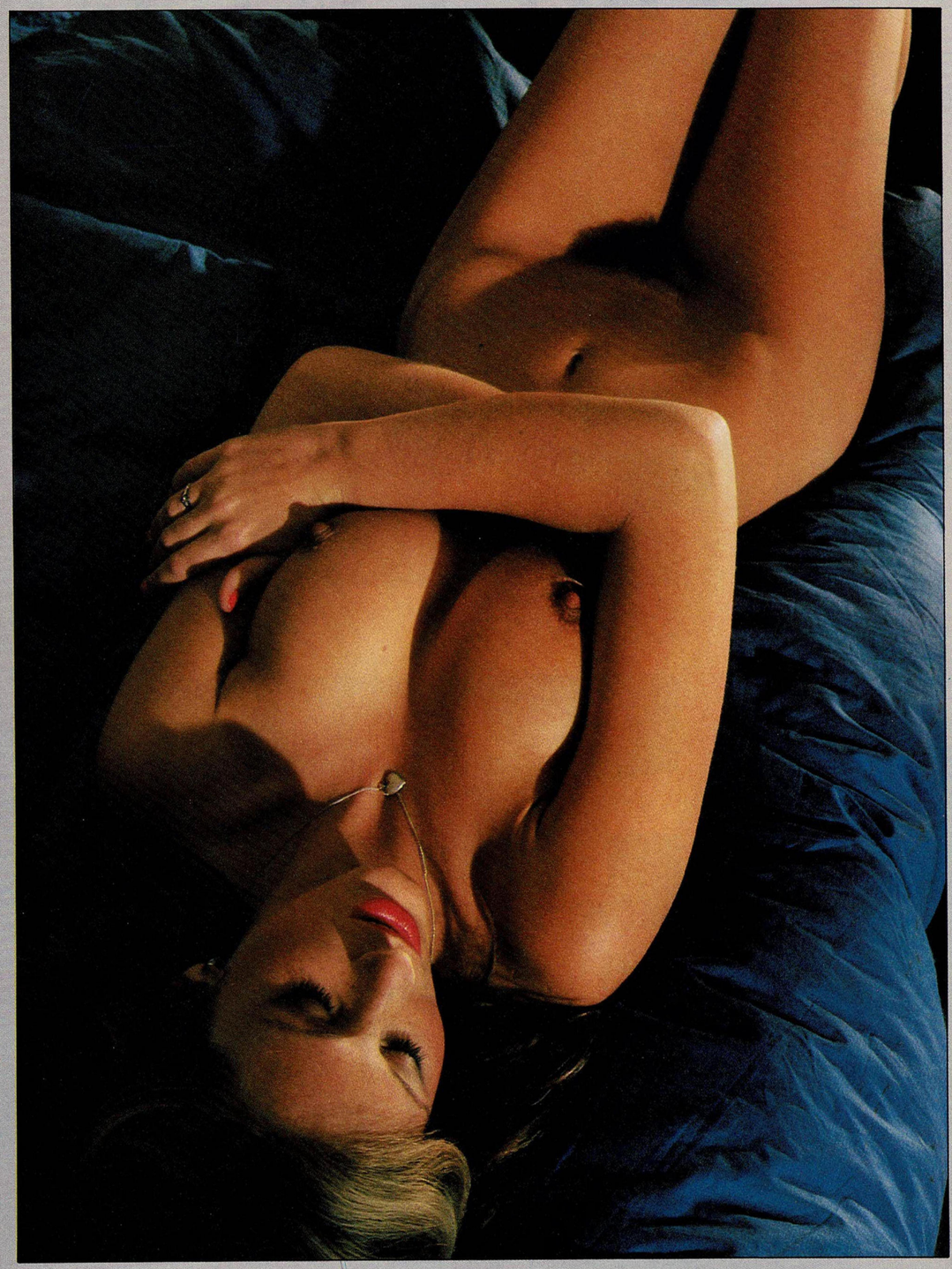
JEFF DUNAS · PORTFOLIO

WORLD OF PLAYBOY

As part of PLAYBOY's ongoing quest for the most fetching females to put on film, photographer Jeff Dunas is doomed to wander the globe, camera in hand.



WORLD OF PLAYBOY

Glorify, if you will, the foreign correspondent, travelling salesman, career diplomat — but the roving cameraman has a gig that, for exotica, is hard to beat.

Like any top photographer, Dunas shoots roll upon roll of his subjects, from which our editors and art directors cull the most evocative (and provocative) poses. The three ladies of this pictorial, Faith Shaunessy (left), Julie Dawn (centre) and Brinke Boehning (right), were shot on location in Scotland, Wales and West Germany, respectively.

Finding a girl who looks as good on film as she does in person isn't always as easy as it may seem. But it can be done — as this delectable trio proves.

WORLD OF PLAYBOY

Next stop for Dunas — Cannes, perhaps; Portugal hasn't been done for awhile, then there are the ladies of Rio. No sooner is she photographed than she's a memory — but the image lingers.

ACTIVE LOUD SPEAKERS

playboy's resident audio expert, richard timmins, reports on the future direction in speaker design

NEXT TIME you go into your friendly neighborhood hi-fi store, don't be surprised if everyone's talking about active speakers. They're not new and they're not always better, but they *are* being hailed by the world's top audio equipment makers as the future direction in speaker design. In most cases, active speakers look the same as the more usual "passive" variety; their price depends on how you define cost-effectiveness in terms of achieving ultimate performance, and they are almost exclusively confined to the more esoteric extreme of the audio market. Before we can appreciate the active approach, we need to understand how hi-fi speakers are designed and compromised to make them practical and affordable.

One thing that's just about impossible to do in a loudspeaker is to persuade a single diaphragm to reproduce (in a reasonably accurate way) the full range and variety of musical sounds. One or two examples of single-diaphragm speakers have emerged over the years; generally these have been superb in some areas and awful in others. A single-diaphragm speaker must be fairly large to give reasonable bass performance, and this tends to spoil any ability to provide a satisfactory stereo image. Also practical problems are posed, such as accommodation in a room and structural self-integrity. In other words, using existing technology, a single diaphragm speaker cannot reproduce music accurately, or at least not as a practical cost-effective proposition. The familiar solution is to produce a system of diaphragms housed conveniently in a box, each designed to handle a particular portion of the frequency spectrum. A so-called two-way system uses two "drive units" — one invariably larger than

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JERRY SELF AND TRINNYS

the other — carrying out the task of reproducing all frequencies below a selected frequency. These are often called the "woofer" and the "tweeter"; the latter handling all frequencies above the chosen turnover point. The turnover point is the frequency where one drive unit leaves off and the other takes over. This situation causes problems such as the need to ensure each unit is complementary in terms of output level, and that at the actual frequency (the turnover point) where both diaphragms are operating, output from each diaphragm is perfectly synchronous, to avoid excessive distortion of various kinds.

It's also necessary to make sure that each drive unit receives only those frequencies assigned to it. This is essential to avoid the confusion of sound that could result from one diaphragm operating in the part of the range assigned to the other (although such strict territorial rights are not easy to achieve). The separation also prevents damage to the high frequency unit — a light, delicate device — by the application of the high electrical power that arises in bass-frequency signals.

To do this, a crossover is required, and this is where, in my view, the vast majority of speaker problems arise. A crossover is a filter system performing the frequency range splitting function, and while the concept of the filters themselves is almost pathetically simple — calculation of the component values involves some of the simplest basic formulae in the entire audio field — the reality is most certainly not.

From the outset, the low and high frequency drive units in any one speaker system rarely correspond in sensitivity, so attenuators must be introduced to compensate for the level mismatch. These are usually applied to the high frequency units which tend to be more sensitive anyway — which is just as well because attenuation of low frequency energy results in more power converted to heat; you could even make your toast for breakfast this way.

Next, a smooth transition from one unit to the next is required. This is difficult because all filters operate progressively, output energy diminishing only gradually beyond the turnover point; inevitably each unit must encroach on the area of operation of the other. This would not be such a problem if the overlapping output signals corresponded in time, but they don't, because any filter must introduce a "phase shift", which is simply that the time of an event changes. The greater the rate or slope of attenuation, the greater the relative phase shift becomes. What you often hear as a result is a distorted mish-mash instead of music.

Of course you can compensate for many problems in a number of ways, but usually there is a trade-off which may give an even more unpleasant result. And certainly passive cross-overs absorb a great deal of power (quaintly referred to as insertion loss), thus reducing the basic efficiency of the speaker system.

Finally, the components used in the filters can react with each other, the drive units and the amplifier, and even with the interconnecting cables, especially if your amplifier is a long way from the speakers. Multi-way speaker systems create enormous design problems, and the more times the frequency spectrum is split (as in three-way and four-way systems), the more often the same problems are repeated. I don't believe it's possible to make a passive speaker that sounds good using more than one division of frequencies because the multiple filters needed in three-way systems do tend to react very severely with each other. This reaction can vary dramatically according to the power level applied, negating the superficial advantage of using drive units which otherwise would be preferable.

Active speakers look similar to their passive counterparts because both have multi-way designs. The difference lies in each drive unit being fed from its own amplifier and the frequency division is carried out *before* the power amplification stage, using what is often called an electronic crossover. The advantage here is that the audio signal is still at relatively low level, the filters can be more easily designed to give the precise characteristics required and can be far more easily isolated from each other using "buffers" to prevent mutual interference. Circuits can also be included to compensate for the phase-shift problem, and there are absolutely no obstacles to using drive units of widely-varying sensitivity, because a simple volume control in the relevant amplifier can take care of any discrepancy in level.

The upshot is that the crossover can be far more complex without introducing the unacceptable power losses that would occur in a passive system. Additionally, the design of the power amplifier for each drive unit can be greatly simplified because it has a far easier load (of the electrical variety) to drive. Furthermore, because there are fewer losses with the elimination of a passive crossover, the power output capability of each amplifier can be reduced by a very significant amount. Any amplifier designer will tell you how much easier it is to design a low-power amplifier that sounds good, especially when the demands you make of it are relatively simple.

Active speakers have been heralded by some as "a designer's dream" but I much prefer the comment by designer Bob Stuart whose Meridian M2 (which a Texan could well consider appropriate for the rear parcel shelf of his Lincoln Continental) is ". . .a speaker that could not have been made using passive techniques. . ."

Bob Stuart certainly has a point. From the starting point of his mighty M1, the original Meridian active speaker, he has developed a range of remarkable designs, superbly styled by his co-director, Allan Boothroyd. The tiny M3 is a genuine bookshelf-size system and is a truly representative example of what Bob Stuart calls the "Inter-Active" approach. You can accommodate a pair by moving a few paperbacks from your shelves and the M3 is actually designed with shelf-mounting in mind (most such speakers work best on special stands). But what is really so surprising about the M3 is the incredibly easy quality of its sound at dramatically high volume levels.

The most recent addition to the Meridian Inter-Active range is the M10, an almost indecently beautiful design possessing all the favorable characteristics of compact speakers (particularly in terms of stereo image resolution) but with the punch and power of a champion heavyweight. The lady is your life will love these speakers too — no mass of trailing wires, just a single signal cable and power cord to each speaker from the elegantly simple 101B control unit; there's also a matching FM radio tuner.

So far the Meridians are almost unique in their totally-integrated design, but there are other fascinating models on the market. Prominent examples are the Linn Isobariks — originally a passive system but available in a special version to allow connection of the necessary three stereo power amplifiers. Specified electronics are by Naim. It's an "ultimate system", astronomically expensive by the standards of garden-variety audio gear but, like the Meridian components, fine value if you have a good collection of records and aim to enjoy it to the full. Linn produces two other speakers, both basically passive but capable of "activation"; these are the Sara (apparently named after the designer's daughter) and the Kan, a mini-bookshelf.

The Linn speakers are unlike the Meridians in the sense that "dedicated" amplification isn't actually built into the boxes themselves, and this is the case with the vast majority of active speakers currently on the market. Thus you can, if you wish, specify more or less any amplification for, say, the Isobariks, provided you use the appropriate electronic crossover. In general, specialist manufacturers in the UK tend to collaborate (as in the instance of Linn/Naim) to make complementary products while having no tangible constitutional ties.

The American scene is a little different. Various active speakers have emerged over the years but for some reason very few of these have become commercially successful. One of the most promising developments (which only ever reached prototype stage) was Dr Oscar Heil's revolutionary and absurdly good air-motion transformer. This was a two-way system that, despite flaws, sounded magnificent and remains one of the best reproducers of low-frequency instrumental sounds I have yet encountered.

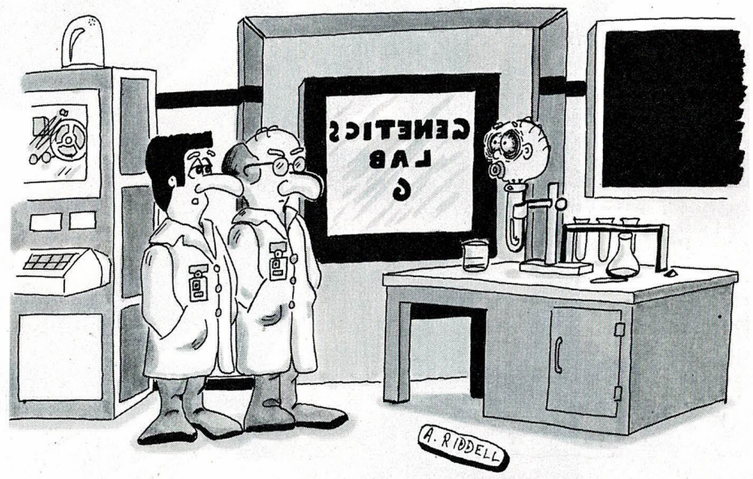
There are also the Mark Levinson HQD, actually an assembly of the famous Quad Electrostatic speaker and the legendary and quite undeservedly underrated Decca ribbon high-frequency speaker, with bass provided by Hartley 25 (referring to their 25-inch diameter) bass drivers. The latter's conglomeration is driven in stereo by six enormous power amplifiers with a mere 25-watt power rating each. I'm told it sounds magnificent and its price makes the Linn/Naim system look like a supermarket special.

A phenomenon that I consider a mid-way point between fully active and fully passive systems is the add-on "sub-woofer". These usually take the form of a low-frequency speaker system, using an electronic cross-over, a stereo-to-mono mixer to add the sub-bass content of left and right channels together, and a mono amplifier. Sub-woofers are intended to augment the output of miniature passive speakers, the lowest frequencies coming from the common bass system. The justification for the single bass speaker is that low frequency sound is omni-directional, but regrettably this is a technical half-truth. In most of the examples of this type of system I have encountered, the add-on sub-woofer has contributed nothing to the integrity of the musical result and has sounded as clumsy as this description of the arrangement. This isn't to say the add-on bass system is invalid. Rogers of the UK developed add-on bass systems (thankfully as stereo pairs) for their famous BBC LS3/5A minis a few years ago and the results were very good indeed. But this development more closely approached fully-active definition despite the use of two-way passive speakers for higher frequencies. Rogers now manufactures a professional two-way fully active design to BBC specification LS5/8 and if you have a large room to cope with its bulk, you might find it well worth a listen.

In my opinion, active speakers are cost-effective. Even though you need several power amplifiers, the cost of these is offset by the saving in expensive passive crossover components. The power amps themselves can be simpler and less powerful with obvious cost savings while giving equally good — and often superior — results. I don't believe, however, it's worth trying to "activate" an existing good passive speaker simply by adding an electronic crossover and extra power amps (unless the conversion is specially designed by a reputable manufacturer for the particular speaker in question, as in the instance of Isobariks, etc). In spite of the simplification of design that active approaches can offer, there are still existing problems to overcome in the amplifier/drive unit/enclosure chain, and electronic crossovers themselves introduce a variety of new ones.

I'm sure we'll see far more active speakers in the next few years and it's evident that most of them will be designed (on the lines of the Meridians) as totally system-oriented units, to enable the very special benefits of the active approach to be realised without regard for the compromises necessary to produce the passive equivalent of the same model.

"Oh, look! Isn't that cute. . . and he's usually so shy with strangers."



"Don't you think it's about time we took him out?"

Whites

GROG does funny things to people. Take this extract from a news story that appeared in the Long Island (New York) daily, *Newsday*, a few months ago: "A woman whose husband downed a bottle of cheap wine and then raped a neighbor sued the wine company last week for more than $10 million, alleging that the wine caused the attack. Donald F. Bryant of Alton had never run afoul of the police until March 16, when he drank an entire bottle of MD 20-20, often referred to by its buyers as 'Mad Dog', his wife's suit said. Bryant then raped the neighbor. He was later sentenced to 10 years in prison for the attack. . . MD 20-20 is labelled in such a way that the true alcohol contents are not apparent. 'The mild and sweet taste of the wine is deceptive and invites the uninitiated and unknowing consumer to drink copious quantities,' the suit said, 'which subsequently often strikes the drinker with the force and effect of a kick from a Missouri mule.' 'This wine caused the man to do what he did,' said William Cox, Mrs Bryant's attorney. 'It causes personality changes.' " Well, most Australian drinkers may have already noticed that grog can cause personality changes. American wine is

article by robert mayne

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER LUXTON

obviously stronger than our home-grown stuff, but I am not aware of any moves to import Mad Dog to our shores.

Now take our Australian whites — entirely different styles, but more gentle, and in my view, better wines, at least across the board. This generalisation can be extended to cover the Australians versus the bulk of the European whites, too. Not the top white burgundies, the best chablis wines, the finest sweet whites, the top mosels or Rheingau wines from Germany, the pick of the Alsatian rieslings or traminers. . . at their best, these wines are wonderfully sophisticated examples of the best white wines made anywhere. But they are in limited supply, hard to find if you aren't sure of what you're looking for, and even when they *are* available, they're often very expensive.

●

There has been a revolution in white wine-making in this country, and indeed elsewhere, notably the United States, which is frequently faced with similar climatic, grape-growing and labor challenges to those we have in Australia. The result in the USA has been a switch from the famous "three martini lunch" to wine. The Americans refer generically to a medium dry white as "chablis", so I suppose you could say that the trendy thing to have in the best Washington, New York and Los Angeles restaurants today is a "three chablis lunch".

Australians have been enjoying our version, the " three riesling lunch", at least since mid-1975. That was when the white wine sales first outstripped red, the most dramatic manifestation of the end of the red wine boom. To the clever chart-watchers, the end of the dominance of reds had been surfacing since the early-1970s. The causes for this major switch in public taste have been frequently debated, but it seems there are several factors.

The most important, I think, were the technology changes in wine-making itself. From the end of the 1960s, the years of red wine boom, wine-makers could control the temperature of fermentation as they were making the wine. This had a vital effect on the white wines we were drinking: for the first time in a warm or hot climate, wine-makers could retain freshness and original fruit flavor in whites. The wines actually *tasted* like they were made from, say, Rhine riesling grapes. So along came fresh, clean whites such as Ben Ean Moselle from Lindeman's — still, in 1983, the top-selling bottled white.

Here was a country with a burgeoning interest in food, with more disposable income, with a strongly developing interest in things European, with a warm climate and (perhaps a factor which has not been recognised sufficiently in the past) a class of emancipated women with the urge to choose their own booze and the money to buy it. Why, then, was the wine industry surprised when, in the early to mid-1970s, people started rushing whites?

Today, nearly eight years after the crossover of whites and reds on Australian wine sales graphs, we are drinking at least four bottles of white to every bottle of red. It fluctuates with the seasons, with whites naturally selling better in the warmer months. But red wine sales are generally fairly stagnant, with some growth only in the quality end of the market. What signs are there of change? Well, there are indications of a gradual "drying out" in public taste. Our Ben Ean Moselle drinker (having lost his or her virginity with Pineapple Pearl in the '60s or early '70s, maybe), has moved on to bigger, better and more expensive things. After a brief fling with cask and flagon wines, our drinker is now most likely drinking Wolf Blass Rhine Riesling. However he's thinking of changing, because last time he went to a business lunch, the boss ordered Wyndham Estate Chablis. He's beginning to tell himself that his palate is getting drier too.

Rhine riesling is still the grape variety that seems to sit best with the middle of the road white wine drinker. I believe that Leo Buring's white label dry white series, with its distinctive label codes beginning DW, is the greatest across-the-board range of rieslings we produce. Occasionally, it is still possible to get some Buring's golden oldies: one example I enjoy enormously is Leo Buring Watervale Rhine Riesling 1972 DW B13, around $18-$20 when you can find it. Many of these Buring wines (Buring has been a subsidiary of Lindeman's Holdings since the death of the legendary Sydney wine figure, Leo Buring in 1961) come from the hands of Moston Kaesler and more recently from Karl Stockhausen and John Vickery. All three wine-makers have turned out some of Australia's greatest wines.

The white wine business in many wine-growing areas has seen some extraordinarily mediocre whites produced to satisfy the boom in demand.

The Buring DW whites are now produced at the company's Chateau Leonay winery, near the town of Tanunda in the Barossa Valley. The influence of Leo Buring on wine drinking in Australia is considerable, so it's a fitting tribute that some of our best whites today carry his name. Buring was heavily involved all his life with the wine industry, exports and company business. Yet his lasting legacy is probably the development and marketing of a semi-sweet white wine, which he named Rinegolde from the German "reines gold". The wine was produced from Hunter Valley material and made at Emu Plains, 60km west of Sydney, and it became a byword for wine in the 1930s and 1940s. The Second World War gave the wine another boost — a foretaste of the white boom of the 1970s — when servicemen, especially Americans, found it a convivial aid to making friends among the natives.

It is fitting that Lindeman's Wines took over the Buring company in 1962, the year after Leo Buring died (Lindeman's was purchased by Philip Morris, the tobacco giant, in 1971). Few companies were better equipped to take on the job of making fine white wines: Buring's labels have adorned some of our greatest white wines over the past few decades.

Lindeman's are now making their "pop" wines (including Ben Ean) in a giant winery at Karadoc, in north-eastern Victoria. Some fine wines are coming from their Coonawarra plant, but the Lindeman whites with the lineage still originate from the Ben Ean winery. From this scenic winery in the Hunter foothills, come some wonderful dry whites, made largely from the semillon grape, still widely known as "Hunter River Riesling". Semillon with bottle age can be a wonderful wine, almost unique, and Lindeman's is making some of the best examples. Fortunately, for those of us with little patience or well-developed thirsts, the company has a policy of holding back significant stocks of their better wines for bottle maturation. So recently, I was able to drink a bottle of Lindeman's 1965 Hunter River Riesling. The bottle was slightly ullaged (some of the wine had leaked) but it was nevertheless an amazing wine — a lovely, deep but clear gold color, "toasty" nose and a rich, viscous flavor (this wine can still be found in limited stocks, around $25-$30 a bottle).

Most of the Hunter River whites (semillons) have potential to age in this way, although not always to this extent. They are labelled Hunter River Riesling, Hunter White Burgundy and Hunter Chablis, indicating progressive degrees of dryness, and for recent vintages cost around $5.50-$6.00 a bottle.

Very few companies have the size, the faith or the financial backing to hide away large quantities of wines for cellar maturation. Of course you can do the job yourself, and a number of other Hunter whites will come up the same way with patience: Tyrrell's top "vat number" whites, including the Vat 47 Chardonnay, and the elegant semillons, semillon-chardonnay blends and chardonnays from Tulloch's, will usually gain from three to eight years in a good cellar.

The white wine business in many wine-growing areas of Australia has seen some extraordinarily mediocre whites produced to satisfy the boom in demand. Yet there are wine-makers, both large and small, striving to, and often succeeding in, producing good whites. Some of these wines are coming from surprising places: Rothbury has produced several excellent chardonnays from vineyards near Cowra in central western New South Wales, the source of some fine wines under the Petaluma label. Many wine-lovers hold great hopes for Tasmania, where two middle-sized makers have made some good wines over the past few vintages. Heemskerk (named after Abel Tasman's ship) has turned out some stylish cabernet sauvignon reds; while across the Tamar Valley in northern Tasmania, Dr Andrew Pirie has been making some elegant Rhine rieslings under the Piper's Brook label. These are expensive ($8 or $9) but show every indication of developing wonderfully with five years or so bottle age.

Coonawarra, in south-eastern South Australia, has made its name with red wines, mainly excellent cabernets, but the whites are showing signs of great promise now. Wynn's Coonawarra Estate Rhine Rieslings (about $4.70) show lovely acid and, in some vintages, very nice fruit. Lindeman's Padthaway Fume Blanc (sauvignon blanc) is a wine in a similar vein ($6.50).

Two other medium-sized companies making a range of top whites are Krondorf, using fruit from the Barossa area, the Southern Vales and Coonawarra; and Rosemount Estate in the Upper Hunter area of New South Wales. The latter is another company planting in Coonawarra. The whites with these two labels are invariably good, some are excellent. Rosemount's Chardonnay (around $6) is a good commercial drinker and the Show Chardonnays (around $8.70) are very fine indeed. Krondorf makes some excellent Rhines, for example the 1982 Barossa Valley Rhine Riesling, one with intense Rhine-fruit flavor, for about $4.75.

The dry white variety chardonnay is something of a mystery: since Murray Tyrrell made his first chardonnays just over a decade ago, a mere hiccup in the development of a wine style, Australian wine-makers have not been able to work out which direction to take.

Whatever the answer, the public are going for these wines. They can't get enough of them, even at comparatively high prices. Demand has outstripped plantings: less than 500 hectares of the variety is now planted and bearing, with new plantings not yet bearing fruit, covering about the same area again. Compare these areas with shiraz, the dominant red variety, covering 8300 hectares, and 3700 hectares of Rhine riesling. The message seems to be: if you like drinking these full-flavored dry whites, buy good ones and shelve them.

My answer to this problem, because I believe good chardonnays and sauvignon blancs are the answer if you are looking for a full-flavored white before, or instead of, a red wine, is to drink some of the cheaper "commercial" chardonnays and regularly put away small quantities of the better examples. By the better "commercials" I mean wines like Orlando's Chardonnay ($4.60). Orlando also produces a good commercial chablis at around the same level — nice drinking if you like dry full-bodied whites.

Meanwhile, in Western Australia Houghton's has been planting some premium grape varieties at Moondah Brook vineyards, some 80km north of Perth. I enjoy several of the white wines released under the Moondah Brook label — Verdhelo, Chenin Blanc and Rhine Riesling, priced around $5. They have excellent fruit and a delicious crispness to provide rewarding drinking when young. But I particularly admire the recent Moondah Brook Chardonnay and look forward to seeing these on general release soon.

The other "new" areas of the West have yet to fully demonstrate their capacity, but several whites show promise. Among them are a delightful semillon from Dr Bill Pannell's small Mosswood winery in Margaret River (availability limited, even in WA), and Leeuwin Estate's Chardonnay.

Two smallish but talented makers from South Australia also enjoy a high place in my pantheon of great white wine-makers. One is Brian Croser, whose Petaluma labels have enjoyed the worship of the cognoscenti in the past two or three years. He runs a picturesque winery at Piccadilly in the Adelaide Hills, buying in a lot of fruit and going to enormous pains with his wine-making. The results are the Petaluma wines, first a Rhine riesling and a chardonnay, more recently a cabernet sauvignon. The whites are pricey — $9 to $13 or so — but have great and subtle flavors. Highly recommended to keep, if you can find any of them. The other *enfant terrible* of the new breed of young South Australians is Tim Knappstein. His Enterprise winery sits at the northern end of the main street in the pretty town of Clare, in the Clare Valley. Tim's Rhine rieslings (including a late-picked wine and a wonderfully sweet auslese) are full of fruit flavor. The Rhines are around $6.30, an admirable Fume Blanc is $7.50.

Next to Leo Buring, Orlando (owned by Reckitt and Colman of suds fame), deserve kudos for putting white wine at the top of our palate preferences. In 1953, the Gramp family, which then owned Orlando, took a step which changed the whole business of wine-making. They introduced the technique of pressure and cold fermentation to white wine-making — and the white wine revolution began. Orlando's Barossa Rhine rieslings, introduced in 1953, were epochal wines. I tasted 25 consecutive vintages of these wonderfully good and consistent wines a few years ago, and they were almost universally still clean, fresh and enjoyable: a tribute to sound wine-making, a re-affirmation that *good* whites *do* cellar well for a long time; and perhaps most importantly, that good wine-making combined with technology has given us the mouth-filling whites we can find today.

The strong German influence persists in many of these Barossa bunkers: Orlando,

"Yes, I'm looking for a T-shirt with a little man on the chest."

20 WHITES FOR SUMMER

I've selected 20 whites on the basis of wines I have tasted and enjoyed. The selection is, as far as possible, across the board in price, taste and geographic origin. Some are from small makers, some from larger wineries. Liquor retailers can usually help in tracking down the smaller makers, as can the Wine and Brandy Associations in the various State capitals. The first 15 are drink now or drink soon wines; the other five are cellaring propositions.

DRINK SOON: $3-$4

Orlando Sauvignon Blanc 1982 (about $3.70): An unusual wine, with good, full flavor and delicate wood maturation. Outstandingly good value for the price, even if the minor criticism of lack of real sauvignon blanc style is considered. Attractively packaged in pale burgundy bottle.

Orlando Bin 343 Riesling ($3.99): Another outstanding commercial wine from this master white maker. A blend of Rhine riesling, traminer and muscadelle — a really fresh, attractive and ready-drinking style. Not unlike Hardy's Old Castle Riesling, another favorite of mine in this price bracket, but the 343 is a marginally better wine.

McWilliams' Varietal Chardonnay ($3.80): A successful attempt at a full-bodied white wine at a reasonable price. Lacks the intense chardonnay fruit of the more expensive wine, but excellent drinking and value.

Stanley Leasingham Spring Gully Rhine Riesling 1982 ($4): This is a well-made medium dry white with good riesling fruit. Excellent quaffer.

Lindeman's Traminer Riesling Bin 88 ($4): It's hard to beat the big makers when it comes to making wine with varietal character (in this case the wine *is* made from a blend of Traminer and Rhine riesling) at this sort of price. This is a fresh and fruity job, but quaffs well on hot days. Well made and exceptionally clean wine.

DRINK SOON: $4-$8

Tisdall Wood-Matured Semillon 1981 ($4.80): An attractive dry and oaky style for those who enjoy this sort of wine, and I do. Not as good as the same maker's Mt Helen Chardonnay, but quite a lot cheaper. Will keep, but drinking nicely now too.

Wyndham Estate Oak Cask Chardonnay 1981 ($6): A most drinkable chardonnay from this large Hunter Valley maker, broad flavored and full. Limited cellaring.

Lindeman's Hunter White Burgundy Bin 5870 1981 ($6.00): Another wine with some years' cellaring potential but frankly, I like some of these better-made Hunter semillons (like this one) young, fresh and nymph-like.

Seppelt Black Label Rhine Riesling (1981 or 1982, around $7): An amazingly aromatic, fresh, fruit wine from a big company which has been making a lot of progress over the past few years with white wine quality. The fruit is from Padthaway in South Australia and Great Western in Victoria. *This* is what young Rhines should taste like, provided you enjoy a touch of residual sugar.

Krondorf Coonawarra Rhine Riesling 1981 ($5): Something of the delicious fruit character of the Seppelt Rhine Riesling, but without the heavier price tag. Most enjoyable wine which shows what Coonawarra can do.

DRINK SOON: $8 AND OVER

Leo Buring DWA 15 1971 Rhine Riesling ($22.50): Fairly pricey, but undoubtedly worth it. A wonderful example of an aged Australian aromatic white wine. This is a special show reserve wine which has won at least nine trophies and 23 gold medals at major wine shows. The fruit comes from the Eden Valley, home of much of the most desirable Rhine riesling material. Simply delectable.

Tyrrell's Vat 47 Chardonnay 1979: (Hard to find but if you can locate it, $10 to $15 a bottle): The price from the winery for the current vintage (1982 was released recently) is $88 a case, and grab it with both hands if you can get any of the vintages of this famous wine, labelled as "pinot chardonnay". It is the daddy of Australian chardonnays, a really full-bodied and flavored white burgundy style.

Brown Brothers Milawa Noble Rot Rhine Riesling 1976 ($14): You wouldn't be in a hurry to drink this if you'd seen the slimy, rotten-looking grapes from which it was made. But the resulting wine has infinite sweetness and complexity which takes it far beyond the realm of other Australian stickies.

Lindeman's Hunter River Verdhelo Bin 4365 1972 ($11.90): A most unusual wine, released by the company recently under its scheme of ageing selected top wines. A really impressive and full-flavored dry white from a variety little known for its finesse. Unusual and very good, available in limited quantities.

Petaluma Rhine Riesling 1981 ($8): In fairly limited supply, but there's still a little about. Buy as much as you can afford, as it is a good double — it will last quite a few years, but is extraordinarily attractive drinking right now.

KEEPERS

I have selected these five to lay down and keep — most of them can be enjoyed now, but all will improve with a couple of years in your cellar. The Tyrrell's wine needs three to five years, the Petaluma probably the same.

Saxonvale Hunter Fume 1981 ($6.60): Another attempt to respond to the clamor for dry styles, this is a blend of 80 percent mid-Hunter Valley semillon with 20 percent sauvignon blanc. The result is a wine which has plenty of rich, lingering flavor and was very well made. A short-term cellaring job, perhaps two to four years.

Leo Buring Watervale Rhine Riesling DWJ 18, 1980 ($7.25): Has at least five and probably 10 years in front of it. Watervale is at the mouth of the Clare Valley and produces consistently good, long-living Rhines like this.

Petaluma Chardonnay 1979 ($10.50): Another top wine from Brian Croser, made from chardonnay fruit from Cowra and Coonawarra. In limited availability, but should be a great medium-term (say five years from now) stayer.

Yalumba Heggies Rhine Riesling 1981 ($6.09): Heggies' vineyard is high in the hills behind the Barossa Valley, yielding cool fruit and elegant Rhines like this one. High acid and good fruit combine to give a wine likely to last at least five and probably 10 years.

Tyrrell's Vat 1 Hunter River Riesling 1982 ($66 a case ex winery): One of the most famous Hunter semillons, a favorite of most of Murray and Bruce Tyrrell's faithful customers. *Needs* keeping for at least three years, and five if possible.

like Leo Buring and Kaiser Stuhl, among others, makes better whites than reds. And although they are trying with drier wines and often succeeding, Orlando and Leo Buring continue to do best with the aromatic and sweeter varieties — Rhine riesling particularly. Try Orlando's Rhine Riesling Kabinett, a fruity white with amazingly lingering fruit flavor (about $6.10).

But, there's always an exception to a rule, even with law-abiding Germans, and Wolf Blass is a notable one. Wolfie has marketed a white wine that has captured a very large portion of the Australian Rhine riesling market, but his reds have been consistent show-stoppers. And several of the Blass dry whites now being produced still show he not only has a way with wines, but also a way with wood.

Heading farther east, into Victoria, one other medium-sized wine-maker is worth investigation. Brown Brothers of the tiny-township of Milawa, just south of Rutherglen, has specialised in varietal whites. Perhaps too much so: wine-maker John Brown junior made some 43 varieties of wine last vintage, many of them white. Many are afflicted by a certain sameness of flavor; nevertheless, there are some good wines in the clutch, wines of distinction and flavor. Brown Brothers are on my short list of top varietal wine-makers in Australia. The semillon from their Special Limited Production line (around $5.50) is a good example of a top, full-flavored dry white; so are their chardonnay, traminer and Koombahla Rhine Riesling.

John Brown senior had been at the forefront of the movement to promote varietal wines — rather than "generic" styles such as chablis and burgundy — to Australian wine drinkers. He was making them in the 1930s when they were far from fashionable. He has a number of firm beliefs about how varietal wines of various types should be aged and consumed. One such view is that good varietal whites, such as Rhine riesling, need at least a year's bottle age before drinking. It softens them up, allows the wine to settle and get its act together. Where possible, Brown Brothers store their better whites for a year before release.

"Lie them down for a while: it usually does them good!" There is still a widely-held belief that "white wines won't improve with age". Someone said this to me recently as I opened a mid-60s Hunter semillon. In fact, the wine was amazing, perhaps at the peak of its development. Deciding whether a white should be kept or drunk now is a decision that must be based on a number of variables. These include grape variety, whether the wine has been wood-aged, whether it was a good wine to begin (if not, there's little point in making it worse by tiring what life it has), and your cellaring conditions.

Most of the young Lindeman's Hunter whites and Leo Buring DW series South Australian whites are designed for some bottle age, usually at least three to five years, in some cases five to 15 years. Most of the better chardonnays, those costing, say, over $5 retail, will improve with two to five years. Most of the Coonawarra whites, and many of the better Barossa whites — such as Kaiser Stuhl's admirable Green Ribbon Rhine Riesling (about $6) — will definitely reward you with a rounder, more enjoyable wine if you can keep them a couple of years.

Seppelt's makes a limited range of high-quality whites. I have tasted some fine older whites, mainly Rhines, from Great Western and Drumborg vineyards. Keep a look out for these wines, usually with white labels and bin numbers prefixed with letters indicating the vineyard (GW for Great Western, D for Drumborg, T for Tanunda and so on). Hardy's, using material from the Keppoch vineyard, has been producing some excellent whites worth cellaring for some time: one fine example is Keppoch Gewurtztraminer (about $7), a wine with tremendous depth of fruit and flavor, from a cool grape-growing area.

Even if our national palate is showing evidence of a gradual drying out, there seems to be room for a few "stickies".

There are a number of well-made sweet white wines offered by most Australian wine-makers at present. Even if our national palate is showing evidence of a gradual drying out, as I've suggested, there seems to be room for a few "stickies" in the marketplace. As I rarely drink them (the only occasions being with fruit or dessert), I now have too many in my cellar. This is a reflection of my own fairly dry palate and savory tastes, which is probably a pity since I acknowledge that there are many occasions on which spatlese or auslese late-picked wines could blend in well.

If my experience with collecting sweet whites and not drinking them is reflected elsewhere (this kind of factor played a part in the red wine surplus, I suspect) then there should be some bargains around before long. As there aren't too many bargains in the white wine market-place, this is worth watching if you enjoy a good sticky. Look for Orlando's spatlese and auslese Rhines (the Green Ribbon, as an example, is about $5.75) and excellent but imperfectly appreciated late harvest semillon from the Barossa: this Orlando wine, in a brown bottle with a highly decorative label, embossed with red "wax" seal and purple ribbon, is a top Australian sweet white, also about $5.75.

Peter Lehmann, whose Masterson winery in the Barossa is now tied in with the Cerebos salt empire, makes another fine semillon sweet, labelled as Peter Lehmann Semillon Sauternes (around $6 or so for 1981). Many of the better of these sweet whites will also repay a few years in the cellar.

The closest we've come to the great French sauternes is perhaps the occasional wine from one or two makers which has been affected with the botrytis mould, which concentrates the sweet flavor in late-harvested grapes before they are picked and crushed. Brown Brothers have had a few over the past decade, and they are gems. Most middling and larger makers produce sweet whites; two I have enjoyed recently are the Lindeman's Special Reserve Porphry (the current wine is Bin 5880, 1978 at around $7.80) and a sweet white from The Rothbury Estate made from a blend of late-harvested semillon and a small amount of sauvignon blanc (sauternes style).

●

White wine drinking has gone through a tremendous boom over the past decade. Plantings and grafting of white vines on top of unwanted red rootstocks have flourished. In the hassle to make a quick buck, some very poor whites have been produced: some of this stuff has gone into cask and flagon wines, which has only increased the pressure further to get higher prices for 750ml bottled wines. The consumer is paying a price, in quality and cost, for being able to drink cheap plonk in two-litre glass and four-litre cardboard containers.

Clearly, better dry whites are in demand — chardonnays, semillons and maybe sauvignon blanc, if we can make better wines from this last style. So far, most of them bear little resemblance to the better foreign styles such as the Loire wines (one notable exception is a very nice Montana Sauvignon Blanc from New Zealand, a wine with excellent "steely" flavor and worth a try at around $5 a bottle). The better chardonnays are already rocketing up in price and will clearly continue to do so while demand outstrips supply.

Rhine riesling will continue to be the "standard" pace-setter in the quality end of the market, and we are fairly well served here with some fine wines from stables such as Lindeman's, Leo Buring, Orlando, McWilliams, Seppelt, Kaiser Stuhl, Enterprise, Rosemount, Krondorf, Mitchelton, Hardy and Wynns. We are also seeing some intriguing experiments with "new" white varieties — be sure to try some of the better makers (especially those from Victoria) playing around with small batches of chenin blanc, marsanne (Mitchelton produces a fine example at around $6.25), sylvaner, orange muscat (from Brown Brothers) and verdhelo (from WA). Australia has a long way to go with whites, and we have just set off down the trail. Keep drinking.

DUDLEY MOORE (continued from page 37)

My feelings about an intellectual life are that it's a by-product of an emotional life.

MOORE: Because it was not official, it was called The Fringe Festival. So naturally they wanted a fringe-type entertainment which is why we were called *Beyond the Fringe.*

PLAYBOY: According to legend, Jonathan Miller and Peter Cook wrote most of the *Beyond the Fringe* material. True?

MOORE: Not true. Peter wrote most of it. Jonathan is often credited with more, but Peter was the main creative force. I'd say on a percentage scale, starting with me at zero, Peter probably contributed 67 percent and Jonathan and Alan the rest.

PLAYBOY: You wrote nothing?

MOORE: I didn't contribute a word. I provided music and did musical satires.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't you write anything?

MOORE: Because I was intimidated by the others. Their thrust was political, social, literary, philosophical — every area I knew nothing about. The only humor I could really get into was the humor of my own background.

PLAYBOY: Peter Cook said your contributions to the group were treated with "benign contempt". Did you feel that?

MOORE: Oh, yeah. It was total scorn, thinly disguised.

PLAYBOY: Didn't that hurt you?

PLAYBOY: Sure. I just felt I couldn't contribute anything to this lot. I was always terrified that we'd get arrested for everything we did. I was very timid.

PLAYBOY: Why?

MOORE: Because I didn't know what my rights were. I came from a family who were scared of policemen, librarians, schoolteachers, everybody. There was always a feeling of not really having the right to be wherever you were at the moment.

PLAYBOY: How did Jonathan, Alan and Peter treat that fear? Also with benign contempt?

MOORE: Yes. Even today, the same sense of patronisation continues. Peter says, "I can't understand Dudley's success," and Jonathan says, "I think he can do better." I think they feel I'm a lightweight. . .doing this lightweight material, having this lightweight life, lightweight hobbies and lightweight interests.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever consider yourself an intellectual?

MOORE: I'm a performer. And there is an intellectual exercise in that. I am as intellectual as any of them in an area they don't know fuck-all about — music. To write music is an intellectual activity. Anyway, my feelings about an intellectual life are that it's the by-product of an emotional life. The intellect is the muscle growth on top of the emotional roof, instead of the other way around.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a favorite sketch from *Beyond the Fringe?*

MOORE: I really liked the war sketch, about the so-called romance of World War II. A lot of those World War II stories involved pilots who never returned. So in this sketch there was one scene between Peter and Jonathan where Jonathan says, "It's up to you, Perkins. I want you to fly up in a crate, take a shufty [*have a look*] over Bremen and don't come back!" Peter says, "Well, thank you, sir. Is this *au revoir?*" "No," replies Jonathan, "this is good-bye."

PLAYBOY: When *Beyond the Fringe* went beyond its university setting and opened in the West End of London, how did you celebrate?

MOORE: I literally continued living the same way I always had. I was living in a small room that cost me 10 shillings a week — that's about 90 cents — and I stayed there. I drove a silly little car, a 1935 Austin box car, that I finally had to abandon on the side of the road, whereupon, I bought another car for 40 pounds, that was $100.

PLAYBOY: When *Beyond the Fringe* broke up, you and Peter Cook teamed up together for almost the next ten years doing movies, another stage revue, *Good Evening* and *Not Only. . .But Also* — a hit TV series for the BBC. What was *Not Only. . .But Also?*

MOORE: *Not Only Peter Cook. . .But Also Dudley Moore.* Basically, we did the same type of comedy sketches, the same eccentric humor with some slightly smutty jokes thrown in.

PLAYBOY: Slightly smutty?

MOORE: Well, it *was* the BBC.

PLAYBOY: Did the BBC try to censor you?

MOORE: Yeah, but it was a strange censorship, purely subjective. For instance, we once did a sketch about a confrontation between a script writer and the head of the BBC. The BBC guy was saying, "Listen, you can't say 'bloody' this many times. You've already said 'bum' five times!" Finally the writer says, "All right. I'll drop 'bloody' if you'll let me have another 'bum.' "

This sketch was based on an actual meeting, except at ours it was between tits and bum. We got away with tits although I'm amazed we did. Peter *loved* it when we got away with things. Like the time we talked about a bottle of wine, which, instead of being called Chateau Margaux or Chateau Neuf de Pape, he called Chat-All-Over-The-Carpet.

PLAYBOY: Did Peter again do all the writing?

MOORE: No. He wrote about 70 percent of our material and I did about 30.

I used to build my humor by elaborating on things that have happened to me. Peter's came out of left field.

PLAYBOY: For instance?

MOORE: The Frog and The Peach, a really ridiculous sketch from the Alice-in-Wonderland segment of Peter's mind, all about the only restaurant left where one can find a "very big frog and a damn fine peach".

PLAYBOY: What were the specialities of the house?

MOORE: Frog *a la peche* or *Peche a la* frog. Frog *a la peche* is a frog with a peach stuck in its mouth and covered with flaming Cointreau, while *Peche a la* frog is a peach sliced down the middle to reveal hundreds of squiggling little tadpoles.

PLAYBOY: What about your Bo Dudley character?

MOORE: Ah, yes. That was a take-off on James Brown's song, *Papa's Got a Brand New Bag.* In the sketch, I'm supposed to be one of the great blues singers, who advertises himself as black, although he is actually white. Naturally, I am wearing dark glasses and sitting at a piano. The name is obviously from Bo Diddley — and it's probably how Bo Derek got her name too.

Peter, meanwhile, plays a very upper class BBC-type commentator who, totally mystified by rhythm and blues, has asked me to explain the song to him, literally, lyric by lyric. Peter says, "Now what does this line, 'Mama's got a brand new bag' mean?" And I say, "The darky mother has gone into the bustling market streets of Harlem to purchase a gaily colored bag." He then asks about, 'I'm gonna groove it, we're gonna groove it, all night long.' And I say, "There is some sort of celebration for the darky baby for which the mother will be making some indentations into the bag with a groover, the work of which will take her all night long." Peter than asks about, 'You turn me on, baby,' to which I explain that after the mother says to the baby, "You turn the light on for me, baby," the baby turns the light on, blowing the circuits and causing the whole wigwam to go up in smoke. It is then left to Peter to paraphrase the entire song, which he does, concluding that the moral of the story can be summed up in one question: is it wise to let people go and buy gaily colored plastic bags when they should instead have the electrical wiring redone in their houses?

PLAYBOY: Do you have a favorite Peter Cook line?

MOORE: My favorite line was one that Peter came out with all in one afternoon. We were talking about his wife and he said, "My wife does all the cooking. . .*and* all the eating. She goes down to the well every morning but she is not a well woman." And then I said, "How did you meet your wife?" And he said, "I met her during World War II. She blew in through the window on a piece of shrapnel and became embedded in the sofa. On thing led to my mother and we were married within the hour." There's such a marvellous thoroughness about the whole thing. Very British. Somehow he summed up colonisation, the empire, everything — all in one go.

PLAYBOY: We hear you two had a pretty volatile relationship.

MOORE: I always enjoy Peter on my own but if I'm with somebody else we always get into an argument. There's a video tape coming out of an album we did called *Ad Nauseum.* It's really a document about Peter and me showing the irritability that existed between us. I mean *real* irritability. We've always gotten pissed at each other. Peter's always pissed off with my nitpicking logical mind. And I used to get pissed off at his lack of directness in dealing with people.

PLAYBOY: The Derek and Clive albums are three of the most notorious, raunchy albums in the business. How did they come about?

MOORE: Peter and I wanted to do some material we couldn't do on radio, TV or stage. So we rented a recording studio, went in and basically improvised as we recorded. The first cut — or the first cunt as we say in the vernacular, or the venereal — was The Worst Job I Ever Had. Peter said [*does a cockney accent*], "The worst job *I* ever had was gettin' lobsters out of Jayne Mansfield's asshole. Jayne used to go swimmin' off the beach at Mally-boo and these fuckin' lobsters used to go flyin' up her ass. And I used to have to pull the fuckers out."

PLAYBOY: Peter described Derek and Clive as "two stupid hooligans, bored and angry about everything, who spend all their time trying to outdo each other in areas about which they have no knowledge." What's your response to that assessment?

MOORE: What we basically did on the Derek and Clive albums was speak the unspeakable. Take, for instance, cancer, which Peter and I discussed on the album. The thing about cancer is that it's one of those subjects which, when it comes up, causes everyone to put on a serious face. Everybody fears it because we all secretly feel it's self-induced through anxiety or doubt. I know that sometimes I sink into days where I get so anxious that I conjure up this image of a white-eyed greedy rodent gnawing away at my arsehole. *That's* cancer-causing.

Anyway, even though Peter and I knew cancer was awful, it's still something we wanted to ventilate. And in doing so we got into the most outrageous convolutions until we ended up competing with each other over who had the worst cancer. For instance, Peter said, "I've got cancer of my wife." And I said, "That's nothing. I've got cancer of my whole fucking ass." Then he'd say, "Only that? Well, listen, I've got cancer of the house." And it went on like that until we both got hysterical with laughter. As Peter says, there's absolutely no socially redeeming value about cancer, which is one of its greatest merits.

PLAYBOY: Still, even very open-minded people wince at some of the words and images you guys used on those albums.

MOORE: First of all, let me make a conventional remake: true obscenities are not orifices. Shit and holes of the human body are not obscene, nor is making love or screwing or whatever you want to call it. Pictures of war or violence can be obscene. You know, a woman being handed her husband in a plastic bag in Vietnam. Dreadful. And obscene.

I remember the first time I asked my mother, "What does cunt mean?" Well, she farted, snorted, her head blew off and her arms fell out. She didn't know what to do with herself. She said it was the filthiest word that had ever been invented. Imagine?

PLAYBOY: But both in this interview and in some of your work, you show a preference for the scatological. You really do have a fairly dirty sense of humor, don't you?

MOORE: Oh, sure. I have a very ribald sense of humor, what is conventionally known as obscene. It's always there and it's always been there. It's just my way of thinking. People always wonder how, with this ribald outlook, I can also write such emotional, moving music. They can't put together the feeling swings. Not to make a comparison, but Mozart had a very scatological sense of humor, too. He was always talking about farting and cunts and asses. He had a very *basic* sense of humor. I don't find anything wrong with that. I just love having a fun time, cocking a snook as they say.

I go for women with an overbite and flared nostrils, an aggressive, slightly hostile look. I love the looks of Bardot or Marthe Keller.

PLAYBOY: So is Dudley Moore a serious person?

MOORE: Of course. Very, very serious indeed. Gosh. Absolutely. Profoundly serious. Very, very, very serious. Phew. Gosh. Golly again. Fucking-a serious!

PLAYBOY: What do you find sexy in a woman?

MOORE: I love romanticism in a woman, even though in many ways I strongly disapprove of it. I like a woman passionate and focussed on me, without, of course, drifting into cannibalism. I look for someone who's huggable, has a sense of humor, a lot of feeling and can talk about the crucial things in life: enjoying yourself, dying, enjoying yourself [*laughs*]. You know, "Oh, God, oh, God, I'm coming. Bang, pop. . .ah, done." That sort of thing.

PLAYBOY: What about brains?

MOORE: I don't want a woman who has anything of magnitude or devastating interest to say. Basically, I want someone to have a good time with. Fun!

PLAYBOY: So your women don't have to be smart?

MOORE: Not in the slightest. Or only the very slightest. If I want to be stirred up intellectually, I have my books and my films. It's not important to find that with the woman I'm with.

PLAYBOY: You do seem to have a definite physical type — tall, blonde, gentile. Are you sure you're not Jewish?

MOORE: [*Laughs*]. Well, I married two blondes and am with one now. Actually, I go for women with an overbite and flared nostrils, an aggressive, slightly hostile look. I love the looks of Bardot or Marthe Keller, both of whom have that vaguely toothy quality. And, of course, Susan [Anton] has enough to feed the world.

PLAYBOY: Are you monogamous by nature?

MOORE: No. I am not a monogamous person, although I am with Susan. She has interested me enough for three years to be monogamous.

PLAYBOY: How would you feel if you found out Susan was having an affair?

MOORE: I'm perfectly prepared for anything. I just don't want to know about it. Period.

PLAYBOY: Are you the jealous type?

MOORE: *Very.*

PLAYBOY: How does it manifest itself?

MOORE: Murder and shoving Steinways up people's assholes.

PLAYBOY: This isn't a very gossipy interview, but there *have* been press reports that you and Susan have been having some problems lately. How would you describe the current status of your relationship?

MOORE: We're together. We see each other. We spend days and nights together.

PLAYBOY: What about Elizabeth McGovern, your co-star in *Lovesick?* It was reported that you two got involved during the filming of the movie.

MOORE: I've been known to be very friendly with all my lovely leading ladies and I hope I always will be. But what is it that people are fascinated by, anyway? Whether you put your pee pee in somebody else's pee pee? It's *my* business where I put my Willie Winkie. Nobody else's. They can go wank themselves to death over stories about other people, I'm not going to open my fucking mouth about anything ever again.

It's just the arid sexual lives of most people that makes these supposed sexual lives of famous people interesting. The problem is most people generally aren't doing anything except planting themselves into the vacuum system of their apartments, which I once did myself. And, Christ, it felt good. Besides how can somebody deduce that I'm having an affair with somebody because I'm talking to them at a party?

PLAYBOY: You've been with Susan for three years and, before that, you were married twice, first to Suzy Kendall and then Tuesday Weld. Do you think you'll ever marry again?

MOORE: I don't want to. And I say that with

the greatest love for Susan. Marriage doesn't add anything to my life. In fact, it takes away, because I don't like the idea. It means some kind of respectability that I don't respect, some sort of making a good woman out of somebody, which I think is crass.

PLAYBOY: What was the most difficult part about being married for you?

MOORE: Just *being* married. Just the notion of being married is such an anathema to me that it colors my whole life. I feel starved. I feel as if I'm not available to the rest of the world. . .that I have to curtail my feelings.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about Tuesday Weld, the woman. You know, she's a near cult figure with a lot of men. What attracted you to her?

MOORE: I was very attracted by her waywardness, her devilishness, her unpredictability, her unbelievably aggressive humor. When I bantered with her, she always won. That was half the attraction, trying to win with her. But there was no winning because I was very afraid of her.

PLAYBOY: Afraid of what?

MOORE: Of being rejected, and I think she knew that. Even though she didn't reject me. I've always been afraid of rejection. That's been the primary fear of my life, and, therefore, easy for me to feel in an inferior position a great deal of the time. Tuesday is very sweet and soft as butter, really. But she has these weapons which she uses quite devastatingly. Anybody who responds to them is absolutely finished.

PLAYBOY: What kind of weapons?

MOORE: Verbal. She can wipe you away. She's very funny. I remember one famous argument we had — famous in my memory, at least. We had this escalating fight. And my last literate triumph was to call her — at the top of my voice — "stupid". I yelled, "You're so fucking *stupid!*" Well, she picked up a brand new coffee percolator and smashed it to the floor. And then, pointing at the mess, she said, "*That's* stupid." And for the first time in my life I got the definition of the word.

The main reason we parted finally was because of a constant locking of horns. But we're good friends and, of course, both share our son, Patrick.

PLAYBOY: Patrick is six now, but how did you feel about becoming a father? Did you want children?

MOORE: No. I've always been terrified of children. It's not so bad now, but, frankly, I really don't want children. Now, I'm glad as hell that I have Patrick but for me the first years were not massively attractive. I'm not that sort of person. And before he was born I was worried to death he'd somehow inherit my foot.

There are some men who are wonderful fathers. They enjoy the years of seeing a child grow. But it's not my cup of tea, to put it in a banal way. However, now that he's six, it's increasingly delicious. I used to think children were mainly enjoyable to women but Patrick, well, he came, he saw, he conquered.

PLAYBOY: In between wives and girlfriends, you've covered a lot of ground with women, indulging in what you once called "meaningful one-night stands". What is a meaningful one-night stand?

MOORE: I think you can love everybody. You can have a very deep and loving relationship with somebody —

PLAYBOY: That you've known two hours?

MOORE: Abso-bloody-lutely! If, that is, you're willing to let yourself come to the point of intimacy. I think you can have wonderful experiences with a person you've known for three minutes. By the way, I don't know that I've had that many women. . .only just as many as I could lay my hands on.

PLAYBOY: Jonathan Miller told us that during the *Beyond the Fringe* days, the other guys were absolutely amazed at the stream of women always parading in and out of your dressing room.

MOORE: Yes, well, I did make up for lost time. Jonathan was married, as I think Peter was. Alan didn't seem that interested in pursuing girls at that time, so that left only me. I had a marvellous time. In London, after every performance I'd play in this club from 11 pm until 4 or 5 in the morning. And there were always lots of beautiful girls around. I remember one girl I was absolutely mad for who I never dreamt I'd be able to come to grips with. Well, I finally did and it was such an extraordinary experience.

Just the notion of being married is such an anathema to me that it colors my whole life. I feel as if I'm not available to the rest of the world.

PLAYBOY: Why?

MOORE: Oh, I was just so turned on to her that I couldn't think of anything else. I remember one night, during a performance, I was fucking her in my dressing room. Suddenly, I heard my cue. I was supposed to be onstage but I was just coming. I went, "Oh, my God!" and I ran down the stairs — having just come, of course — and ran on to the stage with my hair dripping wet. I looked at the others and said, "Oh, hi." They just looked at me and said, "Hello?" They knew *exactly* what I'd been doing [*laughs*]. I can't think of anything in life more pleasurable than that.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't it then you got tagged "Cuddley Dudley"?

MOORE: Yes, well, I was called that in the press for awhile. And rather accurately, I might add. For me cuddling is the most exciting thing in the world. I love it.

PLAYBOY: You're obviously more at peace now about love and life than you were back then. How did you get to this point?

MOORE: Through analysis and living and wiving. I wived [*laughs*]. It's just a process. I've been in therapy since 1964.

PLAYBOY: Vis-a-vis your therapy and finding yourself, Peter Cook once said that on your deathbed, you'd be issuing a press release saying, "Wait. I'm almost there."

MOORE: Yes, and he also said, "Dudley has been looking for himself for years. Why bother? *I* found him years ago." You know, I just absorb all these swipes and just keep on going.

PLAYBOY: Do you think there was one overriding influence for the kind of humor that brought you and Peter this far?

PLAYBOY: About 1951 or 1952 Britain had this radio show called *The Goon Show* starring Peter Sellers, Michael Bentine, Spike Milligan, one of the great British clowns, and Harry Secombe, a wonderfully funny basic comedian. Their program was absolutely mad. They gave birth to that kind of humor. We didn't emulate them in any way but there was still this fascination with eccentric humor.

PLAYBOY: Are you in any sense a satirist?

MOORE: That's the *last* thing I am. Satire in its best form is when it's both destructive and constructive. Mort Sahl is a real satirist. He gets enormous enjoyment out of his contempt for things. And for that reason he is very funny even though at times the contempt overrides the joy so much that you don't enjoy him as much as you might.

As for my being a satirist, I'm just a person acting who I am at this point in my life. I'm not making any commentary or any messages. I'm just being myself, even though that is such a fucking stupid phrase. Some people may want me to say there is more to what I do, but there isn't. In all my movies, I basically play myself. *10* was the first movie in which I was comfortable enough to finally play myself, which is why, I think, it worked so well. And now, I basically look for material where I can play myself in one form or another.

PLAYBOY: What's your greatest strength?

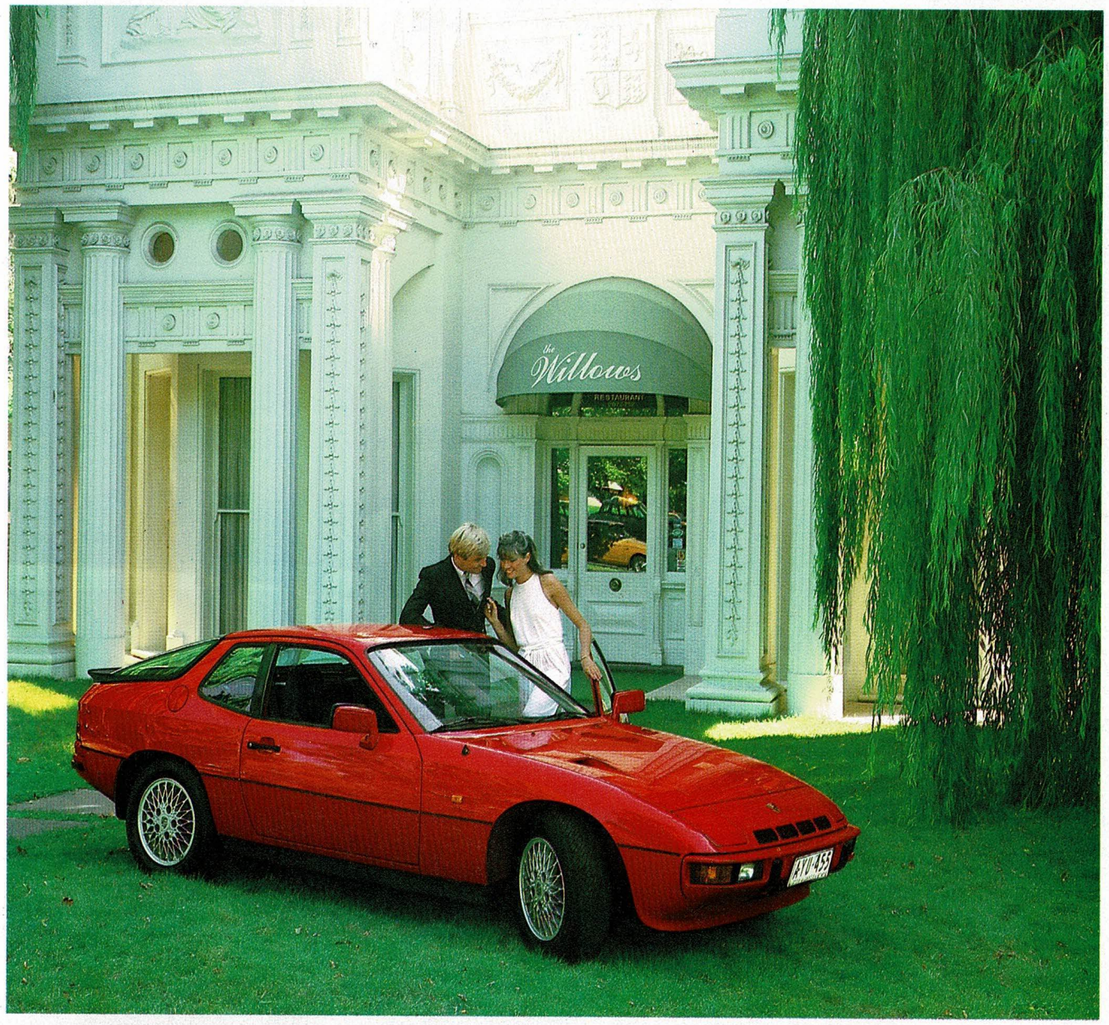
MOORE: I am very stubborn and very sensitive but I also have the ability to put my hand in my chest and pull my heart out. And I don't mean wearing it on my sleeve or brandishing it above my head.

PLAYBOY: What do you think is the biggest misunderstanding about Dudley Moore?

MOORE: My intellectual friends think I'm stupid and my friends who've had very little education think I'm a fucking brain surgeon. Actually, what I really am is a terrific musician and a terrific comedic actor.

PLAYBOY: Words for your tombstone?

MOORE: No. *That* I want to read, quite simply: "He died and rose again from the dead."



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U8440

PERFECTION IN PERFORMANCE eurovox

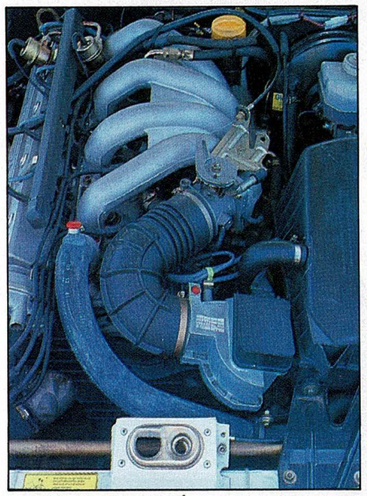
playboy motoring editor rob luck proves the porsche phenomenon — you can go anywhere in the new 944 except incognito

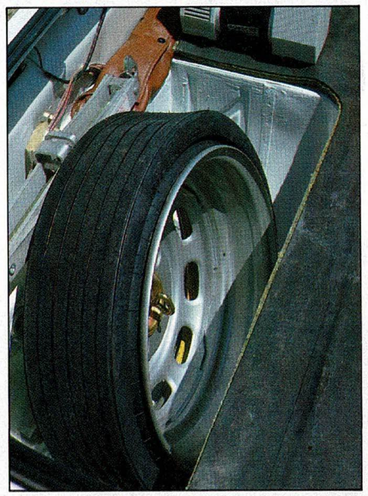
PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICO METTBACH

THE FIRST thing that struck me about the Porsche was the rego: THE 944: A typical John Newell trademark. Always quick off the mark, the NSW distributor snaffled up the appropriate set of THE-series plates without even having to front the $180 annual membership to the California-style number-plate club recently introduced in NSW. The next thing that struck me was that I was completely surrounded by police vehicles. Detectives in innocent-looking Commodores humping board racks and concealed aerials parked coyly in the trees, squad cars hung with all the heavy artillery road-blocking the cliff-top avenue where the Porsche was now parked. There was even a "bear in the air". Even as a victim, this made a pretty impressive sight. It all ended peacefully enough. No siege, no weapons, not even a loud hailer. I simply showed the papers to The Boys and they agreed it was not the stolen Porsche they were looking for and they called off the dogs. But, it left me with one clear impression — you can't go anywhere in a Porsche without being seen. The 944 is a radical redevelopment of the 924, the first front-engined Porsche, and most controversial car ever built by the Zuffenhausen factory. Porscheophiles dubbed it a non-Porsche. All the same, the cheeky, conventional budget-built Porsche with its pussycat Audi 2-litre engine was the most successful Porsche in the company's history, propelling the Schwabian firm into a whole new dimension of volume sportscar building. But, as a design revolution, it was simply a very fine stopgap. The Weissach Engineering team that prided itself on initiating every inch of every vehicle built at Zuffenhausen, knew that the future would have to bring a total redevelopment to keep pace with the market demands, and smooth the way to the eventual replacement of the classic 911 series, currently in 930 (or third generation) concept. This is the result — the fourth generation Porsche. The 944. To any Porsche enthusiast, it is obvious this car was spawned out of the Carrera GT — an ultimate development of the road-bred 924 Turbo, and a car that has acquitted itself well on the track, particularly at Le Mans where it ran sixth outright in 1981 against unlimited race cars. Visually, the car has the Carrera's voluptuous hips, now smoothly integrated into the metal sheet instead of nailed-on race-style like the Carrera's wide wings. It also wears an adaptation of the Carrera "full frontal" skirting, formed in bounce-back GRP polyurethane, skimmed with a revolutionary paint process compatible with this fully-flexible material. Combined with the bulged front guards, the car has an hour-glass figure, deeply waisted at the doorline, with unusually smooth-fitting bumpers, sculpted rain-gutters, and rear rubberised spoiler to break the wind and provide an overall drag coefficient of 0.35, one of the best in the world. The race-crafted lines must have "race me" written all over them as this car brings out the worst in Australians in the dreaded traffic grand prix. Porsche seems to have anticipated this and provided the car with a "whacker eliminator" — you just press down on the little right pedal and "the problem" immediately gets relegated to a spot in your rear vision mirror. This is especially useful for disposing of noddys in all sorts of machinery who mistake the car for a trumped-up 924. In reality, the car is more like a roadracer 924 Turbo, accelerating as fast as that car through most of its range, and particularly urgent in the upper gears. Porsche's all-new big-bore four-cylinder slant engine is responsible for this. Visually, half the V8

that blasts the 928 around, it's an all-new powerplant using state-of-the-art materials (chiefly alloy), breathing (advanced head design) and balancing technology (counter-rotating shafts) to get almost unheard-of power out of 2.5 litres with unexpected smoothness at emission levels low enough to get the car easily under the legislative fence, and produce almost unbelievable economy.

Deciphering specification data is about as tricky as interpreting descriptive anagrams — Porsche has dubbed this the TOP engine ("thermo-dynamically optimised Porsche") — but the engine's real secrets lie in this mathematical maze. The critical data relates to the torque output (pulling power) of the engine, and even a mathematical nitwit can readily see that an engine that produces more than three-quarters of its usable pulling power at 1000 rpm (just a buzz above idle) and all of its torque all the way from 2500 rpm to "outta





breath", has got to be one smooth, hard-charging bull of a powerplant.

This particularly shows up in the automatic version (a disappointing car in areas outside engine performance) which moves off the line so fast that it blows-off big V8s. In the manual five-speed, it translates into total performance. In some 400km of mountain motoring, I couldn't find a flat-spot in the car's performance — not in any corner, on any hill, nor in any gear. This engine propels the 1180kg car to 100km from rest in under nine seconds (under 10 seconds for the auto) and gives it a 220km/h topspeed. It also enables it to drag around up to one and one-third its own total weight in a braked trailer load (1500kg) which has some special benefits to sporting owners, particularly those into boating. Getting economy is something else, and hardly expected for such a high performance machine. But the fuel load is delivered through the Bosch L-Jetronic fuel injection system at the rate of 11.41/100km for the ECE city cycle (25mpg); 71/100km at the ECE 90km/h cycle (40mpg) and 8.71/100km at the high-speed 120km/h cycle (32mpg). Hard-run over this test, it topped-up at 121/100km (23mpg), which lines up pretty well with Porsche's claims.

Using counter-rotating balancing shafts, Porsche says such performance is extracted with the smoothness of a V6 (the standard for silky engines). Unfortunately this claim is not correct as several cars driven produced some vibration between 1200 and 1800 rpm, but were remarkably smooth all the same. Another exceptional claim which has to go untested is that the fuel system is set for life — requiring no expensive service attention to maintain ultimate economy and emissions. And despite a snug fit under the bonnet, Porsche designed the engine for quick access to all the key mechanicals that might need service or rectification work.

By dazzling the market with this new engine development, Porsche could easily have got away with a compromise job on the transmission. A neat solution would have been to splice-in the five-speed from the Turbo 924. But it wouldn't have been a good decision, since the Turbo uses a racing-style shift layout with a "lonely" first gear off to one side and 2-3, 4-5 lined-up opposite each other in the main gate.

Instead, Weissach engineered a new transmission which is bolted up behind the differential to help shift some more weight mass to the rear of the car. This acts as an effective foil to the weight of the engine up front and actually tips the scales in favor of a 50.8 percent rear weight bias.

The engine is coupled to the transmission by a rigid torque tube which houses the driveshaft in a sealed-for-life solution. The primary object of this elaborate device is achieving rigidity while reducing transmission and engine noise and vibration transfer to the body-shell.

A handy by-product is a very positive action to the conventional five-speed gate — quite unlike the "whippy" feel of other transaxle gearboxes such as the Alfa. The same philosophy applied to the automatic version persuaded Porsche to employ hydraulics throughout the system. A torsional drive disc replaces the manual clutch at the front and is hitched directly to the pump wheel of the torque converter. The result is smooth power without transmission hum or buzz, and the auto is even smoother and quieter than the manual.

For enthusiast drivers, the performance and gear-control of the automatic is disappointing, a four-speed obviously offering a superior solution, the three gear disadvantage being further compromised by slow up-shifts, and sudden, roughish down-shifts that can make the back end step out when a shift occurs in mid-corner.

There is a wider gap, however, between the handling levels of the two cars. Both cars are fitted with McPherson legs on the front and angled trailing arms and torsion bars at the rear. Both have rack and pinion steering of the same ratio (neither power-assisted), and both have a front anti-roll bar. Apparently the spring and damper rates are identical. In the two test cars, there were no other significant differences in mechanical weight-masses, yet the automatic was truckish and heavy in the front end and the manual was light, neat and quite neutral.

The difference in wheel equipment would tend to favor the opposite result — the automatic car is equipped as standard with the 185-70VR15 tyre size on 7J cast alloy wheels, while the manual has larger 205/55VR16 tyres on the large diameter 7J x 16 forged alloy wheels. This means more footprint on the ground and, combined with a lower tyre profile, this usually adds up to more turning effort and increased sidewall drag. Yet the manual can be driven fast or slow into any corner with no conscious steering effort. The automatic requires conscious leverage, and a great deal of accuracy, feel and speed is lost simply by the need to hang on to the wheel.

The answer seems to lie in the stabiliser bars. Porsche distributors offer a variety of fine-tuning for the suspension as alternatives to the standard front (20mm) rod. The most-favored are the combination of a heavier front bar (22mm) with a light rear bar, sports shockers, or the combination of both.

John Newell's team found yet another, by applying the optional rear bar to the light front stabiliser and seem to have struck just the right combo for local "fangers". The choice is amplified by the selection of boots. The manual was fitted with 205/55VR-16 Goodyear NCT rubber which is squarer, stickier and more progressive than the standard Pirelli Cinturato CN 36 joggers on the off-the-shelf 15in wheels.

Porsche has a real problem with rubber because of the unique combinations of width, wheel diameter, tyre profile and speed rating required to suit the weight of the vehicle and satisfy low-noise requirements. Surprisingly, the steel-belted NCTs are a good solution all-round, while the Pirellis are heavily compromised for performance without significant gains in noise level despite a nylon-steel-nylon cord sandwich.

The end result was proved on our two test cars. The automatic with its standard footwear couldn't be driven nearly as fast nor as pleasantly in tight conditions, and seems to be aimed more at the boulevardier or autobahnstormer (manual/auto buyer ratio is 70/30).

There's some owner feedback here. Already, at least 40 percent of buyers are opting for a sporty suspension and many for the big wheel/tyre combination. To cope with this, Porsche is developing a new "ideal" solution for the four corners with a forged 15in diameter Porsche wheel and 60 profile high-comp tyre to satisfy both handling and ride objectives. It should be available by mid-year.

There's nothing much quicker than the manual car down a windy road. The useful power band, combined with beautifully selected ratios puts power on tap for every situation. This car simply hungers for corners, lunging between tight turns on mountain roads with the same feeling of brute grunt as a big-bore superbike.

Superlative braking makes for late entry and accurate aim at the apex of a corner, and the car neither understeers on approach, nor swings wide on exit. Putting the power on hard and early normally tightens the radius, but if the car is set up in a slide, the tail can be stepped out and then corrected on the steering. The ride is less simple to describe. On a German autobahn it would probably feel like the XPT. On normal European roads it would be nominated as "smooth and firm". But this test was carried out in Australia, and on a lot of surfaces thrown up by our unloved road-makers, it's just harsh.

Those steel-capped lane separators explode under the tyres like detonators, and a succession of bitumen joins or concrete blocks encountered at speed sound like machine-gun fire under the front wheels. A lot of this is aural effect, but some is transmitted to the cabin in the form of shock. There is no hint of wheel-wrenching, the car is even tolerable on gravel (competition versions acquitted themselves well in European rallies), and big bumps in corners don't pitch the machine off a committed line.

The fit and finish of the vehicles is just magnificent. Panel alignment is faultless, particularly evident around pop-up lights and lift-out sunroof panel. The finish goes all the way through. Every last square centimetre of the Porsche's panels are zinc-galvanised on both sides, the best known answer to rust. Porsche backs this with a seven-year warranty. The quality of preparation goes all the way from primer to final coat and is so good that it is impossible to pick variations in paint quality or finish on the wide variety of materials used in the one basic color — steel, GRP fibreglass, polyurethane and Kevlar.

Maintaining Porsche finish is a constant battle with the environment in this country, but the Stuttgart boffins provide some assistance with special opaque-plastic appliques color-coded to the paintwork and fixed to the lower panel surfaces most vulnerable to stone damage. They work.

For country and interstate trips, the only real answer to gravel-blasted paintwork is a car-bra. Newell offers hand-sewn "full frontal" aprons (size 44, D-cup) for $225, complete with roll-back panels for the pop-up headlights. That's about the price of a quick respray of the front bib, so it's a cost-effective option for grand touring.

Not all the people who drive Porsches can be relied on to employ the four gigantic disc brakes for stopping, so the company adopted some security precautions developed under the guise of secondary safety. Porsche's safety engineering is up with that from the world's innovators, and features such ideas as an immovable windscreen

Those steel-capped lane separators explode under the tyres like detonators, and bitumen joins sound like machine-gun fire under the front wheels.

(rigid in a 50km/h head-on with a concrete barrier) which minimises occupant injury even when belts aren't being worn.

In the standard tests for front and rear impacts, rollovers, angled deflections and side-impacts, the doors not only remain shut, but can be opened and closed afterwards. The interior is padded from floor to ceiling, and Porsche even takes account of car-to-human impacts with two-way hinged side mirrors, and rubber-formed rear spoiler.

Accommodation level of the vehicle is better than it looks. The front cabin area is big, and laid out so that even drivers over 6ft tall don't skim the ceiling. This even applies to cars fitted with the steel sun-roof (about 20 percent of the local market). Most shapes and sizes of drivers can find an ideal position behind the controls. The rear seats are good enough to accommodate children at least 12 years old on even extended trips.

There are also some shortcomings. The instrument layout isn't good enough for real performance driving, even though the tacho is laid-over race-style to give a maximum view of the critical zone. Moving it to the centre would help, but this would obscure the speedo. All-yellow markings are not easily read, either.

The biggest debit is ventilation — unless your Scandinavian blood dictates a requirement for permanent sauna conditions. Porsche has apparently worked hard at achieving good ventilation, employing ideas like a non-cancellable low-speed position for the fan (with three more positions above that). But this has been geared for European conditions and is quite out of step with even warmish winter days Down Under. There is only one satisfactory solution — instant "air". The factory conditioner costs $1630 and only 60 percent of Porsche purchasers opt for it. But my guess is the remainder will be found in a queue outside the service workshop come summer.

Porsches and Porsche owners come in for a lot of light-hearted flak from the general motoring community. However, that classic comparison of Porsches and Porcupines (one of them has the pricks on the outside), probably comes about from the sort of superior attitude you adopt just by getting aboard. Apart from the expensive feel, and the way in which heads swivel in salute as you pass there is a certain kind of fiscal satisfaction in motoring about in one of these things — a sort of constant pat on the back to boost the ego and remind you of how clever you have been with your purchase. That part of the image is no illusion.

Porsches are not expensive to buy in this country. Not unless you make comparisons with other countries. This is daunting. The example you see here can be prised out of Mr Newell's hands with a mere $33,972 or thereabouts. The same car in Germany fetches only about $16,000 and in the US, about $18,000. Even so, the initial purchase price is practically the last expenditure you have to make on a Porsche in order to be able to afford one for the rest of your life. This is because the retained value is generally 100 percent of the original purchase price three, five, eight or more years down that very pleasant road you drive after purchase.

Stepping into a similar-specification car may not involve the exchange of hard currency — except in your favor. Stepping up can sometimes be achieved for less outlay than the average family man makes on a mundane changeover. Of course, most Porsches are bought on leaseplan. For business-people with varying degrees of success, the affordable monthly tariff has the bonus of earning deductions from the Federal Treasury annual accounts. Moving from one model to another at this level, is generally closely coupled to the success of the particular business enterprise. Most importantly, the vehicles don't attract unbelievable service and tuning chits.

The nett effect is that most of the "upwardly mobile" generation who lust after the Zuffenhausen zoomers justify their little luxury on the grounds that if you can't afford one, you can't be doing too well. A sort of modern day socio-economic metre-stick. And quite right, too.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROBBIE NEWMAN

DOWN ON THE RIVER

women love men who take them boating, or so clyde strange contends

DID THE BOAT move for you, too, darling? I asked. "Yes, it did," she replied flatly, reaching for the covers. "It was the wake from a speedboat across the bay." Ah, boats. And the smell of the salt and the sea. Stirs a man's blood — and what does it do for a woman? By God, I am here to tell you that a night or two on the waters is a more potent aphrodisiac than any drug, cream or strong drink known to man. A night or two on the waters *with* the aforementioned drugs, cream and strong drink is getting near what we had in mind when we thought up this Playboy Weekend series. In the way of wooing a woman, it is a ploy second to none. Anchored in a quiet bay, golden moon on

Make it a Gordon's and...

Tonic.
Refrrreshing! Ice in a short or highball glass, pour Gordon's over, add tonic as you will, drop in slice of lemon.

Orange.
Tropical twist. In highball glass mix 1½ parts Gordon's and 3 parts orange juice, with ice, garnish with slice of orange on side of glass.

Bitter Lemon.
Smoothness with a sparkle. Fill highball glass with ice, add 1½ parts Gordon's, squeeze in wedge of lime, fill glass with bitter lemon.

Grapefruit.
The Cooler. 1½ parts Gordon's over ice in a short glass, fill with 3 parts grapefruit juice, add a dash of salt.

Creme de Menthe.
The Grasshopper. 1 part Gordon's, part each green and white Creme de Menthe, shake well with ice, strain into cocktail glass.

Ginger Ale.
The quencher. 1½ parts Gordon's over ice in highball glass, twist in long sliver of lemon peel, pour on ginger ale and stir.

Lime.
Cool and quenching. Pour 2 parts Gordon's and 1½ parts lime juice into shaker, add ½ teaspoon of sugar, shake well with ice, strain into cocktail glass.

Apple.
Delightfully mellow. 1½ parts Gordon's, 2 parts apple juice, pour over ice in highball glass, add just a sprinkle of cinnamon.

Water.
au naturel! Pour 2 parts Gordon's over ice in a glass, add 1 part water.

On the Rocks.
Taste the distinctive difference of Gordon's. But pour slowly!

American Martini.
The driest of dry, and to many a tradition. 5 to 10 parts Gordon's. And just a whisker of dry vermouth (1 part. No more!)
Stir gently with ice and serve with an olive or twist of lemon.

World's largest selling gin.

It's got to be Gordon's.

AB 1877/82

UDGO-0457

the rise, Buffett on the tape-deck, corks a poppin', shellfish galore. Listen. Nothing. Well, almost nothing. Putt-putt-putt-putt. . .fishermen coming inside with the last whispers of the sea breeze. Midweek on the Hawkesbury, north of Sydney. A pleasant place to be.

Enticing though the idea of taking to the waters may be, in the recession-riddled 80s only the very mad and the very rich would even consider the purchase of a boat grand enough in which to pass the time in the appropriate manner, ie not rowing. The pleasure boat as an investment may have been the go in the last years of the mineral boom, but these days $200,000 is a lot to have tied up to a wharf.

For this reason, boat rental companies have proliferated in recent years wherever there are waterways simple enough for morons like myself to handle. The magnificent Hawkesbury is one such waterway, meandering as it does harmlessly down into the Pittwater. Sealed at one end by the imposing presence of Lion Island and real waves, and at the other by increasing narrowness (forgive me if my familiarity with nautical terms is confusing to the neophyte), the Hawkesbury is almost foolproof. I say *almost* because there are sand banks, too many moorings in some bays, and waterfront restaurants which sell intoxicating beverages.

And, I must admit, there is something about the gentle roll of protected waters which makes one pine for lusty rum concoctions while drinking fine champagne, and vice versa. So it is not wise but fun to bring plenty of both. As with cars, there are certain codes of conduct on the water which are not only considered sporting but which carry severe penalties for non-compliance. Driving a boat while ripped out of your skull is apparently somewhat frowned upon, particularly should it result in loss of life, or worse, damage to a rented boat. Therefore, thrill seekers, a word to the wise: don't plan to travel very far. Find a bay where you can be normal without offending more than 50 other people and stay there. One bend in the river is much like another anyway, and boats are for escaping, not travelling.

We chose Akuna Bay in Coal and Candle Creek as our launching pad. Here, at Clippers Anchorage, a rental service called Skipper a Clipper has a staggering array of cruisers for hire at reasonable prices. Well, they can be reasonable if you use your head. For example, in peak summer season a weekend on a fairly cramped flybridge cruiser will set you and your lovely back $395, and that's before you load the thing with booze and lobsters. Now, if you can find another couple of similar inclination (come on, you can't be the only depraved person you know) and if you can juggle your days off into the middle of the week, you could be looking at three days on a luxury 34-foot clipper for just over $600, split two ways. So you save a hundred bucks, you've got a bigger boat and an extra day. And all you have to do is keep the peace with your friends. They won't be going anywhere, whether you'd like them to or not.

I speak with some authority on this matter of sharing boats. Determined as I was to make this jaunt on the waterways a steamy affair full of unbridled lust and passion, I thought it would be nice to have a mate along too. I checked out our cruiser ahead of time to satisfy myself that there were indeed two separate cabins a decent space apart, but just to be safe I didn't mention the matter of company to my lady. We all met at the marina and, after some confused conversation, started walking towards the same boat.

Everything worked out okay, of course, except that after we had made a sizeable dent in our supply of happy-ade, the chaps seemed to be at the pointy end talking about sport and sex in loud voices, while the ladies had adjourned to the other end to talk in loud voices about. . .well, I don't know what they talk about. Sport and sex?

So, for a while there we had a waterborne Australian barbie in miniature. But none of this mattered once we had our sea legs and had plotted our course, which formed a straight line (roughly) between the Cottage Point restaurant and the quiet waters of Refuge Bay.

We found it very pleasant and relaxing to wine and dine in the sun, fight about who would pay the bill, fight about who would row the dinghy back to the cruiser, then putt-putt-putt back to Refuge Bay where we could open some red and start to fight in earnest.

This sort of indulgence can't go on forever, of course. You run out of booze, money and things to fight about. But when the sun's beating down on your backs and the serenity of the river is interrupted only by the shrill squawk of your loved one making her point, then the uncorking of your very last bottle and the realisation that the end is near come as a rude shock.

The boating weekend I've outlined here is, I admit, somewhat sedentary. I make no apology. Some adventurous folk will tell you that you haven't really "done" the Hawkesbury until you've explored its every twist and shallow, bay and bridge. Nonsense. It's the feel of the river that's important. To me, there is no more magical nor more nautically evocative sound than the lapping of the tide against the hull of a stationary boat.

And there can be few more romantic sights in this world, viewed from the captain's bridge, than that of a good woman hauling in the anchor.

GETTING THERE: *Akuna Bay is a 40-minute drive from the city of Sydney, but Skipper a Clipper will arrange transport from your hotel, or from Sydney Airport. For bookings or information call (02) 450 1888, seven days a week.*

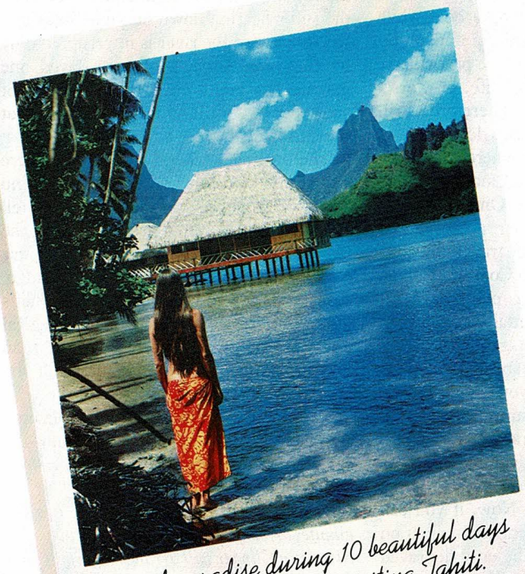
JETABOUT'S ALTERNATIVES TO THE AVERAGE HOLIDAY AFFAIR.

*Manila for 9 days & 7 nights from $754 ex Sydney & Brisbane and $872 ex Melbourne. I fell in love!**

QH708

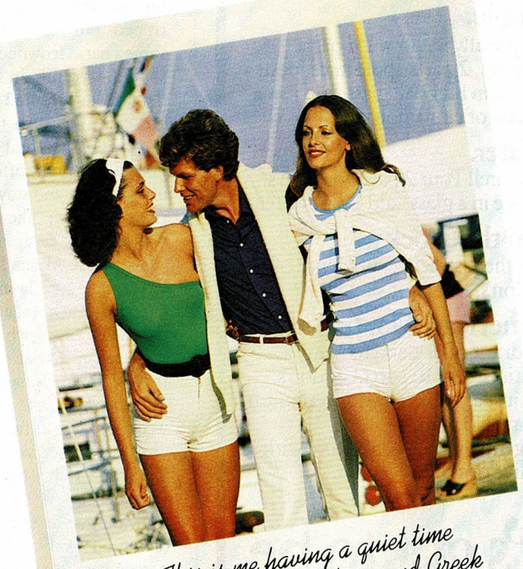
*I learnt new tricks windsurfing in Hawaii— imagine 16 days—from $1399 ex Sydney, $1451 ex Melbourne and $1541 ex Perth.**

QH306



*I found paradise during 10 beautiful days and 8 glorious nights visiting Tahiti. From $800 ex Sydney.**

QH802



This is me having a quiet time during my 8 day Athens and Greek Island cruise—from only $636.

QH147

QFJ 2873/L

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QFJ 2873/R

LOGGER RHYTHMS *(continued from page 41)*

He'd just bared his soul, to a stranger. He was out of work for the first time in 14 years; he was helpless.

signs of poverty: no paint peeling from houses, nor gangs of able-bodied men drifting aimlessly.

"It hasn't hit home yet, because while ever a bloke's got a few bucks in his pocket there's hope," opines Graham Pheasant, one of the town's two jewellers. "Not that they're still coming in *my* shop," he grins.

He says he used to do quite a trade in pewter mugs and goblets, going away presents bought by the mill social clubs. "But then there were more going than staying, and I haven't sold one."

They're a taciturn lot these country people, unwilling to admit to strangers that life has dealt them a brummy hand. I walk up and down the tree-lined streets, past the neat houses with drawn blinds and tidy lawns. For a town with one in 10 out of work and more on short-time, I expect to see more idle hands than I do. Oh yes, I do see quite a few blokes working around the house — painting, gardening, what-have-you. No, no, they're all right. Just home for lunch, they say. A couple are still home "for lunch" when I pass a couple of hours later. You can take away his job, his money, his *raison d'etre*, but he will cling to his pride.

"You know," one man too proud to give his name tells me, "you know there are all sorts of high and mighty reasons, but then you think, why me? Why me, and not him? Is there something wrong with me? Don't I work as hard? Don't they like me? You try not to think of it, but it preys on your mind — there's nothing else to think about — except worry how you're going to pay your debts. Anyway, nice talking to you. I gotta run."

To where? It *wasn't* nice talking to me. He'd just bared his soul, to a stranger. He was out of work for the first time in 14 years since leaving school; he was helpless, a grown man as helpless as a school kid.

Where could he go? There's no work in the cities; the farmers are in the middle of a drought, although by the jing there's plenty of fences need mending, if there was any money to pay for them. The dairy factory closed down aeons ago, and the way they're talking about quotas and that up at Batlow, there mightn't be a real lot of work in the cannery this year either.

Okay, so the banks and building societies will probably let things hold for six months. And then what? It's still a matter of wait and see. A lot of the trouble, they say, is cheap imports from New Zealand. Government-subsidised imports — dumping. There's an investigation into it now. It's been going on for some months, and is likely to be going on for a few more months. And then what's going to happen? Nothing probably. It'd just shift the unemployment from Tumut to New Zealand.

Maybe interest rates will come down, and people will start building houses again. Maybe.

It's not that you can blame anyone, although there are some fine theories. It's the Mt St Helens volcano, some say. The volcano knocked down hundreds of acres of forest, so the American foresters quickly sold off huge stacks of logs cheaply, to the Japanese. So the Japs trimmed their imports from New Zealand. New Zealand timber makes up only one percent of Japan's imports, but Japan represents one-fifth of the Kiwi export trade. So New Zealand just had to sell its timber to Australia: either that or suffer badly.

Some have blamed wage rises, although this cannot be really countenanced. The mill-hand's basic rate of $215 gross per week has had only CPI increases these past few years. Electricity bills have doubled, and this hasn't helped. The royalties the millers pay Forestry for the timber has increased, but then so have stamp duties, haulage rates, diesel. . . this, that and the next thing.

So no one is going around muttering about the evil bosses, or pig-blind union officials, or do-nothing politicians. Er, well, they are actually, especially about the latter, but it's not real loud, and it's not going to lead to demonstrations or anything. Everyone knows it's a problem of the *whole* economy, and they've just got to cop it. There's nothing to be done.

Still, they haven't given up trying. And people do help you out. 'Tubby' McAlister, running a family and paying off a house, was given a go as a faller by one of his mates. Three days in the job and he bounced the chain-saw on his leg. A few stitches and he was back at work the same day. Young and tough, you see. Some of the older blokes are finding it harder. Noel Annetts has rung around the timber districts of Australia, but they're all in the same down-swing.

There's a young bloke out at Gilmore selling wood grubs. These are excellent cod and trout bait, and there are a lot of top-class fishing spots round Tumut. Indeed, three blokes walked in the Wynyard Hotel the week before with three Murray cod bigger'n the men carrying 'em. Of course nobody really believed the story they told about them (seeing there are certain provisions of the fishing regulations which may or may not have been pertinent).

Anyway it seems this wood grub selling idea has caught on. All you do is find a willow tree and hack about under the bark. A good tree will fill a lot of buckets. At $20 a hundred grubs, that's not too bad. There's a bit of talk about it down the RSL Club. It's a new lurk, along with fox-skins and rabbit-shooting: a bit better than beer money (but don't tell the Social Security).

Richie Greene — a faller with a belly that indicates it's been a while since he revved his chain-saw through a tree — reckons this wood grub caper would be the go. He's got a mate, Norm Base, who'd just started on falling when the industry went dead. Base is a big lanky bloke, one of those who wears a T-shirt all year round, looks like he's made of re-bar.

Now Mr Base reckoned he knew just the spot, so Messrs Greene and Base betook themselves one afternoon on dusk to same. Mr Greene surfaced the following afternoon at the RSL.

"Find anything?" I enquire.

"Yair — six grubs and a helluva hangover."

Somebody else got himself a box-trailer and visited one of the local shearing sheds to collect the sheep shit gathered underneath for sale down in Canberra as garden fertiliser. As in many of these ventures, the participants prefer anonymity — something to do with the dole. The Government encourages initiative among the wealthy, but punishes it when practised by the poor.

Anyway, the last heard of the sheep shit scam was that the promoters were still saving to buy the petrol to cart the stuff to Canberra — and somebody's missus was not too happy about the firm's stock still stuck in the backyard.

Other blokes are trying tomatoes, vegetables and other more exotic agricultural endeavors. An even more speculative venture is gold — the region is auriferous and many of the locals are descended from gold-miners.

One night, in the back bar of the Commercial ($12.50 a night and the run of the kitchen — real country comfort) a young fellow is showing us how he yodels — quite well too — and the publican's wife is playing a few bars of Liszt on her 18th Century violin. A grisly old cove, with a face like a rolled-up echidna and dressed like the laboring man of 1920, bravely ignoring the eisteddfod, mentions gold.

The yodeller stops, and asks the whereabouts of this mine.

"I know how to find it, my dad showed me," he says.

The old man fixes him with watery eyes. "Don't you worry about it son. It's a drug, gold is. Any you find'll be spent hunting for more," he hisses.

Nevertheless, half an hour later, the young bloke and his mate are plotting a panning trip up to Adelong.

It's moments like these when you understand the true happiness included in the opening words of Tom Collins' classic of Australian literature, *Such is Life*: "Unemployed at last." Where is the tragedy in eating corned beef and mustard pickle sandwiches in the spring sun with a baited hook waiting in a deep hole and a farthing's worth of fool's gold in a glass phial? Or listening to Slim Dusty tapes at night, burning the logs you gathered that day and drinking the cheap and potent grappa made from the recipe your dad brought with him from the old country?

All life's a lark, when you're young.

●

The pine has bought a big change to the timber industry. It used to be "a tree here, a tree there" sort of thing — a craft, even an art. But with row after row after hillside after hillside of pine trees, all straight and the same age, it's just like growing wheat, except it takes a bit longer.

Pinus radiata is the accountant's delight: knock down the old messy tangles of superb timber and rubbish, stick in the pine, and 40 years later turn it into cheap mass-produced furniture for the working classes. Instead of mills you can have factories — although don't call 'em factories, the blokes still have some pride. In the long term, everything works out fine. In the short-term any problems crop up, you just turn off a tap here and there.

This is what's happened in Tumut. A few short-term problems, a few taps turned off. You turn them on later. Maybe.

The APM mill was a big one, but still largely labor-intensive, unlike the PGH mill, which is highly mechanised. Yet APM had production figures just as good as PGH.

"The place was run on morale," says Terry Landsdowne, who used to manage the APM mill. "It was just like a football team. You'd put up the day's production figures on the board and the next shift would just start straight in and beat 'em."

"APM has made a lot of money out of that mill, a lot of money. I don't know whether they'll get the same team spirit when they start up again," Landsdowne comments.

If they start up. It's an old mill, and APM have plenty of others, newer ones. APM is having its troubles, and so's ACI, the corporate giant that owns PGH. But they won't go broke. There's enough fat there to hold out the winter. Even this business of New Zealand timber is not such a great monster because both APM and ACI have trans-Tasman timber interests. They'll still be around when the blizzard stops. The blokes in their fifties and sixties may not be.

"Joe" Hogan used to grade and stack the cut lengths of pine as they came off the turn saw at PGH. A bush worker originally, he traded the hard and variable life of shearing and fencing and digging dams for the regular income and steady work of a town job when he was 40. He'd been with PGH for almost 15 years. Not long after lunch on Friday, August 13th, his foreman told him one of the bosses wanted to see him.

"I found him standing among the stacks in the shed," Joe recalls. "He just handed me my pay and said that I'd find my long-service payments and all that there. He said that 'that was it'. I asked why and he said, y'know, they'd run out of storage space and couldn't keep producing the way they were, that they had to cut down. I was just stunned. So much for your loyalty," he says, his gnarled fingers twisting around his gnarled thumb.

In a way Joe is lucky — his house is paid for. It's a nice little house — new and neat and clean, with carpet and hi-fi and color television. When I called to see him, he was sitting at the bare Laminex table overlooking the backyard, last night's paper in front of him. He was slow to answer the door.

He's been looking for work, but is not real confident. He is 56, and since the sacking has been sick. He went to a doctor who did tests and told him he'd had a coronary.

"I suffer chest pains, but I thought it was the bronchitis. One of 'em must've been the heart attack."

"Ulcer?" I ask. He nods. "Been playing up lately?" He looks grimly straight ahead: "More than that — this has played up with me whole life."

What's there to do? He doesn't know. The lawn'll need mowing again in a minute, but. . .

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BBSI-13

MICK JAGGER (continued from page 60)

If somebody really wants to get you, they'll get you, but I have carried guns on tours in America. . .

have been there for donkey's years — one is in London and one is in New York. If you want me you just phone the office and ask for me. When I'm not on tour I've got time to shoot the breeze about things if someone came to me with an idea for publishing a book or whatever it was.

20.

PLAYBOY: Is it true you always carry a gun when you're on tour?
JAGGER: Oh, that was a line I gave that girl interviewer — she had to have something!

21.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you frightened of somebody taking a pot shot at you?
JAGGER: Well, you can't, I mean, I don't live in fear of it, no. You've got to be, like if somebody really wants to get you, they'll get you, but I mean I have carried guns on tours in America, you know. . .you might need it one day.

22.

PLAYBOY: What was the last book you read?
JAGGER: Well, I'm re-reading De Quincey's *Opium-Eater,* and some Aldous Huxley. Also, I like to read biography, especially when you're on the road because you can pick it up and put it down.

23.

PLAYBOY: Do you enjoy gossip?
JAGGER: I suppose I do. I'm a bit of an old girl. And I love to see girls talking in the bathroom.

24.

PLAYBOY: Are you friendly with sports people?
JAGGER: I hate name dropping. I mean if you insist. . .I like Ian Botham, the cricketer, I get on well with him and spend time with him.

25.

PLAYBOY: Would you like to do more acting?
JAGGER: I'd love to do some acting but I don't really get very good parts offered to me. It's really a tough one — because there are better actors around than me, and there's a lot of fucking good actors out of work, can't get a fucking job. I mean Dustin Hoffman never worked for three years because he didn't find anything that was decent. Dustin fucking *Hoffman!*

26.

PLAYBOY: Have you seen *Performance* recently?
JAGGER: No, I haven't seen it for eight years. I hope to do a movie with Hal — we bought this book of Gore Vidal's called *Kalki.* It's an old one, not new. It came out, what, three years ago and Gore wrote a screenplay on it which is not bad. And after we've finished this concert thing, we're going to try and. . .it's a bit expensive to make though unfortunately, that's one of the. . .

27.

PLAYBOY: What about video?
JAGGER: Yeah, you know it's a cheap way to do movies, really, and I find it fun because you do get involved, unlike with movies, and there's not so much money involved, so therefore you don't have the responsibilities to cover and all that. But financing videos is very odd. You have to make it first as a TV special so people tape it and you don't sell enough to recoup your cost. The Rolling Stones Concert Film video rights are a million dollars — signed, sealed, delivered, I'll take it! That's world-wide though. So there is money in it. But a million dollars — it costs half a million to three quarters of a million dollars to make a really good video. See?

28.

PLAYBOY: Mmm, have you got any phobias?
JAGGER: Not that I can think of.

29.

PLAYBOY: What do you envy in other people?
JAGGER: Well, I don't think envy is a very nice word. I mean, one shouldn't envy anyone anything is the answer to that question.

30.

PLAYBOY: What is your most treasured possession?
JAGGER: My health.

31.

PLAYBOY: Do you have beauty treatments?
JAGGER: Does it look like it?

32.

PLAYBOY: Er. . .but at one time it was said that you spent a lot of time on your complexion.
JAGGER: You must be thinking of Bryan Ferry!

33.

PLAYBOY: Does the future interest you?
JAGGER: Yeah, oh yeah. Yeah, ever since I was a child I was fascinated by science fiction — an absolute freak. . .I was dreaming all that stuff, I read every book in the school library, every book in the public

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library, every book I could lay my hands on. At that time, in the very very early '50s, I mean even eminent scientists were saying we will never go to the moon — ever. . . if I live long enough to go for a whip 'round in the space shuttle or whatever, not that that is the most exciting. . .

34.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of the new micro-chip technology?

JAGGER: Ordinary people like you and me are not quite there. I mean, I've got my computer and all that but — it's not doing enough for me because I'm not doing enough for it. But when, I keep telling myself, when I've got my new space which I'm just moving into in New York, I'm going to make my computer work because my friends are making theirs work, you know. I mean, some of the stuff I don't need. I don't need all that stock market stuff. But some of the stuff I do like — I like satellite communication — I'd like to be able to tune into sort of 180 TV stations in the middle of the Caribbean Sea — for a very modest cost.

35.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a yacht?

JAGGER: No, that's the worst thing to do, that's the way to lose all your money. They're the most expensive thing. It's more expensive than having your own jet aeroplane. The most beautiful yacht you can rent for $5000 a week. Two weeks is enough, so that's $10,000, and like they cost two or three million. No, thank you. And then you've got to have a crew, and the fucking captain, blah blah.

36.

PLAYBOY: By the way, what happened to your tour of China?

JAGGER: Well, it was — the technical things that were — just electricity was such a horrendous thing to organise that I just sort of junked it. . .They were dead into it, the Chinese. I mean Jean Michel Jarre went and did it all and he had horrendous problems.

37.

PLAYBOY: What happens if there comes a point when you think, oh God, I don't want to do another tour, another record?

JAGGER: Then I don't do one. Then it comes back again. But I mean if you're saying permanently. . .Nothing, really. I mean, I'm a very lazy person. I can have fun for quite a long time. A very lazy person — I'm very happy just sitting in the garden reading a book and watching cricket on the telly. I can do that for quite a long time.

Inevitably people come to you and they sort of gee you up. . .or you might say, oh wow, wow, yes, mmm, yeah, I will. You know? Most of the time one's got projects in your head that you know you're going to do. For example, I know in my bones that the Rolling Stones are going to tour Australia. I know they are going to go there because the money is there, and in Australia we've just had our biggest recording success. Like, we've toured Australia before but we haven't done it for seven years, you know. And it only takes three weeks to do — and it's like a lot of money and it's a fantastic country. And everyone loves us. We get all these letters saying please come. And in the end you go. That's why we toured America last time, because so many people wrote and said why don't you tour, why have you stopped? So I said fuck this for a laugh, we'll just do it. And I know in my bones that this is going to happen with Australia too, you know.

38.

PLAYBOY: Are you interested in politics?

JAGGER: Yeah — no — I would — I mean — yeah, if I was an American citizen which I'm not and am very unlikely to be because I don't have to be, I think I would probably get involved in American politics. I think people are more involved in politics in America. There's dialogue, we have —there is a dialogue between. . .I mean, I have a dialogue with the Kennedys — you know, I have a dialogue with them. Of course, they want things from me and I want things from them. But there is a dialogue which you wouldn't get in England. We meet and talk about politics — I mean I talk to Jerry Brown who's a bright guy, I mean he's bright — he may be a bit stupid in some ways — I don't know what your personal opinion is, but you know what I'm saying? We talk — he asks, what do you think, Mick? And I'll say, what the fuck is this, Jerry? And there's. . .dialogue. 'Coz he's got information that I don't have, you know. If I was an American, I'd probably be getting in there, I think.

39.

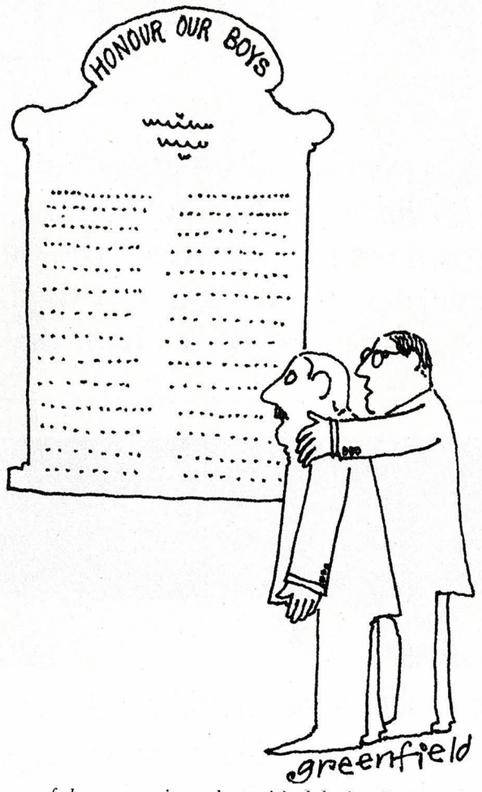
PLAYBOY: In what way would you say the Rolling Stones were important?

JAGGER: I really don't know. I'm probably the last person to go on about it. They must have done something, 'coz first of all. . .in America and here in Europe there is a tremendous sense of. . .I don't know what it is, but there's a sense of something out there, you know. And perhaps like. . .I mean there's a closing of the generation gap, people bring their children to see the Rolling Stones and that's what they do. Not everybody, but I mean they do it. And I think the Stones were part, er — I mean they weren't the most important part even but they were part of. . .that period.

40.

PLAYBOY: Are you careful with money?

JAGGER: No, not at all. Shit, I missed Hal's call. Hal Ashby phoned just now and I missed his call. Shit, he's the most difficult person to get in the world!



"It's in honour of those executives who perished during the great business lunches of the late 60s."

HEART ATTACKS

how to tickle her fancy on st valentine's day

ROSES are red
Violets are blue,
Pull down your knickers
And I'll slip one to you.

Ho hum. It's the sort of ditty you'd expect to encounter lurking behind a public toilet door. In fact, it's just one of the many St Valentine's Day greetings that didn't pass the scrutiny of the classified advertising people at a large metropolitan newspaper last year.

Valentine's Day is big business. If it's love that makes the world go 'round, then we must be revolving at full speed on February 14 each year. It's the once-a-year day to splurge on flowers and frilly underwear, champagne and chocolates, candlelit dinners and cute greeting cards. Time to spark up established relationships, give new ones a definite nudge, clear our consciences and fill the commercial coffers.

St Valentine himself didn't have nearly as much fun. He was a third century Christian martyr clubbed to death by the Romans. His February 14 feast day appears to have been linked with the celebration of love purely by some historical quirk. The first recorded St Valentine's Day card was sent in 1477 and is now on show at London's British Museum. It's interesting to note that Christmas cards were not popular in Great Britain until several centuries later.

The cynics may well call St Valentine the patron saint of opportunists; there's certainly enough evidence in the market-place to support this view. Take greeting cards, for example. The NSW sales division of Hallmark reports sales of Valentine's Day cards in the region of a quarter of a million in that State for 1982, and this represents a continuing increase over figures for the past five years. The boom can be partly attributed to a diversification of the actual product: following the US trend, cards indicating filial love or friendship, rather than passion, are now available. "Greetings to Granny on Valentine's Day". . . that sort of thing.

The John Sands people also acknowledge this change in pattern but broadly define their sales into categories of humor and romance: the former accounts for about a third of the market and the latter constitutes the balance.

"Valentine's Day sales are exceptional," I was told. "It's our fastest-growing area. We (John Sands) expect to sell three and three-quarter million cards for Valentine's Day in 1983. This occasion could well overtake Easter in a couple of years in terms of our sales."

Watch out Easter Bunny. . . romance is on the rampage! Despite the commercial elements involved, the celebration of Valentine's Day still remains a matter of choice rather than conditioning, and it's clear that many more of us are *choosing* to express our sentiments every February 14.

Buying a card or sending flowers are still the traditional ways to celebrate the occasion, but here are a few alternatives that may appeal as more original methods of displaying your feelings.

Taking out a classified ad in the daily press can be meaningful if you choose a verse which perhaps has some special significance for your loved one. The exercise should cost no more than about $10 for a four-line poem. If there's no one in particular that you wish to address, you could try a lonely hearts plea. Something like: "Desperate Dave seeks non-smoking vegetarian girl near any Parramatta bus stop". This is even cheaper, and if you're pessimistic, you could take the bulk rate for multiple insertions, so to speak. But all this is getting away from the romantic element.

Little Red Riding Hood no longer has the monopoly on baskets: larger capital cities all have boutiques specialising in basket gifts. You can choose the contents of any-sized basket ranging from a hamper of French champagne and edible indulgences to a dainty arrangement of perfume, chocolates, bubble bath and the like. The baskets are usually trimmed with red and white ribbons, hearts and flowers, and are personally delivered to the recipient.

If you're seeking a less overt statement, check out jewellery stores for heart-shaped trinkets or perhaps an exquisite enamelled Bilston and Battersea box bearing a loving couplet, cooing doves or such like. Better jewellers and some department stores stock these with prices starting from around $50. Come February each year, specialty boutiques wheel out various heart-shaped gift lines; some cake shops will accept orders for special Valentine's Day cakes, and at least one Sydney pizzeria advertised heart-shaped pizzas for two last year.

If your funny little Valentine has a well-developed sense of humor (and this option would work well for her to send him) you could invest $25 and delivery fee to send a Valentine's Day message with a platter containing a big set of quivering jelly boobs with suitably erect cherry nipples plus a silver spoon to partake of the feast. The Sydney-based company is called (what else?) Big Boobs.

And, finally, if, through no fault of your own, you're a budding Valentino with no immediate prospects, you could make an all-out assault on the female population on February 14 by purchasing a spray bottle of Aeolus male pheromone. "Cheaper than cocaine and twice as effective," claim the manufacturers. Only $27.50 mailed to you in a plain brown paper wrapper. Chicks will be clamoring to screw you stupid. . .and so on. Ahem. Check the classifieds, if you must.

— SUSAN KUROSAWA

The military coup of Lieutenant Wilson. Aged 20.

When you talk to Geoff Wilson about his 18 months in the Army you can't help but feel he's a young man who's come a long way in a short time.

Already he's graduated from Officer Cadet School, Portsea, with a commission as a Lieutenant. And already he commands an Infantry Platoon of thirty men.

It's a tremendous responsibility. Especially for a 20 year old. But as Geoff says, "You get enormous satisfaction from using what you've learnt in your training to help bring out the best in your team. And in achieving results together."

"Obviously situations which I haven't had experience in crop up all the time. And that's when I have a real responsibility to myself and my men to make decisions based on sound knowledge rather than guesswork. As a result you constantly find yourself learning and mastering new skills. And that's a challenge I always enjoy accepting. You really begin to realise your full potential and believe in your ability."

"I suppose you might say my decision to take on a career as an Army Officer is my personal 'military coup'."

"It's hard to visualise another career as exhilarating, varied and satisfying. Or which provides as many opportunities to be recognised and rewarded for a job well done."

"Think about it carefully. I know I did before joining!"

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If you're aged between 18½ and 23 on entry (or up to 25 with a degree or diploma), have your HSC or equivalent, and think you have what it takes to pull-off your own military coup, contact your nearest Army Careers Recruiting Centre or fill in the supplied coupon.

There are two courses per year. Applications close mid-March for a July entry and mid-September for a January entry.

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BIG ERNIE (continued from page 56)

Spitfire Johnny was supposed to be a fighter pilot. Actually he had missed the draft through bad ears.

The Hippodrome was alive with people, smoke and B.O. Ernie stood in the communal dressing room, going over his script with the man who would soon be his opponent.

"And then you jump on my throat?" he ventured hopefully.

"No mate, that's where I gouge your eyes through the mask and you go blind and knock down the ref again. Got it?" his opponent Spitfire Johnny O'Toole said.

Spitfire Johnny was supposed to be a fighter pilot who was shot down over Vietnam and had lost his nerve, never to fly again. He wore flying boots and a medal on his robe. Actually he had missed the draft through bad ears.

In the corner Cherokee Jim Silva stood laying down the law to Harry the Woodcutter, who agreed to accept 25 per cent of Ernie's fee as long as Ernie paid all expenses. The way he looked at it, Ernie wasn't going to be in this game long so he had to get what he could, as quickly as possible.

He needn't have worried; Ernie was a sensation. Billed as the Masked Man, he was supposed to be the bad guy, continually fouling Spitfire Johnny, the Housewives' Favorite, but from the moment he tripped over and fell flat on his face getting into the ring the crowd knew they were in for a treat. They roared when he applied a full nelson to himself, screamed when he stretched out his arms and ran around the ring making motor noises when he forgot how to do an aeroplane spin and when he smashed his head into the turnbuckle, knocking himself out and thus ending the match, the first standing ovation in the history of the Hippodrome was recorded.

Ernie Black, timber carter, was a star.

●

Harry the Woodcutter made sure Ernie's new-found success didn't go to his head. He continued to berate him at every opportunity and told him after each bout that he'd stuffed things up. Ernie promised he'd try harder and Cherokee Jim Silva glared at him whenever their paths crossed.

Cherokee Jim couldn't work out what the crowds saw in the big joker but he knew one thing — one slip up and he and his little one-eyed mate were going to be out on their ears, quick smart. But to his surprise (and Harry's) Ernie continued to draw the crowds. The Masked Man became the villain the crowd loved to laugh at. The more Ernie tried to be mean and nasty, the more they laughed, and the more they laughed, the more unpopular Ernie became with the other wrestlers.

"He's givin' us all a bad name, boss," Haystacks O'Callaghan complained to Cherokee Jim.

"Yeah Chief," said Mighty Max Morris, "how can we make it look good if all the people is laughin' all the time?"

"I know boys, I know, but what can I do? The crowd loves him. If he goes, the crowd goes and we're all out of a job. My hands are tied," Cherokee Jim said, shrugging his shoulders.

The other wrestlers decided to take things into their own hands. They started putting a bit more into their rabbit killers, made sure their kicks landed harder than they should have, but through it all, Ernie kept his smile, collecting his share of the money each week and taking it faithfully home to Berry to put in the bank for David's schooling.

Every couple of weeks Cherokee Jim Silva would give Harry a new script for Ernie to learn and every time Ernie would try as hard as he could, only to forget everything in the ring. Finally, Cherokee Jim Silva and Harry the Woodcutter reached a compromise. Harry would just get a piece of paper with one word on it, "win" or "lose". Harry would tell Ernie during the week whether he was going to win or lose and the other wrestlers were told they could do whatever they wanted to him as long as the final result was the right one. Sometimes Ernie would come home with a black eye and sometimes his ear would be gashed or his nose broken, but he always brought the money home and David stayed in school and Harry paid his debts in time to make new ones.

●

The Masked Man kept drawing crowds for three years. Sometimes he won, sometimes he lost but he always gave the crowd a laugh the way he absorbed punishment and abuse without any signs of anger or pain. The other wrestlers couldn't understand why he didn't quit. They gave him more and more each week, sitting down together beforehand, working out new ways to hurt him, to humiliate him, to show him up for the big dope he was. For Ernie it all became part of the routine. During the week he would cart the timber, on Saturday night he would get kicked and punched at the Hippodrome and on Sunday he would have a roast dinner with Harry, Berry and David. He never thought of giving up one any more than he would have considered giving up the others.

When David turned 17, Berry decided to throw him a party.

"Would you like to have some of your friends around next week?" she asked over Sunday lunch.

"No," he said, pushing a piece of fat to the side of the plate.

"But it's your birthday, wouldn't you like a party?"

"No."

"Why not, David? We could put on a few beers and you could have the front room. We wouldn't bother you."

"Look, I don't want anyone coming here, okay?"

Ernie wiped the gravy from his plate with a piece of bread, ate it with one gulp and spoke slowly. "Do you want to come to the Hippodrome, Davey?" he said. "Harry could get some tickets for all your friends, couldn't you Harry?"

"Sure", Harry said, "and we could take you round the back to meet some of the other wrestlers after. Whattaya say, Davey?"

Davey shook his head slowly from side to side. "You must be joking," he said, "do you really think I want my mates and their birds to see a bunch of fat clowns jumping around a ring in sheilah's swimming cozzies?" He got to his feet and pointed to his father. "I'll tell you what Mum, I'll have a party as long as it's on Saturday night and he's not here."

None of the others spoke as he stormed out of the room. Then Ernie looked into his wife's eyes and said, "Is there any ice cream, hun?"

After she'd cleared away the dishes and Harry and Ernie were having a few beers in front of the telly, Berry went into David's room where he lay on his bed reading a surfing magazine.

"That was a terrible thing to say to your father, David, a terrible thing."

"Yeah, well, I meant it."

"No you did not David, and you hurt him a great deal. Now go out there and apologise."

"Hurt him? How could anyone hurt him? Look Mum, I went to see him wrestle once, remember. I saw what they do to him. They punch him and spit on him and kick him up the bum and everyone laughs and all he does is walk around with a bag over his head and go back for more. God, I've never been so embarrassed in my life. How could anyone hurt *him*? — it's impossible. If you knew what I've had to put up with at school. Have you ever wondered why I never bring anyone home? Well, that's it Mum, my old man's a moron, but I don't have to let everyone in Sydney know it."

"David Black! Don't you ever talk that way about your father. Now let me tell you a thing or two. The reason he lets them do those things to him is so he can get enough money to keep you at school with your precious friends and so you've got nice clothes which make you look old enough to get into the pub. Do you think he likes being spat on and laughed at?"

"Personally Mum, I don't think he's bright enough to know one way or the other."

"Right, that's it. Your father has invited you to the wrestling for your birthday and you will be there or else you can pack your bags and get out, right now!"

"Alright, I'll go Mum, but only because I haven't got enough down to get out of this dump yet, and when I do you won't see me for dust."

●

Harry and Ernie put down their cans as David walked into the room.

"Okay Dad, I'll come and watch you fight on Saturday," he said.

Ernie stood up, his face beaming. "Gee, that's great, Davey, Harry and me'll pick you up after work and we'll all go in on the train. I'm fightin' Gorgeous Gino, the Golden Greek, an' I'm gonna win, aren't I Harry."

"Maybe".

"No, for sure, Davey, I'm gonna win, I'm gonna win for you, for your birthday."

David put on his most sarcastic smile and batted his eyelids as he left the room. "Oh gee," he said, "my hero."

●

When Harry went to pick up the piece of paper from Cherokee Jim Silva on the Wednesday before the fight, he knew there was going to be trouble. He unfolded the paper slowly, hoping to see the word "win", but somehow he wasn't surprised when it wasn't there. He walked through the gym to Silva's cramped, dirty office.

"Excuse me, Jim," he said, "I was just wondering if it would be alright if we changed things around a little bit this week. You know, if Ernie could win. You see, it's his son's birthday and. . ."

Cherokee Jim Silva looked up from the magazine he was reading. "No way, the Greek wins so we can put him in the tag team against the Morelli Brothers next week."

"Oh, right. . . but you see Jim, it's his son's birthday and he sort of. . ."

"Look creep, I don't care if it's his wife's christening. He loses and if he stuffs this up he'll never work again. Got it?"

"Yeah, sure Jim, sure but. . ." He was going to keep trying but changed his mind. When your piece of paper is marked "lose" you haven't got much chance.

He broke it to Ernie as gently as possible. The giant was training with the stack of wood at the factory after work, throwing himself into it like he never had before.

"Did you see Mr Silva, Harry?" he asked, "did you tell him I'm gonna win?"

"Yeah Ernie, I saw him, 'cept this time you lose, okay? You can win next time."

"But Harry, you said you'd tell him. I gotta win, Harry, you know that. I gotta win for Davey."

"Sure Ernie, I know, but this time you lose," Harry said, turning away and reaching for the drawer under his band saw.

Ernie put down the timber and walked over, putting his hand on Harry's shoulder.

"But Harry. . ."

Harry spun around quickly, reaching up and grabbing Ernie by the front of his singlet, catching him off guard.

"Listen, Dumbo, I've told you, you lose. I know it stinks Ernie but that's the way it goes. Now try to get this through your thick head — it doesn't matter to anyone whether you win, lose or draw. It's all rigged. It's all a game. I know it, Berry knows it and Davey knows it. Everyone knows it except you. Understand? No one cares what you do as long as you make everyone laugh, no one cares, right? No one." He let Ernie go and stormed out of the factory.

Ernie watched him go, then bent over and picked up the timber, wrapping his arms around it in a semblance of a wrestling hold. He looked at the doorway through which Harry had just left. "I care," he said quietly and squeezed the timber till he shook.

●

When they arrived at the stadium Ernie didn't bother talking to Cherokee Jim Silva. He knew what he was going to do and for once he didn't really care what anyone else thought. He made sure Davey got a good seat halfway up the aisle, next to Harry, and went to the dressing room to get ready.

Gorgeous Gino, the Golden Greek, was already there, telling the other wrestlers about the girl he'd picked up the night before. Gino prided himself on being a ladies' man. He boasted of his all-night stud performances and worked out daily to keep his appearance awesome and immaculate. His bulging biceps and massive thighs were in stark contrast to Ernie's huge but soft, pink expanse of flesh.

"Hey Maskeda Man, tonight I pull offa your ears eh?" the Greek called across the room to Ernie, who smiled weakly and waved.

"No, I'm winning tonight Gino," he called back.

"What you say? Maybe you no can read like you no can fight."

Ernie busied himself tying the laces of his boots. Gino lost interest and continued his tale of sexual conquest.

●

The first thing Ernie did when he got into the ring was wave to Davey. When Davey didn't wave back, he waved again until the women sitting alongside Davey prodded him and said "Hey sonny, I think that bloke in the mask is waving to you." Davey finally gave a small wave and quickly looked back at his program.

"Do you know him or something?" the woman asked.

Davey ignored her as the bell rang to start the fight.

Gorgeous Gino bounced out quickly, confident in the fact he was scripted to win and eager to meet a young lady at a disco in town. He slapped Ernie hard on each side of the head then turned him around and punched him on the back of the neck, much to the amusement of the crowd. Ernie stood crouched, his arms hanging by his side,

"Actually, two girls a week isn't all that bad, considering I'm a priest and I haven't got a car!"

waiting for the right moment to counter, as Gino jumped into the air and attempted to kick Ernie in the face. Ernie moved quickly. He caught Gino's boot between his huge hands and twisted with all his strength. Gino screamed, in astonishment more than anything, and fell flat on his face.

"Cheesus, what you think you do?" he said as Ernie tried to drop on him.

He rolled out of the way and both men jumped to their feet as the crowd roared, quickly changing their allegiance to Ernie.

"Now you got 'im masked man," the woman next to Davey screamed as he shrank further into his seat in embarrassment.

Gino, his pride hurt, rushed at Ernie again and threw a wild punch which hit on the shoulder. Ernie threw a punch himself, which landed flush on Gino's nose, flattening it and making blood spurt on both of them. The referee jumped back. His wife had knitted the white jumper he was wearing and if he took it home bloodstained, life wouldn't be worth living.

Gino roared with anger and reached out, grabbing Ernie's mask and tearing it from his face. A huge roar of laughter and catcalls went up from the crowd when they saw for the first time, the red-haired middle-aged buffoon they had laughed at for so long. Gino grabbed Ernie's hair and pulled his head towards him, landing a vicious headbutt which cut his right eyebrow, sending a slow stream of blood down the side of his face.

"Strewth," said a man sitting behind David, "this is a bit serious isn't it?"

Davey felt the same way. "What's going on, Harry?" he asked.

"Whattaya think's going on, just sit there and enjoy it. It's ya birthday present."

Ernie wiped the blood from his eye and threw himself at Gino, catching him around the waist and squeezing and lifting. Gino, suspended off the ground, rained blows down on the top of Ernie's head and gouged at his eyes. Finally, he dug his thumb into Ernie's left eye and tore it with his nail. Ernie screamed in pain and let go, staggering into the corner, his hands over his face.

Gino stalked him and hit him hard with a rabbit killer to the back of his neck. Ernie sunk to his knees and Gino kicked him in the right ear as hard as he could. Ernie went down, his head spinning and a roaring in his ear.

Cherokee Jim Silva, who had walked to the side of the ring to tell the referee to call off the fight, stopped when he saw Gino getting on top. He turned to Spitfire Johnny O'Toole and the other wrestlers and shouted over the noise of the crowd, "This should be good."

As the referee walked over and pushed Gino into a neutral corner, Ernie crouched, shaking his head and trying to clear it of the noise and the pain. The blood dripping from his eye made little plop, plop noises on the canvas. He heard the crowd, a long way off, and he thought of Davey sitting with them, watching his old man get a hiding. It made him angry and he pulled himself to his feet with the rope and threw himself at Gorgeous Gino.

He hit him with his shoulder and wrapped his arms around Gino's waist, the impact throwing both of them against the turnbuckle. Gino brought his knees up into Ernie's groin hard, but even that couldn't make him release his grip. It was the referee who finally parted them, pushing his way in between them while trying not to get blood on his pullover and warning Ernie to fight fair, then quickly jumping out of the way as Gino smashed Ernie between the eyes with all his strength.

Ernie stumbled backwards again but did not fall. By this stage pain meant nothing to him. All that mattered was to win. Not for himself or Harry or Berry or even Davey. Just because he was in a fight and he had to keep going for the sake of the contest. He knew he had to win. He shook his head slowly, taking his time, waiting for his mind to clear, keeping out of Gino's reach until he knew he was ready.

Gino stalked him and hit him hard with a rabbit killer to the back of his neck. Ernie sunk to his knees and Gino kicked him in the right ear.

Gino charged towards him, more confident now. No longer worried about his date or his looks, he too was swept along in the gladiatorial battle. As he came, Ernie leapt up and kicked him hard in the mouth. Three front teeth flew into the second row and a woman screamed. Others shouted to the referee to stop the fight and children were ushered to the exits by their parents.

The timekeeper, ashen-faced and with a fine spray of rich, red blood down his shirtfront, walked up to Jim Silva. "Jesus, boss, this isn't supposed to happen," he cried, "why don't ya call the bloody thing off? For Christ's sake, stop the fight."

Silva pushed him roughly out of the way. "Get lost," he growled, then loudly, towards the ring, "get 'im Gino, kill the bastard."

Gino started getting to his feet and Ernie cruelly calculated the best time and place to hit. Just as Gino's hands had left the canvas and his full weight was supported by his rubbery legs, Ernie kicked him as hard as he could on the side of the jaw, smashing it in three places. Gino spun around and fell on the bottom strand of rope, facing the crowd, his eyes wide open and strands of bloody phlegm hanging from his useless jaw.

Ernie walked over to him, his face a mask of pain and hatred, a face his son had never seen before and one he would never forget. Blood flowed freely from his mouth and nose, one eye was blackened and half closed, the other bleeding and blind. Slowly he took a handful of hair at the back of Gino's neck and pulled him to his feet, turning him around.

The referee tried to grab Ernie's arm to stop him but he was pushed away like a doll. Gino looked up at Ernie and tried to speak but his smashed jaw wouldn't work. Ernie hit twice, once on the side of the head and once in the stomach, breaking a rib. He was unconscious before he hit the canvas. Ernie dropped on him, pinning his shoulders. The timekeeper quickly rang the bell three times and the referee raised Ernie's arm for a split second before jumping through the ropes and escaping to his dressing room.

The stadium was silent, as if in shock. No one spoke and no one moved. Then the silence was broken by the sound of someone clapping. It was Harry, standing in the aisle alongside his seat. No one joined in. He grabbed Davey by the shoulder and pulled him to his feet.

"Well, come on Davey," he said, "don't you want to congratulate your dad?"

The woman alongside them looked up quickly. "Dad?" she asked Davey. "Did he say the Masked Man was your Dad?"

He looked her in the eye. "Yeah," he said, "that's my dad and his name's Ernie Black."

●

Harry and Davey forced their way into the ring and supported Ernie as he walked painfully to the dressing room. They sat him down on a table, his face dripping blood and sweat, his pink paunch hanging sadly over the leotard which Davey had pulled down to his waist.

"I tol' you I'd win din' I Davey," he said. "Happy birthday."

"Yeah, Dad, you sure did. Thanks," he said.

Harry raced away and came back with some towels and a bucket of water. Ernie winced when Harry tried to wipe the blood away. With the touch of the towel the whole left side of Ernie's nose lifted away, gashed from nostril almost to eye.

"Christ," Harry said, looking away quickly, "we'd better get you to a hospital. Help me get him on his feet, Davey."

They each got under an arm and with great effort helped him to his feet. As they reached the door Gorgeous Gino was carried in on a stretcher, moaning and rocking his head from side to side.

Ernie looked down at his beaten foe. "See ya, Gino," he said pleasantly.

Davey looked up at his father's lacerated face as they continued through the door.

"You alright, Dad?" he asked.

"Yeah," said Ernie Black, "I'll survive."

All three of them laughed. It was probably the cleverest thing he had ever said.

FUNNY MAN

(continued from page 45)

He told Stevie Wonder jokes. He told sexist jokes, snot jokes, necrophilia jokes. . . the crowd roared.

bad on first, then put you on second. That way they'll be so glad to see you they'll laugh out of sheer relief."

It was a disgusting, sly, deceitful, dishonest, despicable, sordid and disgraceful thing to do to another performer. . .but I loved him for thinking of it. Show business is tough.

With just three hours before curtain time and my terror mounting by the minute, I stopped by the office of a good friend. His name is Eric, he's Jewish and for a tax consultant, he's a pretty funny guy. Especially compared to John Howard. In his plush cream and mahogany office he said: "Do your routine, let's have a full dress rehearsal."

So we did. Just to make up the numbers he called in the two attractive young ladies from the personnel agency next door to give me an impromptu audience. And there, five floors above rush-hour George Street, I did it. And they laughed.

They had never heard the jokes before and they laughed. One of the personnel ladies laughed so hard she had to go to the toilet. The boost to my morale was like a lifebelt to a drowning man. Except for one thing.

"You look scared shitless," said Eric. "You're nervous, you're self-conscious, you're shaking, you're white. I've never seen you this white. Take my word, you need a drink. It'll relax you."

So we went for a drink. I had four Scotches. Chivas. If you're going to burn, you may as well burn with a regal flame. But even those Scotches barely slicked the surface of the adrenalin pouring through my veins. Somewhere deep inside I could feel fear and false courage arm wrestling. I decided against more whisky, not unless I wanted to give the world's worst impression of Dean Martin.

Backstage at The Comedy Store with minutes to go was a bizarre sight. A dark, narrow corridor full of comics jostling each other and muttering incantations which, on closer inspection, proved to be a litany of jokes. Even *now* they were rehearsing material.

Most were surprisingly young. There were punk comics, scruffy academics, a man with a shaven head from Circus Oz, a greaser — all of them blundering around in circles occasionally stopping to try out doubtful jokes on one another. Outside in the club it was standing room only, more than 200 people.

The unreality of it all was overwhelming. No matter how hard you try to anticipate a situation like this, it can never be the way you expect. The club looks different, the people aren't what you expected, the smell, the feel, the atmosphere, all of it seems slightly out of synch — especially time.

Fear is a great natural hallucinogenic.

The little hand on the clock moved past nine and I asked Rodney why we were waiting.

"For somebody really bad to turn up," he said.

I nearly ordered a cab for the airport then. Moments later somebody really bad turned up and it was on.

Rodney went out first to warm up the crowd. One of his opening lines went: "I ran into Stevie Wonder the other night. He was swinging his guide dog around his head. What are you doing, I says. Oh just looking around, he says."

He told more blind Stevie Wonder jokes. He told sexist jokes, snot jokes, necrophilia jokes. . .the crowd roared.

Then it was the turn of the first act. Rodney had been right — this bloke was awful. A young, blonde bespectacled type who specialised in puns.

"He's actually a very clever guy," whispered Rodney in the wings. "Some of his stuff is very good, but puns are hard to put over."

I watched the poor bastard die. He was playing to a void, a hellish empty bowl of blazing white silence beyond the stage lights and all he could do was bulldoze through. Soon the groans started, the shuffling of chairs, coughing, exaggerated yawns, a few snores, then the heckling and the catcalls. He sweated it out for 20 minutes. Then it was my turn.

First Rodney went out and rekindled the crowd's good humor. He even told more Stevie Wonder jokes. When he introduced me, I ambled out into the dazzle clutching a beer in one hand, a newspaper in the other. It wasn't planned that way; it's just the way it happened. I asked for the beer backstage because my mouth had turned dry and sour; I felt as though I'd been chewing ash-flavored chewing gum.

I gestured with the glass and explained: "I can do this, I'm a journalist." There was a murmur, just a murmur of laughter.

I put the beer down and said: "Well, I won't tell any Stevie Wonder jokes." They laughed louder.

Then I plunged in.

"I just got back from Alice Springs and they have three kinds of ugly women up there; one bag ugly, two bag ugly and dingo ugly. . ."

I had to pause because they were already laughing.

". . .one bag ugly is when the woman you take to bed is so ugly you have to put a bag over her head before you can do anything. Two bag ugly is when you put a bag over your head in case hers breaks. . ."

The buggers did it again, interrupted me, laughing.

". . .and dingo ugly is when you wake up in the morning and she's so ugly you're terrified of waking her up. But she's sleeping on your arm so. . .you gnaw your arm off and leave."

They seemed to be enjoying themselves. The place actually filled with the heart-warming sound of laughter. A subversive thought crept into my head. This was going to be easier than I imagined.

But it wasn't. I held up the paper I was carrying and took the piss out of gutter journalism. I satirised Page Three girls, sensational headlines and I told Rupert Murdoch jokes. There must have been some journos in the audience because a table at the back erupted with cheers.

But it started to drag. Some of the jokes were too "in".

I switched back to the simple gags and the laughs re-materialised like magic. It was a basic formula this night; just set up the jokes, watch your timing, try not to bump into the furniture, deliver the punchline and leave room for the laughs. I even forgot some of my best jokes because of nerves, but it didn't matter.

For 12 long minutes I maintained the facade of control and waffled on at the ghostly faces barely visible through the gauzy curtain of light.

You want to hear all the jokes?

Oh no, no, no. Not in a million years. You had to be there.

Naturally I finished like a pro and left them wanting more. When I came off my confidence seemed to uncoil like a great spring suddenly released from under an enormous weight.

I could see how it becomes addictive. Just ask any fading star, ageing ham, has-been, almost-made-it, third-rate singer, dancer or comic and they will tell you — there is no thrill to compare with it. No drug in the world can synthesise that high. Especially when the crowd is on your side. The trick is not to let it carry you away.

I joined Eric and some friends at a table. The young bodgie was on and he was brilliant. He kept it rolling for an hour and people were laughing so hard they cried.

At intermission Eric wiped his eyes, composed himself and said: "He was so good I forgot you were on."

Show business is tough.

When I flew home to an adoring crowd composed of my wife and daughter, my wife asked: "How did it go?"

"Great," I said. "I'm giving up everything and going into show business."

She laughed. But then she always does. She's a captive audience.

PASSPORT (continued from page 67)

The only way the authorities know a false passport is in circulation is when the user is arrested.

and report twice daily to Granville Police Station. Mackary last reported to the police on January 13, 1982. A search of the records showed he'd applied for a passport through a travel agency three weeks before and had left the country under the name of Kevin Harris. That was the name of a child who had died in 1951.

Mr Justice Stewart said it amazed him to think that a Lebanese national, 32 years old, who arrived in Australia less than 10 years ago and was of distinctly European appearance, could apply for and receive a passport which said he was born in Australia 30 years ago to parents named Lorna and William Harris.

What makes false passports too easy to obtain and genuine identification so hard to establish, is the fact that the entire system hinges on the birth certificate as a means of identification. Birth certificates can easily be forged, bought or legally obtained.

Police tests show that birth certificates are simple items to forge or alter. There have been a number of cases where people have sold their birth certificates to criminals, but what makes the present system ludicrous is the fact that anybody can apply for anybody else's birth certificate for any reason. The Chief Registration Officer for Births, Deaths and Marriages in Victoria, Mr G.J. Kenney, told the Stewart Commission that people could obtain a birth certificate from the registrar's office simply by asking for one. No identification was necessary and no reason had to be given.

Mr Kenney said hundreds of travel agents applied for hundreds of birth certificates for clients needing passports every year. The applicant did not personally visit the registrar's office. He said the system worked only when everybody was honest, and admitted it was hopelessly inadequate in all other cases.

It is known that Clarke and his associates obtained several passports using false birth certificates. The Commission found some of these had been organised by Robert Trimboli.

The Commission found Clarke organised passports for himself and his couriers in three ways.

The first involved what has become known as the "jackal" method, and was also used by Samir Mackary. In Frederick Forsyth's novel, *The Day of the Jackal,* the assassin visits a cemetery and finds the grave of a child, who, if he had lived, would be about his age. The assassin applies for a birth certificate and a passport using the dead child's name and date of birth. This method is popular because there is no chance a dead child could already have a passport, nor is it likely he would be wanted by the police.

Errol John Hincksman was arrested with Clarke in England in 1979. He was convicted on drug charges under the name of Brian Patrick McGuire. The real McGuire was born in Grafton, NSW, on October 1, 1949 and died in Sydney on October 30, 1951, at the age of two years and one month. When the passport photograph of McGuire and a police photograph of Hincksman were compared, it was found they were the same person.

The Mr Asia syndicate took advantage of the fact that, under Australian law, there is no cross-referencing of births and deaths in the Registrar General's offices. Therefore, when a person's birth is registered, there is no indication on the form that the person may have died or changed his name.

Hincksman is not the only one to have obtained a false passport this way.

The second method favored by Clarke was to use the birth certificate of a living person, either with or without his knowledge. Mr Justice Stewart said he had found many cases where birth certificates were either bought or lent to make an application for a passport. The advantage of this method is that it's easy to obtain personal details of the owner of the certificate (such as date of birth) and a casual check of the records wouldn't show the application as being anything but genuine.

The third method showed just how sophisticated the Mr Asia Syndicate had become. It involved the corruption of somebody in the passport office, the issuing of a completely inaccurate passport and the removal of the dossier containing details of its issue from the office.

If questions were to be asked, the passport office could only say that, yes, a passport had been issued. However, because the file was missing, no other details were available. One example of this method was the passport issued to Clarke under the name Alexander James Sinclaire. When the authorities investigated Sinclaire's passport application (when Clarke was arrested in England using that name) they found that the file and four others on either side of it had disappeared.

Two other methods were used by criminal groups. They involved the theft of blank birth certificate forms from the Government Printing Office and the swapping between the interviewing counter and the cashier's office of genuine, approved passport applications for false ones, which had the appropriate marks inscribed.

What made false applications such a lure for criminal elements was that, prior to 1982, *no checks of any kind* were made to verify information on application forms. Not even random checks of one in a thousand.

Whoever filled out the application for Samir Mackary knew how the system worked. He put down Mackary's father as next-of-kin. He put the father's home address as the office of the Urban Transit Authority and his father's home telephone number was the number for the NSW Police Department. A simple telephone call could have established the application as false.

At present, the only way the authorities know a false passport is in circulation is when the user is arrested, and by then it's too late.

The Director of Passport Control for the Department of Foreign Affairs, Mr K.S. Gray, told the Royal Commission that even random checks of applications were beyond the physical and staffing resources of his department. Despite Mr Gray's claim, random checking was started in January last year and the results are now apparent.

Acting on information from the Foreign Affairs Department, Federal Police laid charges against officers and former officers of the Passport Control centres in Sydney and Melbourne. The investigation has shown the activities of the Mr Asia Syndicate were far from unique.

The Stewart Royal Commission recommended that security at both the passport offices and the Government printing offices be stepped up. It also recommended changes to the passport itself, because it was found that a genuine passport could be altered easily, using such items as typewriter correcting fluid or razor blades. By making a passport harder to forge, the Commission believes trafficking in Australian passports overseas will be stopped. In 1980 nearly 5000 passports were reported stolen, lost or destroyed overseas. Many of these would be genuinely mislaid or destroyed, but many more would be sold. The buyer receives an Australian identity and the seller need only say the original was lost to be able to apply for a new one.

The Commission said it had evidence that drug couriers often destroyed their passports because they showed the user had made several trips to drug-growing centres of South-east Asia. Mr Justice Stewart suggested that re-issued passports carry all previous travel details to try and stop the practice.

The investigation into Australia's passport system since the arrest of Clarke has shown the pressing need for change. But what's been done? In January last year, more than two years after the Williams Royal Commission recognised the problem of passport abuse, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Mr Street, announced that an external independent management consultant would be appointed to review the security aspects of passport control and issue. He said also, that a ministerial committee on drug strategy would be organised with an associated group of concerned senior officials.

Aside from these administrative moves, the only positive steps to date have been the introduction of random checking of applications and, in July, the announcement that photocopies of birth certificates would no longer be accepted as proof of identity.

Mr Justice Stewart said in his interim report on Drug Trafficking earlier this year that unless steps are taken, it's plain that drug importing into Australia will continue apace. He made some far-reaching recommendations; the sheer number of them is a damning indictment of the present system. They cover almost every area of security surrounding the issue of passports in this country.

Mr Justice Stewart said, in his report, he made the recommendations with present staffing and funding limitations in mind. They couldn't wait, he said, until the Commission's full proceedings ended.

His recommendations included:

- The establishment of a separate committee to control the issue and policing of passports.
- The establishment of a national computer identity file be considered (because, he said, establishing a person's identity was a problem for many government departments). The public's right to privacy would be protected by procedures which would allow departments access to only those areas of information applicable to their tasks.
- Applicants for passports be made to apply in person, or when distance prevented this, to a government nominated appointee. One hundred extra officers should be employed to handle the extra workload.
- Officers at passport offices to have adequate security clearances, including a comprehensive police check. They also should receive training from Federal Police experts; or administrative duties should be handed over to the Department of Immigration and Ethnic Affairs, which has officers at many overseas posts.
- Travel agents not be allowed to apply for passports on behalf of clients.
- Birth certificates not be considered proof of identity. Instead, thought be given to the issuing of a national identity card.
- Staff and accommodation at passport offices be upgraded and maintained. Staff to be given access to computerised information concerning an applicant's identity.
- Customs officers be provided with the training and equipment necessary to speedily detect forged or false passports.
- Penalties be harsher for Crown officers whose carelessness or dereliction to duty results in passports being issued to people who should not receive one.

Many of these and other recommendations are sure to meet stiff opposition both from the public and government circles. The idea of a national computerised identity bank or a national identity card will be seen as an infringement of privacy. Who can say who would be allowed access to such information once it was established? Australians may not be ready to accept being relegated to a number on a government computer and have that computer file determine matters involving their daily lives.

Mr Justice Stewart himself pointed out that a balance needed to be struck between an individual's right to privacy and society's need to protect itself from undesirables. What is clear is that the recommendations may not be implemented for some time; some may *never* be.

The Stewart Royal Commission has made the most comprehensive check ever of Australia's passport system. It came about as a direct result of Terry Clarke's arrest. He made a laughing-stock out of the system, but by his actions made the authorities wake up to the fact that the Customs screen was many years behind the times. The proverbial ball, which has been in criminal hands for so long, is now firmly in the political court.

PROFILE: ROBERT TRIMBOLI

The Australian media uses the term "Mr Big" to describe a number of people believed to be involved in criminal activities in Sydney. However, if anyone really deserves this title, it's Robert Trimboli, the son of a Griffith fruit-grower.

Trimboli was described by the Woodward Royal Commission into Drugs in 1979 as a member of an Italian secret society. The Commission believed the society was responsible for the disappearance and presumed murder of Griffith anti-drugs campaigner, Don Mackay.

Mr Justice Woodward said Trimboli was a director of an organisation which distributed and marketed marijuana in Sydney and was, most probably, the practical leader of the organisation.

Until early this year, he was known as a big punter in Sydney. He told the Woodward Royal Commission in 1979 that he had won $1.5 million in bets over five years. He was declared bankrupt in 1968, but nine years later owned, among other things, six cars and two speedboats.

The Stewart Royal Commission was told Trimboli could have been responsible for rigging a horse race in Sydney in 1979, which allegedly won him $652,000.

A former associate of Terry Clarke, Alison Dine, claimed Trimboli arranged the deaths of New Zealand drug couriers, Douglas and Isabel Wilson, as a favor for Clarke. Mr Justice Stewart, actually described Trimboli as an associate of Clarke.

Alison Dine told the Stewart Commission that Trimboli organised a number of false passports for the Mr Asia Syndicate. She said Clarke ordered her to travel overseas in 1979. She went to Trimboli. He organised a birth certificate for her in the name of Royder Lee Blackburn and delivered a passport in that name to her less than 24 hours after she filled out the application form.

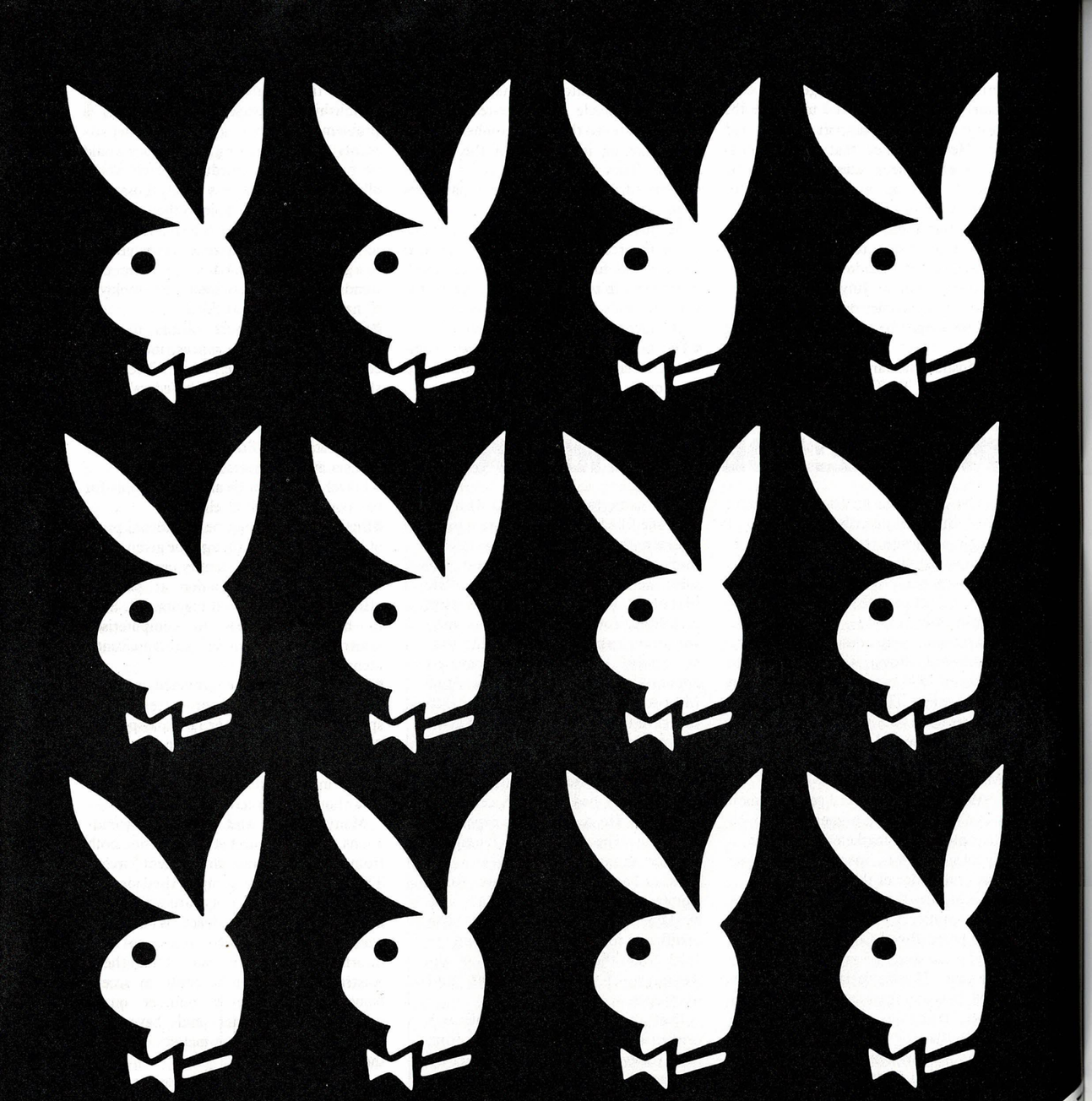
Later the same year, Dine went back to Trimboli for a second passport. She told the Stewart Commission: "He (Trimboli) said 'I have a blank birth certificate. You can fill in any name and I will arrange a passport for you, the same as before.' I filled in a passport application in the name Lisa Anne Morrison, I had two photographs taken and gave them to Bob. I had also given Bob a slip of paper with the name and date and place of birth so he could have the birth certificate typed up. I met him again and he had the birth certificate typed up. He took all the paperwork from me. The next day I found the passport in my letterbox."

According to the Stewart Royal Commission, the birth certificate used by Dine was one of 100 blank birth certificate forms reported missing in 1972 from the Griffith office of the Registry of Births, Deaths and Marriages.

Dine also claimed Trimboli was responsible for removing dossiers from the Sydney passport office to cover up the fact that false passports had been issued. The Stewart Commission found that at least five dossiers had been removed, including the application form from Alexander Sinclaire, alias Terrence Clarke.

Errol Hincksman, who was arrested with Clarke in England and convicted on drug charges, is alleged to have said Trimboli provided him with a blank birth certificate, which had a stamp on it but no official signature. Hincksman is presumed to have signed it himself.

Trimboli was due to give evidence to the Stewart Commission in May last year. However, when he was summoned to appear, it was discovered he had disappeared and it's now presumed he went overseas, most probably to Italy.



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THE EAGLE

(continued from page 86)

"People read that paper with awe. They couldn't believe we could get away with publishing it."

newspaperman." Bolton visited a friend who kept pigeons and began his first article thus: "The art of pigeon-keeping is alive and increasingly well on the Darling Downs."

The editor told Bolton next day: "Son, it's a terrible piece of fucking work, but at least you got all the facts." And while Bolton watched with mounting fascination, a veteran reporter rewrote the pigeon piece until it was a masterpiece of sensationalism, pigeons in danger of being shot, etc.

Thus the Last Police Roundsman began to learn his craft surrounded by the leading journalistic rebels and crusaders of that time. When the *Downs Star* folded, it was a logical step for Bolton to join Brisbane's feared and fearless *Truth* — then recently purchased by Rupert Murdoch.

"On that paper," Bolton recalls with tenderness, "they moaned if they didn't get five writs a week. It was blood and guts stuff — divorce courts, loan sharks, crime — people read that paper with awe. They couldn't believe we could get away with publishing it."

Bolton became friendly with a local magistrate whose court he reported for five years. Then, he says, the magistrate exceeded even his own reputation for toughness by jailing an asthmatic shoplifter who stole groceries worth £1/2/6.

"The woman pleaded with the magistrate not to jail her because she would die of an asthma attack inside. He told her to save her sob stories and slotted her. A week later she was dead in her cell. I thought, fuck this old bastard, he's getting too heavy. He was filling up the jails to overflowing! So the paper devoted three weeks to knocking him off. He was the most feared magistrate in Australia — the first one to jail drunken drivers — and we did him over. . ."

Before the magistrate retired, however, he jailed a youth for nine months for shooting a peewee (small bird) with an air rifle.

Bolton: "As the youth was being led off to the cells the old court orderly whispered to him: 'Never mind son, imagine how long you'd be in if it'd been a fucking emu!' "

Grinning about his deadly old magistrate pal, Bolton suddenly becomes sombre. "I regret what we did to him in many ways," he says, "because today he is the sort of magistrate we are sadly lacking. I think they are all too fucking soft.

"Despite what a lot of people say, I never wanted to be a cop. But it does rub off on you. You see some terrible bastard before the court and some bloody namby-pamby jury will acquit him — I'm talking about really bad bastards, rapists and killers —and you see them walk out thumbing their noses and that's when I feel what the cops must feel."

On the subject of cops, Bolton invariably becomes an apologist — perhaps without realising it: "I have a lot of sympathy for them, it's a shocking bloody job. I had a copper mate, very close, who went to a domestic dispute and got three .303 slugs through the chest. They named a police boat after him — the *G.J. Olive*. He was a good bloke, Greg. I think basically the old copper's a decent fella. My sympathies are usually with the cops." And so on.

In 1968 Bolton left the *Truth* — by then the *Sunday Truth* — and joined Queensland Newspapers Ltd, working for the *Courier Mail* and *Sunday Mail*. These "respectable" broadsheets caused him to notice a peculiar element of the public's perception of newspapers and journalists.

"I wrote exactly the same kind of stories for the broadsheets — court stories, crime — but no one knocked my yarns any more. Suddenly I was doing a 'community service' instead of 'stirring up trouble and muck-raking'."

Eagle must have missed the abuse or disliked the respectability; maybe it was the frustrated cowboy in him that drew our portly crusader back to the *Sunday Truth* (then re-named *Sunday Sun*) in 1972 — just one year before his appointment with the ugliest and most personally damaging story of his career: the Whiskey case.

When I joined *The Sun* in 1975, the shock waves of that crime were still being felt, and Bolton had had his breakdown, left *The Sun* and rejoined Murdoch as Brisbane representative for the Sydney *Daily Telegraph*.

In a separate story on the Whiskey murders and John Andrew Stuart, one of the men found guilty (PLAYBOY, October 1982), I touched on Bolton's role in it all, but not insofar as it affected him, Joan and their family. What happened in 1973 was the most graphic example of Bolton's uncanny knack for becoming a part of his stories. . .in this case a starring role was cast for him as both hero and scapegoat, fearless reporter and broken-down drunk.

As John Andrew Stuart's media confidante, Bolton was involved, at Stuart's request, in warning police that the Whiskey Au Go Go nightclub in Fortitude Valley would be fire-bombed — supposedly as part of an extortion racket.

Bolton personally delivered the warning of the bomb threat to Ray Whitrod, then Queensland Police Commissioner. Whitrod, says Bolton, told him not to be "silly" and explained that he had to dash off to post some letters. Thirteen days before the nightclub went up, a Federal police officer — contacted by Bolton and taking the warning seriously — sent an official memo to Whitrod on the subject.

Right up until the night it happened, John Stuart continued to warn police and nightclub managers. (Later Stuart was convicted partly on the basis that these warnings were by way of establishing his own alibi.) Incredibly, Queensland police did not bother to even put a man on the door of the Whiskey. After the mass murders, when Bolton wrote about this, the then Police Minister Max Hodges denied that warnings were received and called Bolton a liar and a drunk — under Parliamentary privilege, of course.

Bolton responded with a marvellous story in the *Sunday Sun* under the headline: Hodges Turns On His Old Drinking Mate.

"Without the protection of Parliamentary privilege," Bolton raged, "I want to tell the public of Queensland that quite a lot of my drinking has been with Police Minister Hodges. Mr Hodges obviously has forgotten the many nights — in his private suite in Parliament House — where we drank well into the early hours of the morning — sometimes up to 4am — while he talked of police, racehorses and other subjects."

Bolton challenged Hodges to charge him with perjury or admit that warnings had been received: Hodges did neither. And because of his personal involvement and the perceived risks, Bolton was allocated an armed guard by his newspaper. When Joan Bolton went shopping, a shotgun guard trailed her around the supermarket.

In Bolton's words, "Things got really fucking terrible then." His drinking increased and his home life fell apart. Joan Bolton, as is often the case with journalists' wives, seems an opposite personality to the Eagle. As he puts it: "Joan is very gentle and very cultural." He points to the record rack: "See all those Slim Dusty LPs — they're mine. Look through Joan's and you'll find Bach and all that sorta crap. . ."

Joan works for a Brisbane theatre company and dislikes intensely the publicity attracted by Bolton. It was this — and Bolton's most prolonged binge — that led to their temporary separation soon after the Whiskey bombing.

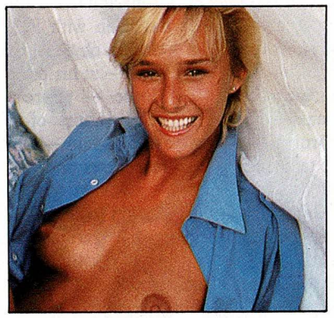
Listen to the Eagle on the booze and disillusionment of those times: "The conviviality (of being in a pub with police mates) is tops, but then the party's over and you've got to come home some bloody time. By the time you get home, everyone's asleep. . .you wake up next morning crook as a butcher's dog and no one talks to you. You're a dead shit, you're an absolute fucking prick! You really are! I was married but my real marriage was to the job.

"You drink so much you get irrational, mate — you get dirty on the world because you're so fucking cynical and because things go against what you know should have

NEXT MONTH

THE PLAYBOY READERS' SEX SURVEY — THE RETURNS ARE IN FROM OUR WORLDWIDE QUESTIONNAIRE, AND THE RESULTS ARE VERY, VERY INTERESTING.

JUNGLE FEVER — GRACE JONES STARS IN A SENSATIONAL PICTORIAL BY EROTIC MASTER JEAN-PAUL GOUDE.



MEET PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH, BEAUTIFUL BARBARA RIEMER.

LIVING ON THE DEFAULT LINE, BY PAUL ERDMAN — THE BEST-SELLING AUTHOR OF *THE CRASH OF '79* EXAMINES THE WORLD BANKING SYSTEM ON THE BRINK OF BANKRUPTCY. A CHILLING REPORT.

MARATHON PART TWO — THE PAIN CONTINUES. PLAYBOY'S OVERWEIGHT EDITORS GRIND REMORSELESSLY ON TOWARDS THE METAPHYSICAL FINISHING LINE. CAN THEY MAKE IT? DO WE CARE?

KELSO'S LADY — GREAT AUSTRALIAN FICTION BY MORRIS LURIE. KELSO'S IN LOVE. . . WITH A SHOCKER. HE CAN'T TAKE HER ANYWHERE. SHE'S TEARING HIM TO PIECES.

happened. And next thing you know, you're down the pub picking a fight with some broken-nosed thug who can half-kill you. Your wife or kids will try to tell you something, and you'll say, 'Bullshit! Don't try and ram that crap down me throat!'. . . and they look at you and you see them wondering. . ."

I ask Bolton how long he's had an objective view of his booze problem.

He smiles wearily: "Too bloody long to be sitting here and not doing something about it," he says. "Somehow it seemed worse after the Whiskey blew. . .after all those people died."

It wasn't until 1978, when Bolton and Joan were reunited, that he gave up grog with a vengeance. Sixteen months later, homelife vastly improved, he broke. Here's how: "It was my birthday. Poor old Joanie, she'd gone and bought a portable barbecue for my present and invited a heap of the theatre company people around. That morning before the party I went out with a copper mate someplace. . .on the way back I said damn it, let's go and have a few. No reason, it was a good day and I felt like it.

"We drank wine — I didn't want to get fat again — and by the time I got back home I was stinking rotten! There's Joanie with a big smile of happiness on her face and all those people waiting. An hour later I'd called them all poofters and lesbians and that was the end of the happy occasion. I drove everyone away, mate. Those are the sort of stupid things you do. I don't know whether you'd put that down to pure piss or bad manners or just an uncontrollable weak cunt, or whether it's just the dirty job coming out in me again, but that's what happened."

Sitting on his sofa at home telling me this, Bolton reminded me of the quality he has that I like — the thing that makes his sometimes monstrous social behavior somehow forgivable. Despite what Hodges said in Parliament — despite the farcical "Bolton Lies" episode at the Stewart Royal Commission — the Last Police Roundsman is one of the most intrinsically honest men I know.

His honesty is reserved for the elements of life that *matter,* and when he talks of his life he does not lie, not even by omission. The small things in life — like tabloid newspapers — are often distortions in themselves: Bolton's capable eggbeater is simply a part of that industry. Cheerfully admitting that Joan is right about him being immature — "I suppose I'm a Peter Pan; I may never grow up" — Bolton is also far too enthusiastic a newshound to be truly cynical.

Stories about his news-hunting antics are legend, but for a million similar yarns you need only go to any journalists' bar and be bored rigid for hours. One I consider worth repeating concerning Bolton is the Knives, Forks and Spoons Incident. In the late 70s, a tragic Irishman called Phillip Sillery hi-jacked a jet leaving Coolangatta airport to draw attention to his marital problems. The plane landed without real drama in Brisbane and poor old Sillery is still behind bars. A week or so later, Eagle hit on the idea of testing security at Brisbane airport to see if a hi-jack could happen again. He says a colleague "alerted three senior people at the airport about our experiment", which involved Bolton carrying a briefcase full of cutlery past metal detection facilities and on to a 7.30pm flight to Sydney.

Bolton jammed a pair of office scissors into his pocket for good luck and set off, expecting to be detained before boarding the plane. "I expected them to jump out and grab me as soon as I walked in the terminal," he says, "but even after I paid for the ticket with a bodgie cheque — I wasn't going anywhere, for Chrissake — nothing happened. I thought 'Oh well, they're carrying it on a bit, playing the game; and I sailed through seat allocation with all my knives and forks and spoons.

"The bloke with the metal detector hoop waved it over my tweeds and said I could board the plane. I didn't know what to bloody do! I thought about going to Sydney for a drink with some mates, but that would have been fraud. So I turned to a young Commonwealth copper at the door and said, 'Son, you better have a look in this briefcase.' He looked — and next thing there's 10 of the buggers coming outa the woodwork and I'm being manhandled." (The Eagle was far too drunk that evening for manhandling.) "I showed 'em the scissors and said: 'I'm only doing a PR job for Chrissake! Haven't you been told? What's the matter with you?' The more I protested, the more cops came. I was in headlocks and Christ knows what. In the meantime of course, in the initial scuffle, I punched one of these cops in the mouth (of course!) trying to get me point over!

"So I got lumbered and carted off to the watch-house and fingerprinted and charged with assaulting a Federal police officer. I pleaded not guilty and was formally remanded for a week."

In court, Bolton changed his plea to guilty and told the magistrate his incredible story. The prosecutor said Bolton had punched the cop in the gut, at which point Eagle interjected: "Wrong, your Honor, I punched him on the chin."

The magistrate said if Bolton hadn't admitted this, he would have been discharged absolutely. As it was, the beak commended our hero for "service to the aviation industry and the community", then released him on a good behavior bond.

Love him or hate him, the Last Police Roundsman is never going to bore his grandchildren with lack-lustre anecdotes. As the man said when our interview finally finished, "My biggest trouble is a combination of too much piss and a sense of curiosity. It's a wonder I'm not dead, really."

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